WAN COLLEG

FATHERS AND CHILDREN

She cast a glance at Bazároff

From a drawing by S. Ivanowski

THE NOVELS AND STORIES OF
IVÁN TURGÉNIEFF

FATHERS AND CHILDREN

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN BY
ISABEL F. HAPGOOD

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PREFACE

"FATHERS and Children" first appeared in 1862, the first instalment being printed in the February (or March) number of the *Russian Messenger*. It was an important event, not only in Russian literature, but also in the personal life of its author. Its success transcended everything which had ever been achieved in the Russian literary world, but its contents served to evoke prolonged and passionate discussion, and, still more, bitter personal recrimination. Turgénieff was assailed from all quarters and on every point of his romance, beginning with the word "nihilist," which many persons (especially foreigners) still believe to have been of his devising. As a matter of fact, however, Nadézhdin [1] had applied the epithet to the poet Púshkin in 1829 as well as to Polevóy and other representatives of literary romanticism, and Turgénieff merely adopted it in order to characterise the new social type which he was introducing. The "Fathers" were displeased with their portraits, while the "Children" showered down upon the author sharp reproaches, and called the man whom they

[1] Nadézhdin, a many-sided savant and critic. Polevóy, a prominent journalist.—TRANSLATOR.

had so lately been revering as the destroyer of serfdom, "a traitor to the cause of freedom." The Russian students at Heidelberg, of whom there were many at that period, even decided to call Turgénieff to account, and demand from him an explanation as to the meaning and aim of his romance. Turgénieff accepted the challenge, journeyed expressly from Baden-Baden to Heidelberg, and furnished the explanation in the presence of a throng of his accusers—the explanation being approximately the same as that which he afterward printed. All these, and many other unpleasantnesses, produced such an oppressive effect upon Turgénieff that he began seriously to meditate withdrawing from his literary career. This desire to abandon literature is painfully expressed in the lyrical fragment, "It is Enough!" (1864).

The situation was well summed up in an article, dating from 1862, by N. N. Strákhoff:[1] "When the romance 'Fathers and Children' made its appearance, people suddenly attacked it with feverish and persistent questions: 'Whom does it praise? Whom does it condemn? Which of the characters is a model for imitation? What sort of a romance is it—progressive or retrograde?' And on this theme innumerable discussions arose. The matter was carried to the point

[1] A well-known Russian philosophical writer—a delightful man, for whose acquaintance in Russia I was indebted to Count L. N. Tolstoy.—TRANSLATOR.

of particulars, to the pettiest details: 'Bazároff drinks champagne!'—'Bazároff plays cards!'—'Bazároff is negligent in his dress!' 'What is the meaning of it?' people asked in perplexity. '*Ought* he to do so, or *ought he not?*' Each person settled the question in his own way, but every body regarded it as indispensable to deduce a moral and jot it down at the end of an enigmatical fable. But the decisions thus arrived at turned out absolutely incongruous. Some think that 'Fathers and Children' is a satire on the young generation, that all the author's sympathies are on the side of the *fathers*. Others say that it is the *fathers* who are ridiculed and discredited in the romance, while the rising generation, on the contrary, is extolled. Some think that Bazároff himself is to blame for his unfortunate relations to the people with whom he comes in contact; others assert that, on the contrary, those people are responsible for Bazároff finding life difficult. . . In spite of all this, the romance is being eagerly read and is arousing more interest, one may venture to say, than any work of Turgénieff up to this time."

Let us now turn to what Turgénieff himself has to say about his book. In a letter to Y. P. Polónsky (the poet), dated "Paris, January 24 (O. S.), 1862," he says: "My novel has been despatched to the *Russian Messenger* and will probably appear in the February number.—I

expect to be well reviled, but I am pretty indifferent on that score." F. M. Dostoiévsky, the great author, and A. N. Máikoff, the noted poet, delighted him by thoroughly understanding his novel, as he tells them in letters dated in March of that year. But most interesting is his letter of April 14–26 to K. K. Slutchévsky,[1] who had written to him concerning the bad impression which "Fathers and Children" had made on the students at Heidelberg University:

"I am very anxious that there should be no misunderstanding as to my intentions," he writes. "I answer point by point.

"1. Your first reproach reminds me of the one made to Gógol and others, because good people do not reproduce themselves in bad descendants.—But Bazároff, nevertheless, crushes all the other characters in the romance. . . . The qualities ascribed to him are not accidental. I wished to make him a tragic personage—there was no place for tenderness there. He is honest, upright, and a democrat to the very tips of his fingernails. But you find no *good* sides in him. 'Stoff und Kraft' he recommends precisely because it is a popular, that is to say, a futile book; the duel with Pável Petróvitch is introduced precisely for the purpose of demonstrating, at a glance, the triviality of elegantly-noble chivalry, which is set forth in an almost exaggeratedly-

[1] Slutchévsky, a well-known poet. After retiring from the guards he went abroad and studied at various universities, including that of Heidelberg, there winning his degree of Ph. D. On his return to Russia he served in the Ministry of the Interior, and in 1891 was the editor-in-chief of the *Governmental Messenger*.—TRANSLATOR.

comic manner; and he could not get out of it, for Pável Petróvitch would have thrashed him.—Bazároff, in my opinion, constantly defeats Pável Petróvitch, and not the other way about; and if he calls himself a nihilist, the word must be read: a revolutionist.

"2. What you have said about Arkády, about the rehabilitation of the fathers, and so forth, merely proves—pardon me!—that I have not been understood. *My whole novel is directed against the nobility as the leading class.* Look more closely at the characters of Nikolái Petróvitch, Pável Petróvitch, and Arkády—weakness and languor and limitedness. The æsthetic sense made me select precisely *good* representatives of the nobility, in order that I might the more surely prove my point: if the cream is bad, what about the milk? It would be coarse—*le pont aux ânes*—and not true to nature to take officials, generals, thieves, and so forth. All the genuine *repudiators* whom I have known—without exception (Byelínsky, Bakúnin, Hértzen, Dobroliúboff, Spyéshneff,[1] and so forth)— sprang from comparatively kind and honourable parents, and therein is contained a great thought: this removes from the actors, from the *repudiators*, every shadow of *personal* wrath, of *personal* irritation. They go their own way simply because they are more sensitive to the demands

[1] Byelínsky, the most noted of Russian critics. Bakúnin, a noted revolutionist, debarred from returning to Russia. Hértzen, who wrote under the name of "Iskander," a famous publicist and revolutionist. Dobroliúboff, the most famous of the early Russian critics, after Byelínsky. Spyéshneff, one of the most famous men connected with the Petrashévsky conspiracy. He was banished to Siberia, where, later on, he filled governmental positions, and was the editor-in-chief of the Irkutsk *Governmental News*. Ogaryóff, a well-known poet, and writer on positivism and economical subjects. Stolýpin, a writer, 1818–1893. Esakóff, an artist and academician.—TRANSLATOR.

of popular life.—Young Count S. is wrong when he says that persons like Nikolái Petróvitch and Pável Petróvitch are our grandfathers: Nikolái Petróvitch is I myself, Ogaryóff and thousands of others; Pável Petrovítch is Stolypin, Esakóff, Bosset,—also our contemporaries. They are the best of the nobles—and precisely for that reason were chosen by me for the purpose of proving their insolvency. To depict on the one hand bribe-takers, on the other an ideal young man—let others draw that picture. . . . I wanted more than that.—In one place I made Bazároff say to Arkády (I excluded it on account of the censure), to that same Arkády in whom your Heidelberg comrades descry *the most successful type*, 'Thy father is an honest fellow; but even were he the very worst sort of a bribe-taker, thou wouldst nevertheless have gone no further than well-bred submission or ebullition, because thou art a noble.'

"3. O Lord! Madame Kukshín, that caricature, is, in your opinion, the *most successful* of all!—To that there is no answer.—Madame Odíntzoff falls in love just as little with Arkády as with Bazároff,—how is it that you do not see that? She, also, is a representative of our idle, dreamy, curious, and epicurean noble ladies—our gentlewomen. Countess Salyás has understood *that* personage with perfect clearness. She would like first to stroke the fur of the wolf (Bazároff), if only he would not bite—then the curls of the little boy—and to go on lying, well washed, on velvet.

"4. Bazároff's death (which Countess Salyás calls *heroic* and then criticises) was intended, according to my calculations, to apply the final trait to his tragic figure. But your young men think it is accidental!

"I will conclude with the following remark: If the reader does not fall in love with Bazároff, with all his roughness, heartlessness, pitiless aridity and harshness, —if the reader does not fall in love with him, I repeat,—I am to blame, and have not attained my aim. But I would not grow syrupy, to use his words, although thereby I should, in all probability, have instantly won all the young people to my side. I did not wish to make a bid for popularity by concessions of that sort. It is better to lose the battle (and, apparently, I have lost it) than to win it by a trick. I had conceived a great, grim, wild figure, half grown out of the soil, powerful, malicious, honest, and yet doomed to destruction because, nevertheless, it is still standing at the outer doors of the future—I had conceived of a sort of strange pendant to the Pugatchyóffs,[1] and so forth—but my youthful contemporaries say to me, shaking their heads the while: 'Thou hast made a mistake, my good fellow, and hast even insulted us; thy Arkády has turned out better—thou wert wrong not to take still more pains with him.' All that is left for me to do is, as in the gipsy song, 'Doff my cap and bow full low.' So far, only the two persons who have understood Bazároff,—that is to say, have understood my intentions—are Dostoiévsky and V. P. Bótkin.[2] I shall try to send you a copy of my novel, and now, *básta* on this subject. . . .

"I shall not be passing through Heidelberg, but I should like to take a look at the young Russians there. Give them my regards, although they consider me be-

[1] Pugatchyóff, the leader of an extensive rebellion in Eastern Russia, under Katherine II.—TRANSLATOR.

[2] Bótkin, a writer on art and foreign literature.—TRANSLATOR.

by that novel; I will say only that when I returned to Petersburg, on the very day of the famous burning of the Apráxin Bazaar,[1] the word 'nihilist' had already been caught up by thousands of voices, and the first exclamation which broke from the lips of the first acquaintance whom I met on the Névsky (Prospékt) was: 'Just see what *your* nihilists are doing! They are burning Petersburg!' I then experienced impressions of a varied but all of an equally painful nature. I noticed coldness, verging on indignation, in many persons near and sympathetic to me: I received congratulations, almost kisses, from persons of the opposite camp to me, from my enemies. This disconcerted me . . . . grieved me; but my conscience did not reproach me; I knew well that I had borne myself honourably, and not only without prejudice but even with sympathetic interest, toward the type which I had set forth; [2] I had too much respect for the profession of artist, of literary man, to act against my conscience in such a matter. The word 'respect' is even not quite appropriate here. I simply could not work otherwise, I did not know how; and, moreover, there was not reason for so doing. My critics called my novel a 'pamphlet,' they alluded to 'irritated,' 'wounded' self-love; but why should I write a pamphlet against Dobroliúboff, whom I had hardly ever seen, but whom I valued highly both as a man and as a talented writer? However

[1] A huge market of lower-class shops not far from the Imperial Bank, the Anítchkoff palace, and so forth.—TRANSLATOR.

[2] I permit myself to quote the following extract from my diary: "June 30, Sunday. An hour and a half ago I finished my romance at last. . . . I do not know what success it will have. The *Contemporary*, in all probability, will drench me with scorn for Bazároff, and * * will not believe that during the entire time of writing I was not involuntarily aiming at him. . . . ."

modest may have been my opinion of my own gifts, I nevertheless always have considered and do consider the composition of a pamphlet, of a 'lampoon,' as beneath it, unworthy of it. As for the 'wounded' self-love—I will remark merely, that Dobroliúboff's article about my last production before 'Fathers and Children'—about 'On the Eve' (and he had a right to regard himself as the representative of public opinion)—that that article, which appeared in 1861, is filled with the warmest, or, speaking as my conscience dictates, with the most undeserved praises. But the critics felt bound to represent me as an offended pamphletist: '*leur siège était fait.*' . . .

"The critics, in general, have a far from accurate conception of what takes place in an author's soul, of what, precisely, constitutes his joy and sorrow, his aspirations, his success and failure . . . . they will not believe that an author's highest happiness is to set forth the truth, the reality of life, powerfully and accurately, even when that truth does not coincide with his own sympathies. I permit myself to cite a small instance. I am a radical, incorrigible advocate of Western methods, and have never concealed that fact in the slightest degree, and do not conceal it; nevertheless, in spite of that, I set forth with special satisfaction—in the person of Pánshin (in 'A Nobleman's Nest')—all the comical and trivial sides of Westernism; I made the Slavyanophil Lavrétzky 'defeat him on every point.' Why did I do it,—I, who regard the Slavyanophil doctrine as false and sterile? Because, in *the given case, precisely in that manner, in my opinion*, was life ordered, and I wished, first of all, to be sincere and truthful. In delineating the figure of Bazároff, I excluded from the

circle of his sympathies everything artistic, I endowed him with harshness and an unceremonious tone, not out of an absurd desire to offend the young generation (!!!)[1] but simply in consequence of my observations had nothing to do with the matter; but probably him. 'This life has moulded itself in *this* way,' experience said to me again—erroneously, it may be, but, I repeat it, conscientiously; there was no occasion for subtilising on my part—and I was obliged to depict his figure in precisely that manner. My personal inclinations had nothing to do with the matter; but probably many of my readers will be surprised if I tell them that, with the exception of his views on art, I share almost all his convictions. Yet people assert that I side with the 'Fathers' . . . I, who in the figure of Pável Kirsánoff have even sinned against artistic truth and have laid on the colours too thickly, carried his defects to the point of caricature, made him ridiculous!

"The whole cause of the misunderstanding, the whole 'trouble' as the saying is, consisted in this—that the Bazároff type which I presented had not yet succeeded in passing through the gradual phases, through which literary types generally do pass. There did not fall to his lot—as to the lot of Onyégin and Petchórin[2]—the epoch of idealisation, of sympathetic exaltation. At

[1] Among the many proofs of my "malice toward youth," one critic adduced the fact that I had made Bazároff lose to Father Alexyéi at cards. "As much as to say, that he does not know how sufficiently to wound and humiliate him! He does not even know how to play cards!" No doubt, if I had made Bazároff win, the same critic would have triumphantly exclaimed: "Is n't it perfectly plain?—The author wants to have it understood that Bazároff is a card-sharper!"

[2] Evgény Onyégin, the hero of Púshkin's poem of the same title. Petchórin, the hero of Lérmontoff's famous novel, "A Hero of Our Times."—TRANSLATOR.

the very moment of the *new* man's—Bazároff's—appearance, the author bore himself critically . . . . objectively—toward him. This bewildered, and—who knows?—therein lay, possibly, if not a mistake, an injustice. The Bazàroff type had, at all events, as much right to idealisation as the types which had preceded it.

"I have just said that the author's relations to the person set forth have bewildered the reader. The reader always feels awkward, he is easily seized with perplexity, even vexation, if the author behaves with the character depicted as with a living being, that is to say, perceives and sets forth his bad and his good sides, and most of all, if he does not display manifest sympathy or antipathy to his own offspring. The reader is ready to wax angry; he is forced to proceed along a path which has not hitherto been sketched out, and make the road at his own expense. 'What do I care about toiling!' the thought involuntarily springs up in him:—'books exist for diversion, not to make one cudgel his brains; and how much would it have cost the author to say, what I am to think about such and such a person—what he thinks of the person himself?' —And if the author's relations to that person are still more indefinite, if the author himself does not know whether he likes or dislikes the character presented (as it happened in the case of my relations to Bazároff, for that 'involuntary attraction' to which I alluded in my diary is not love)—then things are indeed in a bad way! The reader is ready to attribute to the author imaginary sympathies, or imaginary antipathies, if only for the sake of extricating himself from the disagreeable 'indefiniteness.'

"'Neither Fathers nor Children,'—said a witty lady

made their appearance among us in Russia also, at that period. Public opinion, still so ill-defined among us, rushed in a receding wave. . . . But a shadow lay on my name. I am not deceiving myself; I know that that shadow will not depart from my name. But other people also—people before whom I am too profoundly conscious of my insignificance—have uttered the grand words: '*Périssent nos noms; pourvu que la chose publique soit sauvée!*' In imitation of them I also may console myself with the thought of the good I have done. That thought outweighs the unpleasantness of unmerited abuse. But, as a matter of fact, what does it matter? Who, after the expiration of twenty or thirty years, will remember all those tempests in a glass of water—and my name—with or without a shadow?"

I. F. H.

FATHERS AND CHILDREN

(1861)

FATHERS AND CHILDREN

I

"WELL, Piótr? Is anything to be seen yet?" inquired a gentleman a little over forty years of age, in a dusty coat and checked trousers, on May 20th, 1859, as he emerged hatless upon the low porch of a posting-station on the *** highway, of his servant, a chubby-faced young fellow, with whitish down on his chin, and small, dull eyes.

The servant, whose every characteristic—the turquoise ear-ring in his ear, and his pomaded, party-coloured hair, and the urbane movements of his body,—everything, in a word,—betrayed a man of the newest, perfected generation, gazed condescendingly along the road, and replied: "Nothing at all, sir, is to be seen."

"Is nothing to be seen?" repeated the gentleman.

"Nothing is to be seen," replied the servant, for the second time.

His master sighed, and seated himself on the bench. Let us make the reader acquainted with him, while he sits there, with his feet tucked up under him, and gazing thoughtfully around him.

His name is Nikolái Petróvitch Kirsánoff. At a distance of fifteen versts [1] from the posting-station, he has a fine estate of two hundred souls, or—as he is in the habit of expressing it since he portioned off to the peasants their land and set up a "farm"—of two thousand desyatínas [2] of land. His father, a fighting general of 1812, able to read and write only indifferently, coarse, but not vicious, a Russian man, had toiled hard for a livelihood all his life, had commanded first a brigade, then a division, and had lived uninterruptedly in the rural districts, where, by virtue of his rank, he had played a fairly prominent part. Nikolái Petróvitch had been born in the south of Russia, like his elder brother Pável, of whom we shall speak hereafter, and had been reared, up to his fourteenth year, at home, surrounded by cheap tutors, free-and-easy but obsequious adjutants, and other regimental and staff officers. His mother, from the family of the Kolyázins, called Agathe as a young girl, and as Madame the wife of the General, Agafokléa Kuzmínishna Kirsánoff, belonged to the category of "masterful-commanderesses,"—wore sumptuous caps and rustling silken gowns, went up first to kiss the cross in church, talked loudly and much, admitted her children to kiss her hand every morning, made the sign of the cross in blessing over them at night,

[1] Ten miles.—TRANSLATOR.
[2] A desyatína equals 2.70 acres.—TRANSLATOR.

—in a word, led an enjoyable life. In his quality of son of a general, Nikolái Petróvitch, although he not only was not distinguished for courage, but had even earned the nickname of a little coward, was forced, like his brother Pável, to enter the military service; but he broke his leg the very day that the news of his appointment arrived, and, after lying in bed for two months, remained a "limpy" for the rest of his life. His father gave up all hope of him, and allowed him to enter the civil service. He took him to Petersburg, as soon as he was eighteen, and placed him in the university. His brother, by the way, graduated into the Guards as an officer, just about that time. The young men began to live together, in one set of lodgings, under the remote supervision of a grand-uncle on their mother's side, Ilyá Kolyázin, an important official. Their father went back to his division and to his spouse, and only occasionally sent to his sons big quarto sheets of grey paper, scrawled over in a bold, clerkly script. At the end of these quarto sheets, carefully encircled by "curly-cues," flaunted the words: "Piótr Kirsánoff, Major-General." In 1835 Nikolái Petróvitch graduated from the university with the degree of candidate, and, in that same year, General Kirsánoff, having been put on the retired list for an unsuccessful review, arrived in Petersburg with his wife, with the intention of living there. He was on the point of hiring a house near the

Tauris Garden,[1] and joining the English Club, when he suddenly died of apoplexy. Agafokléa Kuzmínishna speedily followed him: she could not get accustomed to the dull life of the capital; the grief of her position on the retired list worried her to death. In the meantime, Nikolái Petróvitch had succeeded, already during the lifetime of his parents, and to their no small chagrin, in falling in love with the daughter of an official named Prepolóvensky, the former landlord of his lodgings, a pretty and, it was said, a well-educated young girl: she read the serious articles, under the department labelled "Science," in the newspapers. He married her, as soon as the period of mourning was over, and quitting the Ministry of the Imperial Appanages, where he had been entered through the influence of his father, he enjoyed felicity with his Másha, first in a villa near the Forestry Institute, then in town, in a tiny and pretty apartment with a clean staircase and a rather cold drawing-room, and, at last, in the country, where he definitively settled down, and where a son, Arkády, was shortly born to him. The husband and wife lived very well and quietly: they were hardly ever separated—they read together, played four-handed pieces together on the piano,

[1] The Tauris Garden, part of which is open to the public in summer, lies in a good residential quarter of the town, attached to the Tauris Palace. The latter was built in 1783 by the Empress Katharine II. for Prince Patyómkin, after his conquest of the Crimea. It was soon bought back, at Patyómkin's death, by the Crown.—Translator.

sang duets; she planted flowers, and supervised the poultry-yard; he went hunting on rare occasions, and occupied himself with the farming; and Arkády grew, and grew—also well and quietly. In the year '47, Kirsánoff's wife died. He hardly survived this blow, and his hair turned grey in the course of a few weeks: he contemplated going abroad, for the purpose of diverting his mind . . . but the year '48 arrived at this juncture . . . . . willy-nilly, he returned to the country, and after a rather prolonged season of inactivity he undertook agricultural reforms. In the year 1855, he took his son to the university: he spent three winters with him in Petersburg, going out hardly at all, and endeavouring to strike up acquaintance with Arkády's youthful comrades. He was unable to come for the last winter,—and here we behold him, in May of the year 1859, already completely grey, plump, and rather stooping: he is awaiting his son, who, like himself in years gone by, has graduated with the degree of candidate.

The servant, out of a sense of decorum, and possibly also because he did not wish to remain under his master's eye, stepped under the gate-arch and lighted his pipe. Nikolái Petróvitch hung his head, and began to stare at the decrepit steps of the porch; a large, piebald chicken stalked pompously past him, with a sturdy thud of its big, yellow feet; a bespattered cat stared at him in hostile wise, as she crouched primly on the rail-

ing. The sun was burning hot: from the half-dark anteroom of the posting-station an odour of warm rye bread was wafted. Our Nikolái Petróvitch fell into a reverie: " Son . . . candidate . . . . Arkásha . . . ." kept incessantly circling through his brain; he made an effort to think of something else, and again reverted to the same thoughts. He called to mind his dead wife. . . . " She did not live to see this day! " he whispered mournfully. . . . . A fat, dark-blue pigeon flew down into the road, and hastily betook itself to the puddle beside the well, to drink. Nikolái Petróvitch began to stare at it, but his ear already caught the rumble of approaching wheels.

" I think they are coming, sir," announced the servant, popping out from under the gate.

Nikolái Petróvitch sprang to his feet, and strained his eyes along the road. A tarantás made its appearance, drawn by a tróïka of posting-horses: in the tarantás there was a gleam of the band of a student's cap, the familiar outline of a beloved face.

" Arkásha! Arkásha! " shouted Kirsánoff, and started on a run, flourishing his arms. . . . . A few moments later, his lips were glued to the beardless, dusty, and sunburnt cheek of the young candidate.

II

"LET me shake myself, papa,"—said Arkády, in a voice that was rather hoarse from the journey, but ringing and youthful, cheerily responding to his father's caresses,—"I am daubing thee all over."

"Never mind, never mind," Nikolái Petróvitch repeated again and again, with a smile of emotion, and he administered a couple of blows with his hand on the collar of his son's cloak and on his own overcoat.—"Let me look at thee, let me look at thee," he added, stepping off, but immediately strode toward the posting-station with hasty steps, reiterating: "Here, come along, come along, and let us have horses as speedily as possible."

Nikolái Petróvitch appeared to be far more agitated than his son: it was as though he were somewhat bewildered, as though he were intimidated. Arkády stopped him.

"Papa," he said, "allow me to introduce to thee my good friend Bazároff, of whom I have so often written to thee. He has been so amiable as to consent to pay us a visit."

Nikolái Petróvitch wheeled swiftly round, and stepping up to a man of lofty stature, in a long peasant's overcoat with tassels, who had only just alighted from the tarantás, he warmly shook the bare, red hand which the man did not immediately offer him.

"I am heartily glad," he began,—"and grateful to you for your kind intention to visit us: I hope . . . Permit me to inquire your name and patronymic?"

"Evgény Vasílitch,"—replied Bazároff, in a languid but manly voice, and turning down the collar of the peasant coat, he displayed his entire face to Nikolái Petróvitch. Long and thin, with a broad forehead, a nose which was flat at the top and pointed at the tip, with large, greenish eyes, and pendent sidewhiskers of a sandy hue, it was rendered animated by a calm smile, and expressed self-confidence and cleverness.

"I trust, my dearest Evgény Vasílitch, that you will not be bored with us,"—went on Nikolái Petróvitch.

Bazároff's thin lips moved slightly; but he made no reply, and merely lifted his cap. His dark-blond hair, long and thick, did not conceal the huge protuberances of his ample skull.

"Well, what are we to do, Arkády?"—began Nikolái Petróvitch, again turning to his son.—"Shall we have the horses put to at once? Or do you wish to rest?"

"We will rest at home, papa; give orders to have the horses put to."

"Immediately, immediately," assented his father.—"Hey, there, Piótr, dost thou hear? Look lively there, my good brother; see to things."

Piótr, who, in his quality of improved domestic, had not kissed his young master's hand, but had merely bowed to him from a distance, again vanished inside the gate.

"I am here with a calash, but there are three horses for thy tarantás," said Nikolái Petróvitch hastily, while Arkády was drinking water out of an iron dipper brought by the keeper of the posting-station, and Bazároff lighted his pipe and stepped up to the postilion, who was unharnessing his horses.—"The calash has only two seats, and I do not know how thy friend . . . ."

"He will drive in the tarantás,"—interrupted Arkády, in an undertone.—"Please do not stand on ceremony with him. He 's a splendid young fellow, so simple,—thou wilt see."

Nikolái Petróvitch's coachman brought out the horses.

"Come, turn round, Thickbeard!"—said Bazároff to the postilion.

"Dost hear, Mitiúkha," put in another postilion, who was standing near, with his hands thrust into the rear slits of his sheepskin coat,—"what the gentleman called thee? Thickbeard it was."

Mitiúkha merely shook his cap, and drew the reins from the sweating shaft-horse.

"Be quick, be quick, my lads, lend a hand,"—exclaimed Nikolái Petróvitch,—"and you 'll get something for liquor!"

In a few minutes the horses were harnessed; father and son seated themselves in the calash, and Piótr climbed on the box; Bazároff jumped into the tarantás and buried his head in the leather pillow,—and both equipages rolled off.

III

"So here thou art a candidate at last, and hast come home,"—said Nikolái Petróvitch, touching Arkády now on the shoulder, now on the knee:—"at last!"

"And how is uncle? Well?" asked Arkády, who, despite the genuine, almost childish joy which filled his heart, wished to change the conversation as speedily as possible from an agitated into a commonplace current.

"Yes. He had intended to drive over with me to meet thee, but changed his mind for some reason or other."

"And hast thou been waiting long for me?"—asked Arkády.

"Why, about five hours."

"Good papa!"

Arkády turned briskly toward his father, and gave him a resounding smack on the cheek. Nikolái Petróvitch laughed softly.

"What a magnificent horse I have prepared for thee!"—he began:—"thou wilt see. And thy room has been papered."

"And is there a chamber for Bazároff?"

"We 'll find one for him also."

"Please, papa, do pet him a bit. I cannot express to thee to what a degree I prize his friendship."

"Thou hast not known him very long?"

"Not very long."

"That is why I did not see him last winter. In what does he interest himself?"

"His principal subject is the natural sciences. But he knows everything. He wants to take his examination for the doctor's degree next year."

"Ah! so he's in the medical faculty,"—remarked Nikolái Petróvitch, and relapsed into silence.—"Piótr," he added, and stretched out his hand,—"aren't those our peasants coming yonder?"

Piótr gazed on one side, in the direction whither his master was pointing. Several peasant carts, drawn by horses with slackened bridles, were rolling briskly along the narrow country road. In each cart sat one, or at the most two, peasants in sheepskin coats which were open on the breast.—"Exactly so, sir," said Piótr.

"Whither are they going—to town?"

"I suppose it must be to the town. To the dram-shop,"—he added scornfully, and leaned a little toward the coachman, as though referring to him. But the latter did not even stir: he was a man of the old school, who did not share the latest views.

"I am having a great deal of trouble with the peasants this year,"—pursued Nikolái Petróvitch, addressing his son.—"They will not pay their quit-rent.[1] What wouldst thou do?"

"And art thou satisfied with thy hired labourers?"

"Yes,"—said Nikolái Petróvitch between his teeth.—"They are stirring them up to mischief, that 's the trouble; however, no regular attempt has been made, as yet. They ruin the harnesses. But they have done the ploughing all right. When difficulties are surmounted, all goes well again. But art thou already interested in the farming?"

"You have no shade, and that 's a great pity,"—remarked Arkády, without answering the last question.

"I have added a large awning on the north side, over the balcony," said Nikolái Petróvitch:—"and now we can dine in the open air."

"It will look awfully like a suburban villa . . . however, all that is of no consequence. What air there is here! How splendidly fragrant it is! Really, it seems to me that nowhere in the world is it so fragrant as in these parts! And then the sky here . . ."

Arkády suddenly paused, cast a sidelong glance behind him, and became silent.

"Of course,"—remarked Nikolái Petróvitch,

[1] The *obrók*, or sum paid in lieu of personal labor.—Translator.

—"thou wert born here, and everything here ought to seem to thee peculiarly . . . ."

"Well, papa, it makes no difference where a man was born."

"But . . . ."

"No, it makes absolutely no difference."

Nikolái Petróvitch gazed askance at his son, and the calash had traversed half a verst before the conversation was resumed between them.

"I do not remember whether I wrote to thee," —began Nikolái Petróvitch,—"that thy former nurse, Egórovna, was dead."

"Really? Poor old woman! And is Prokófitch alive?"

"Yes, and has not changed in the least. He still grumbles as of old. On the whole, thou wilt not find many changes at Márino."

"Hast thou still the same overseer?"

"Why, the change in the overseer is about the only one I have made. I have decided not to keep any more emancipated, former house-servants, or, at least, not to entrust them with any duties which involve responsibility." (Arkády indicated Piótr with his eyes.) *"Il est libre, en effet,"*—remarked Nikolái Petróvitch, in a low tone,—"but, you see, he is my valet. Now I have a petty burgher as overseer: he seems a practical young fellow. I have appointed him a salary of two hundred and fifty rubles a year. However,"—added Nikolái Petróvitch, rubbing his

forehead and eyebrows with his hand, which with him was always a sign of inward perturbation,—"I have just told thee that thou wouldst not find any changes at Márino. . . That is not quite correct. I consider it my duty to warn thee, although . . ."

He faltered for a moment, and then continued, in French.

"A strict moralist would regard my frankness as misplaced, but, in the first place, it is impossible to conceal the fact, and, in the second, thou art well aware that I have always entertained peculiar principles with regard to the relations between father and son. But, of course, thou wilt have a right to condemn me. At my age . . . . In a word . . . that . . . that young girl, of whom thou hast, in all probability, already heard . . ."

"Fénitchka?" asked Arkády easily.

Nikolái Petróvitch flushed.—"Please do not mention her name aloud. . . . Well, yes . . . she is now living with me. I have lodged her in my house . . . . there were two small rooms there. However, that can be changed."

"And why, pray, papa?"

"Thy friend is to visit thee . . it is awkward . . ."

"Please do not worry thyself, so far as Bazároff is concerned. He is above all that sort of thing."

"Well, thou . . . in short,"—said Nikolái Petró-

vitch,—" the small wing is in a sorry state—that 's the difficulty."

" Upon my word, papa,"—interpolated Arkády,—" thou wouldst seem to be making apologies; art thou not ashamed of thyself? "

" Of course, I ought to be ashamed of myself," —replied Nikolái Petróvitch, growing more and more crimson in the face.

" Enough, papa,—enough, please,"—Arkády smiled affectionately. " What is there to apologise for! " he thought to himself, and a sensation of condescending tenderness toward his kind, gentle father, mingled with a feeling of a certain superiority over him, filled his soul.—" Stop, please,"—he repeated once more, involuntarily enjoying the consciousness of his own progressiveness and freedom.

Nikolái Petróvitch cast a look at him from beneath the fingers of the hand with which he continued to rub his forehead, and something stung him at the heart. . . . But he immediately took himself to task.

" Here is where our fields begin,"—he said, after a long silence.

" And that is our forest, yonder ahead, I think? "—inquired Arkády.

" Yes, it is ours. Only, I have sold it. It will be felled this year."

" Why didst thou sell it? "

"I needed the money: and, besides, this land goes to the peasants."

"Who do not pay thee their quit-rent?"

"That 's their affair; however, they will pay up some time or other."

"It is a pity about the forest,"—remarked Arkády, and began to gaze about him.

The localities through which they were passing could not be called picturesque. Fields, nothing but fields, stretched away to the very horizon, now rising gently, again sinking; here and there small patches of forest were visible, and here and there ravines, overgrown with sparse, low bushes, wound in and out, recalling to the eye the representations of them on ancient plans of the time of Katherine II. Here and there, also, small streams were to be encountered, with washed-out banks, and tiny ponds with wretched dams, and little hamlets with low cottages under dark roofs, which often had been half swept away, and lop-sided threshing-sheds with wattled walls of brushwood, and churches, now of brick with the stucco peeled off in places, now of wood, with slanting crosses and ruined graveyards. Arkády's heart gradually contracted. As though expressly, they kept meeting peasants in clothing which was too tight with long wear, on wretched nags; like beggars in rags stood the roadside willows, with tattered bark and broken branches;

thin, scabby, apparently famished cows were greedily nibbling at the grass along the ditches. They seemed to have just succeeded in tearing themselves from some menacing, death-dealing talons,—and, evoked by the pitiful aspect of the debilitated beasts, amid the fine spring day, there arose the white wraith of the cheerless, endless winter, with its blizzards, frosts, and snows. . . . "No,"—thought Arkády, "this is not a rich land; it does not strike the beholder with its abundance or its industry; it is impossible, impossible for it to remain like this; reforms are indispensable . . . but how are they to be brought about, how is one to set to work? . . ."

Thus did Arkády meditate . . . and while he was meditating, the spring asserted its rights. Everything round about was ringing with a golden sound, everything was stirring with broad, soft agitation and shining beneath the tranquil breath of the warm breeze,—everything,—trees, bushes, and grass; everywhere the larks were carolling in unending, sonorous floods; the lapwings were alternately shrilling, as they soared in circles above the low-lying meadows, and silently hopping over the hillocks; the daws stalked about, handsomely black against the tender green of the spring rye, which was still low of growth; they preached sermons in the rye, which was already turning slightly whitish, only now and then showing their heads amid its smokelike billows. Ar-

kády gazed, and gazed, and his meditations gradually faded away, then vanished altogether. . . . He flung off his uniform coat, and looked at his father so merrily, so much like a young boy, that the latter embraced him once more.

"We have not much further to go now,"—remarked Nikolái Petróvitch,—"we have only to ascend yonder hill, and the house will be visible. We are going to get on together splendidly, Arkásha; thou shalt help me with the farming, if it does not bore thee. We must become intimate with each other now; we must know each other well, must we not?"

"Of course,"—said Arkády:—"but what a magnificent day this is!"

"It is in honour of thy arrival, dear heart. Yes, it is spring in all its glory. But I agree with Púshkin—dost thou remember, in 'Evgény Onyégin':

> "How sad is thy coming to me,
> Spring, spring, the time of love!
> How . . . ."

"Arkády!"—rang out Bazároff's voice from the tarantás:—"send me a match. I have no means of lighting my pipe."

Nikolái Petróvitch relapsed into silence, and Arkády, who had begun to listen to him, not without a certain surprise, but also not without sym-

pathy, hastened to pull a silver match-box from his pocket and despatch it to Bazároff by Piótr.

"Wilt thou have a cigar?"—shouted Bazároff again.

"Hand it over,"—replied Arkády.

Piótr returned to the calash, and handed him, in company with the match-box, a thick, black cigar, which Arkády immediately lighted, disseminating about him such a strong and acrid odour of rank tobacco that Nikolái Petróvitch, who had never smoked in his life, involuntarily—though unperceived, in order not to offend his son—turned away his nose.

A quarter of an hour later, both carriages drew up at the steps of a new wooden house, painted grey, and covered with a red iron roof. This was Márino, also Nóvaya-Slobódka; or, according to the peasants' name for it, Bobýly-Khutór,[1]

[1] *Nóvaya-Slobódka*, New Suburb: *Bobýly-Khutór*, Landless Farm.—TRANSLATOR.

IV

No throng of house-servants poured forth upon the porch to welcome the masters: the only person who showed herself was a little girl of twelve, and in her wake there emerged from the house a young lad who bore a strong resemblance to Piótr, clad in a grey, livery round jacket, with white armouried buttons, the servant of Pável Petróvitch Kirsánoff. He silently opened the door of the calash, and unbuttoned the apron of the tarantás. Nikolái Petróvitch, with his son and Bazároff, walked through a dark and almost empty hall,[1] from behind whose door they caught a fleeting glimpse of a young, feminine face, to the drawing-room, which was already furnished in the latest taste.

"Here we are at home,"—said Nikolái Petróvitch, removing his cap, and shaking back his hair.—"The chief thing now is to have supper and to rest."

"It really would not be a bad idea to have something to eat,"—remarked Bazároff, stretching himself, and dropping down on a couch.

"Yes, yes, serve supper as quickly as possible."

[1] The "hall" is a combination of music-room, ball-room, and play-room.—Translator.

—Nikolái Petróvitch stamped his feet, without any visible cause.—"By the way, here is Prokófitch."

There entered a man of fifty, white-haired, thin, and swarthy, in a light-brown frock-coat with brass buttons, and a pink kerchief round his throat. He grinned, kissed Arkády's hand, and bowing to the guest, retreated to the door, and put his hands behind him.

"Here he is, Prokófitch,"—began Nikolái Petrovitch,—"he has come to us, at last. . . . Well? What dost thou think of him?"

"He is in the best condition, sir," said the old man, and grinned again, but immediately knit his thick brows.—"Do you command the table to be set?"—he said impressively.

"Yes, yes, if you please. But will you not go to your room first, Evgény Vasílitch?"

"No, thank you, there 's no necessity. Only, please give orders to have my little trunk carried thither, and this horrid old garment, also," he added, taking off the peasant-coat.

"Very good. Prokófitch, take his coat." (Prokófitch, in a sort of stupefaction, grasped the "horrid old garment" in both hands, and elevating it high above his head, withdrew on tiptoe.) "And thou, Arkády, wilt thou go to thine own room for a minute?"

"Yes, I must get myself clean," replied Arkády, and started toward the door; but at that

moment there entered the drawing-room a man of medium stature, dressed in a dark English suit, a fashionable, low necktie, and low, patent-leather shoes,—Pável Petróvitch Kirsánoff. In appearance, he was about forty-five years of age: his closely-clipped grey hair shaded dark in certain lights, like new silver; his face, sallow, but devoid of wrinkles, remarkably regular and pure in outline, as though carved out with a light, delicate chisel, displayed traces of remarkable beauty: especially fine were his brilliant, black, almond-shaped eyes. The whole person of Arkády's uncle, elegant and high-bred, preserved its youthful grace, and that aspiration, upward, away from the earth, which generally disappears after the twentieth year. Pável Petróvitch drew from the pocket of his trousers his beautiful hand with its long, rosy nails, which seemed still more beautiful from the snow-whiteness of his cuff buttoned with a single large opal, and gave it to his nephew. Having accomplished the preliminary European "shake-hands," he exchanged three kisses with him, in Russian fashion,—that is to say, he thrice touched his cheek with his perfumed moustache,—and said: "Welcome!"

Nikolái Petróvitch introduced him to Bazároff: Pável Petróvitch slightly bent his supple form, and slightly smiled, but he did not offer his hand, and even put it back in his pocket.

"I had already begun to think that you would

not arrive to-day,"—he said in a pleasant voice, amiably swaying, twitching his shoulders, and displaying his very fine white teeth.—"Did anything happen on the road?"

"Nothing happened," replied Arkády,—"we were a little late, that is all. But we are as hungry as wolves. Hurry up Prokófitch, papa, and I will be back immediately."

"Wait, I will go with thee,"—exclaimed Bazároff, suddenly tearing himself from the divan. The two young men left the room.

"Who is that?"—asked Pável Petróvitch.

"A friend of Arkásha's, a very clever man, according to him."

"Is he going to make you a visit?"

"Yes."

"That hirsute fellow?"

"Well, yes."

Pável Petróvitch drummed on the table with his finger-nails:—"I think that Arkády *s'est dégourdi,*" he remarked.—"I am glad he has come back."

At supper there was very little conversation. Bazároff, in particular, said hardly a word, but he ate a great deal. Nikolái Petróvitch narrated various anecdotes from his farmer's life, as he expressed it, discussed the impending administrative measures, committees, delegates, the necessity of introducing machinery, and so forth. Pável Petróvitch paced slowly to and fro in the dining-

room (he never supped), once in a while taking a sip from his wine-glass filled with red wine, and still more rarely uttering some remark, or, rather, some exclamation, like "Ah!" "Ehe!" "H'm!" Arkády communicated some Petersburg news, but he felt a slight embarrassment—the embarrassment which generally takes possession of a young man when he has just ceased to be a child and has returned to the place where people have been accustomed to see him and regard him as a child. He lengthened out his speech unnecessarily, avoided the word "papa," and once he even superseded it with the word "father,"—emitted, it is true, through his teeth; with superfluously free and easy manner, he poured out into his glass a great deal more wine than he wanted, and drank the whole of it. Prokófitch never took his eyes off him, and merely made a chewing movement with his lips. They all separated immediately after supper.

"That uncle of thine is a queer sort of fish," —said Bazároff to Arkády, sitting down in his dressing-gown beside him on his bed, and sucking away at a short pipe.—"One can't help thinking that he has a pretty dandified style for the country. And his nails, why, you could send his nails to the exposition!"

"But thou art, evidently, ignorant of the fact," —replied Arkády,—"that he was a society lion in his time. I will tell thee his history one of these

days. You see, he was a beauty, and turned the women's heads."

"You don't say so! He does it now in memory of the old days. There is n't any one to fascinate here, more's the pity. I kept watching him: what wonderful cuffs he has, just as though they were made of stone, and his chin is so accurately shaved. It 's ridiculous, is n't it, Arkády Nikoláevitch?"

"Possibly: only, he really is a fine man."

"An archaic manifestation! But thy father is a splendid fellow. There 's no good in his reading poetry, and he probably has n't much sense about the farming, but he 's a good soul."

"My father is a man of gold."

"Hast thou noticed that he is timid?"

Arkády shook his head, just as though he were not timid himself.

"Astonishing phenomenon these elderly romanticists!"—went on Bazároff. "They develop their nervous system to the point of exasperation . . . well, and then the equilibrium is destroyed. But good-bye! There 's an English washstand in my room, but the door will not lock. All the same, English washstands [1]—that is to say, progress—must be encouraged!"

Bazároff went off, and a sensation of joy took possession of Arkády. It is sweet to fall

[1] The Russian washstand has a reservoir of water on top, and no plug, and the water is liberated by a foot-treadle.—TRANSLATOR.

asleep in the parental home, in the familiar bed, over which loved hands have toiled, perhaps the hands of an old nurse, those caressing, kind, indefatigable hands. Arkády recalled Egórovna, and sighed, and breathed a prayer that the kingdom of heaven might be hers. . . He did not pray for himself.

Both he and Bazároff promptly fell asleep, but it was a long time still before the other persons in the house got to sleep. The return of his son had excited Nikolái Petróvitch. He went to bed, but did not extinguish his candle, and propping his head on his hand, he indulged in a prolonged reverie. His brother sat in his study until long after midnight, in a capacious Gámboff [1] easy-chair, in front of the fireplace, in which hard coal was faintly smouldering. Pável Petróvitch had not undressed himself, but had merely replaced his low patent-leather pumps with red Chinese slippers without heels. He held in his hands the last number of *Galignani,* but he did not read it; he stared intently into the grate, where the bluish flame flickered, now dying down, now flashing up .... God knows where his thoughts were roaming, but they were not roaming in the past alone: the expression of his face was concentrated and gloomy, which is not the case when a man is engrossed in memories only. And in a tiny rear room, on a large coffer, sat the young woman, Fé-

[1] A well-known cabinet-maker of that period.—TRANSLATOR.

nitchka, in a sky-blue short jacket,[1] with a white kerchief thrown over her dark hair, and alternately listened, dozed, and stared at the door, which stood ajar, beyond which a child's bed was visible, and the even breathing of a sleeping child was audible.

[1] Literally a "soul-warmer": a wadded peasant-jacket, either tight fitting to the waist, below which it has close organ plaits: or falling from the shoulders in broad box-plaits to the waist: and with very long, tapering sleeves.—TRANSLATOR.

V

On the following morning, Bazároff awoke earlier than any of the others, and went out of doors. "Ehe!" he thought, after casting a glance around him, "this is n't a very showy place." When Nikolái Petróvitch had portioned off the land between himself and the peasants, he had been obliged to assign for his new manor-house four desyatínas of perfectly flat and naked fields. He had erected a house, offices, and farm-buildings, had laid out a garden, had dug a pond and a couple of wells; but the young trees had struck root badly, very little water had collected in the pond, and the water in the wells proved to have a brackish taste. Only one arbour of lilacs and acacia had grown fairly well: in it they sometimes drank tea and dined. In a few minutes, Bazároff had made the round of all the paths in the garden, had paid a little visit to the cattle-yard and to the stable, had hunted out two small boys belonging to the house-servants, with whom he had immediately struck up an acquaintance, and had gone off with them to a small marsh, situated about a verst distant from the manor-house, in quest of frogs.

"What dost thou want frogs for, master?" one of the little boys asked him.

"Why, for this,"—replied Bazároff, who possessed a special faculty for inspiring the lower classes with confidence in him, although he never indulged them, and treated them carelessly:—"I 'm going to split the frog open, and see what is going on inside of it; and as thou and I are exactly like frogs, except that we walk on our legs, then I shall also know what is going on inside of us."

"But what dost thou want to know that for?"

"In order that I may not make mistakes, if thou shouldst fall ill and I had to cure thee."

"Art thou a doctur?" [1]

"Yes."

"Dost hear, Váska, the gentleman says that thou and I are just the same as frogs. Wonderful!"

"I 'm afraid of them, of frogs,"—remarked Váska, a lad of seven, with a head as white as flax, clad in a grey kazák coat with a standing collar, and barefooted.

"What is there to be afraid of? they don't bite, do they?"

"Come, now, hop into the water, you philosophers,"—said Bazároff.

In the meantime, Nikolái Petróvitch had also waked up, and had betaken himself to Arkády,

[1] The peasant pronunciation.—Translator.

whom he found dressed. Father and son went out on the veranda, under the shelter of the awning: close to the railings, on a table between big bunches of lilacs, the samovár was already bubbling. A little girl made her appearance—the same one who had been the first to meet the travellers on the porch—and said in a shrill voice:

" Feodósya Nikoláevna does not feel quite well, and cannot come; she ordered me to ask you, whether you will pour tea for yourselves, or shall she send Dunyásha? "

" I will pour it myself, myself,"—Nikolái Petróvitch caught her up hastily.—" How dost thou take thy tea, Arkády,—with cream or with lemon? "

" With cream,"—replied Arkády, and after a brief pause he ejaculated:—" Papa! "

Nikolái Petróvitch looked at his son with discomfiture.—" What? "—he said.

Arkády dropped his eyes.

" Excuse me, papa, if my question seems to thee improper,"—he began; " but thou, thyself, by thy frankness yesterday, hast challenged me to frankness .... thou wilt not be angry? .... "

" Speak on."

" Thou givest me boldness to ask thee. . . Is n't Fen . . . is n't it because I am here that she is not coming to pour the tea? "

Nikolái Petróvitch turned slightly aside.

"Perhaps,"—he said at last,—"she supposes . . . she is ashamed . . . ."

Arkády swiftly turned his eyes on his father.

"There is no necessity for her to feel ashamed. In the first place, thou art acquainted with my manner of thought" (Arkády found it extremely pleasant to utter these words); "and, in the second place, have I the desire to interfere, by so much as a hair's-breadth, with thy life, thy habits? Moreover, I am convinced, that thou couldst not make a bad choice: if thou hast permitted her to live under one roof with thee, she must be worthy of it; in any case, the son is not his father's judge, and in particular I—and in particular of such a father, who, like thyself, has never restricted my freedom in any respect whatever."

Arkády's voice had trembled at first: he felt that he was magnanimous, but, at the same time, he understood that he was delivering something in the nature of an exhortation to his father; but the sound of his own speech acts powerfully on a man, and Arkády uttered his closing words firmly, even effectively.

"Thanks, Arkásha,"—said Nikolái Petróvitch in a dull tone, and again his fingers strayed over his eyebrows and his forehead.—"Thy assumptions really are correct. Of course, if that girl were not worthy . . . This is not a fickle fancy. It is not easy for me to talk to thee about this; but thou understandest that it was difficult for

her to come hither, into thy presence, especially on the first day of thy home-coming."

"In that case, I will go to her myself,"—cried Arkády, with a fresh impulse of magnanimous sentiments, and he jumped up from the table.—"I will explain to her that she has no cause to feel ashamed before me."

Nikolái Petróvitch rose also.

"Arkády,"—he began,—"please . . . how is it possible . . . there . . . . I have not forewarned thee . . . ."

But Arkády was no longer listening to him, and had quitted the veranda. Nikolái Petróvitch looked after him, and sank down on his chair in confusion. His heart beat violently. . . . Whether it was that, at that moment, the inevitable strangeness of the future relations between him and his son presented itself to him, or that he recognised the fact that Arkády would have shown almost more respect for him had he not touched on that matter at all, or whether he was reproaching himself with weakness—it would be difficult to say: all those feelings were within him, but in the shape of sensations—and not clear sensations, at that: but the flush did not leave his face, and his heart beat violently.

Hasty footsteps became audible, and Arkády emerged upon the veranda.—"We have made acquaintance, father!"—he cried, with an expression of affectionate and amiable triumph on his

face.—"Feodósya Nikoláevna really is not very well to-day, and will come later. But why didst not thou tell me that I had a brother? I would have given him a good kissing yesterday evening, as I have done just now."

Nikolái Petróvitch tried to say something, tried to rise and hold out his arms. . .

Arkády threw himself on his neck.

"What 's this? Hugging each other again?" —rang out Pável Petróvitch's voice behind them.

Father and son were equally delighted at his appearance at that moment: there are touching situations, from which, notwithstanding, one wishes to escape as promptly as possible.

"Why art thou surprised?"—said Nikolái Petróvitch merrily.—"I have been longing for Arkásha for ages . . . . I have n't yet had a chance to stare my fill at him since yesterday."

"I 'm not surprised in the least,"—remarked Pável Petróvitch:—"I 'm even not disinclined to give him a hug myself."

Arkády stepped up to his uncle, and again felt on his cheeks the touch of his perfumed moustache. Pável Petróvitch seated himself at the table. He wore an elegant morning costume, in English fashion; his head was adorned with a tiny fez. This fez and his carelessly knotted tie hinted at the freedom of country life; but the stiff shirt-collar—not white, it is true, but coloured, as is

proper for a morning toilet—impinged upon the well-shaved chin with its habitual implacability.

"Where is thy new friend?"—he asked Arkády.

"He is not in the house; he generally rises early and goes off somewhere. The chief point is, that one need pay no attention to him: he is not fond of ceremony."

"Yes, that is evident."—Pável Petróvitch began, in a leisurely way, to spread butter on his bread.—"Is he going to make thee a long visit?"

"That is as it happens. He has turned aside here, on his way to his father's."

"And where does his father live?"

"In our government, eighty versts from here. He has a small estate there. He used to be a regimental doctor."

"Te, te, te, te..... That is precisely the reason why I have kept asking myself: Where have I heard that name Bazároff? . . . Nikolái, does my memory serve me, and was not the medical man in our father's division Bazároff?"

"It strikes me that it was."

"Precisely, precisely. So that medical man is his father. H'm!"—Pável Petróvitch twitched his moustache.—"Well, and what sort of person is Mr. Bazároff himself?" he asked, with pauses between the words.

"What sort of person is Bazároff?"—Ar-

kády laughed.—"Would you like to have me tell you, my dear uncle, what sort of person he is?"

"Pray do, my dear nephew."

"He is a nihilist."

"What?"—asked Nikolái Petróvitch; and Pável Petróvitch elevated his knife, with a bit of butter sticking to the blade, in the air, and remained motionless.

"He is a nihilist,"—repeated Arkády.

"A nihilist," said Nikolái Petróvitch.—"That comes from the Latin *nihil, nothing,* so far as I can judge; consequently, that word designates a man who . . . who recognises nothing."

"Say: 'who respects nothing,'"—put in Pável Petróvitch, and devoted himself once more to his butter.

"Who treats everything from a critical point of view,"—remarked Arkády.

"And is n't that exactly the same thing?"—inquired Pável Petróvitch.

"No, it is not exactly the same thing. A nihilist is a man who does not bow before any authority whatever, who does not accept a single principle on faith, with whatever respect that principle may be environed."

"And dost thou think that is a good thing?"—interrupted Pável Petróvitch.

"That depends on who it is, dear uncle. It is all right for one man, and very bad for another."

"You don't say so. Well, I perceive that that

is not in our line. We people of the old school assume that, without princíples" (Pável Petróvitch pronounced this word softly, in the French style. Arkády, on the contrary, pronounced it "principles," throwing the accent on the first syllable), "without accepted princíples, as thou sayest, it is impossible to take a step, or to breathe, on faith. *Vous avez changé tout cela.* God grant us health and the rank of general, but we will content ourselves with admiring the Messrs. . . . . what do you call it?"

"The nihilists,"—said Arkády with much distinctness.

"Yes. They used to be Hegelists, and now they are nihilists. Let us see, how you will exist in the vacuum, in the atmospheric expanse; but now, be so good as to ring the bell, brother, Nikolái Petróvitch, it is time for me to drink my cocoa."

Nikolái Petróvitch rang, and shouted: "Dunyásha!" But, instead of Dunyásha, Fénitchka herself made her appearance on the veranda. She was a young woman of three and twenty, all white and soft, with dark hair and eyes, red, childishly-plump lips, and tender hands. She wore a neat print gown; a new, light-blue kerchief rested lightly on her plump shoulders. She carried a large cup of cocoa, and setting it down in front of Pável Petróvitch, became covered with confusion: the hot blood diffused itself in a crimson

flood beneath the delicate skin of her pretty face. She dropped her eyes, and remained standing beside the table, lightly resting upon it the very tips of her fingers. She seemed to be ashamed of having come, and, at the same time, she felt, apparently, that she had a right to come.

Pável Petróvitch knit his brows sternly, and Nikolái Petróvitch was overwhelmed with confusion.

"Good morning, Fénitchka,"—he muttered through his teeth.

"Good morning, sir,"—she replied, in a sonorous but not loud voice, and, casting a sidelong glance at Arkády, who bestowed a friendly smile on her, she softly withdrew. She walked with a slight waddle, but it suited her.

Silence reigned on the veranda for the space of several minutes. Pável Petróvitch sipped his cocoa, and suddenly raised his head.—"Here is Mr. Nihilist about to favor us with his company,"—he said, in an undertone.

And, in fact, Bazároff was coming through the garden, striding across the flower-beds. His linen coat and trousers were spattered with mud; a clinging marsh plant encircled the crown of his old, round hat; in his right hand he grasped a small bag; in the bag some live creature was squirming. He rapidly approached the veranda, and nodding his head, he said:—"Good morning, gentlemen; excuse me for being late to tea; I will

be back directly; I must provide for these prisoners."

"What have you there—leeches?"—inquired Pável Petróvitch.

"No, frogs."

"Do you eat them—or raise them?"

"They are for experiments,"—said Bazároff indifferently, and went into the house.

"He is going to cut them up,"—remarked Pável Petróvitch.—"He does not believe in princíples, but he does believe in frogs."

Arkády gazed at his uncle with compassion; Nikolái Petróvitch shrugged his shoulders on the sly. Pável Petróvitch himself was conscious that his witticism had not been a success, and began to talk about the farming operations, and the new overseer, who had come to him on the previous day to complain that labourer Fomá was "debaucheering" and was incorrigible. "He 's a regular Æsop," he said, among other things: "he has protested everywhere that he is a bad man; after he has lived a while longer, he 'll get rid of his folly."

VI

Bazároff returned, sat down at the table, and began hastily to drink tea. Both brothers stared at him in silence, while Arkády glanced stealthily, now at his father, now at his uncle.

"Have you walked far from here?"—asked Nikolái Petróvitch at last.

"You have a small swamp yonder, alongside the aspen grove. I started up five woodcock; thou mightest shoot them, Arkády."

"Don't you shoot?"

"No."

"Do you occupy yourself with the physical sciences in particular?"—inquired Pável Petróvitch, in his turn.

"Yes, with physics; with the natural sciences in general."

"The Germans, I am told, have made great progress in that department of late."

"Yes, the Germans are our teachers in that,"—replied Bazároff carelessly.

The word "Germántzy" Pável Petróvitch had employed, instead of "nyémtzy,"[1] by way of irony, which, however, no one noticed.

"Have you so high an opinion of the Ger-

[1] Nyémetz, "the dumb one," (that is to say: a person who cannot talk the language of the country), is applied to foreigners in general, and Germans in particular.—Translator.

mans?"—said Pável Petróvitch, with sedulous courtesy. He had begun to feel a secret irritation. His aristocratic nature was stirred to revolt by Bazároff's perfectly free-and-easy manners. That medical man's son was not only not afraid, he even replied abruptly and reluctantly, and there was something rude, almost insulting, in the very sound of his voice.

"The learned men there are a practical race."

"Just so, just so. Well, you probably have not so flattering an opinion of the Russian scientists?"

"Probably, that is so."

"That is very praiseworthy self-renunciation,"—ejaculated Pável Petróvitch, drawing up his figure, and throwing his head back.—"But how comes it that, as Arkády Nikoláitch was just telling us, you do not recognise any authorities? Do not you believe in them?"

"But why should I recognise them? And what should I believe in? They tell me a fact, and I believe it, that is all."

"But do the Germans all speak facts?"—said Pável Petróvitch, and his face assumed an indifferent, distant expression, as though he had wholly withdrawn into some height above the clouds.

"Not all,"—replied Bazároff, with a short yawn, being, evidently, unwilling to prolong the controversy.

Pável Petróvitch darted a glance at Arkády,

as much as to say: "Thy friend is polite, thou must admit that."—"So far as I myself am concerned,"—he began again, not without an effort, —"sinful man that I am, I am not fond of the Germans. I am not alluding to the Russian-Germans of course; every one knows what sort of birds they are. But I cannot stomach the German-Germans either. Those of former days are well enough; then they had Schiller, I believe, *Goetthe* . . . . . My brother here, accords them special favour. . . But now a lot of chemists and materialists have sprung up among them . . . . . ."

"A respectable chemist is twenty times more useful than any poet,"—interrupted Bazároff.

"You don't say so!"—said Pável Petróvitch, and barely elevated his eyebrows, exactly as though he were in a doze.—"I suppose that you do not recognise art?"

"The art of making money without sensational aids!"—exclaimed Bazároff, with a scornful sneer.

"Exactly so, sir; exactly so, sir. You are pleased to jest. So you reject that? Let us assume that you do. That means that you believe only in science?"

"I have already told you that I believe in nothing; and what is science—science in general? There is science which is a trade, a vocation; but science in the abstract does not exist."

"Very good, sir. Well, and in regard to other

laws, which are accepted in human existence,—do you hold the same negative course about them?"

"What is this, a cross-examination?" inquired Bazároff.

Pável Petróvitch paled slightly. . . . . Nikolái Petróvitch regarded it as his duty to join in the conversation.

"You and I will discuss this subject more in detail, sometime, my dear Evgény Vasílitch; I will learn your opinion, and express my own. For my own part, I am very glad that you are devoting yourself to the natural sciences. I have heard that Liebig has made wonderful discoveries in regard to fertilising the land. You may be able to assist me in my agricultural work: you may be able to give me some useful advice."

"I am at your service, Nikolái Petróvitch; but what have we to do with Liebig! One must first learn the alphabet, and then take hold of a book, but so far we have not even set our eyes on A."

"Well, I perceive that thou really art a nihilist," thought Nikolái Petróvitch.—"Nevertheless, permit me to have recourse to you, in case of need,"—he added aloud.—"And now, brother, I think it is time for us to go and have a talk with the overseer."

Pável Petróvitch rose from his chair.

"Yes,"—said he, without looking at any one,—"'t is a great misfortune to live thus for five

years in the country, at a distance from great minds! One becomes a downright fool. One is endeavouring not to forget what he has learned, when—bang!—it suddenly appears that it is all nonsense, and one is told that sensible folks do not bother themselves any longer about such follies, and that one is as good as a simpleton who has fallen behind the times. What is one to do! Evidently, the young folks are really wiser than we are."

Pável Petróvitch wheeled slowly round on his heels, and slowly withdrew; Nikolái Petróvitch followed him.

"Well, is he always like that?"—inquired Bazároff coolly of Arkády, as soon as the door closed behind the two others.

"See here, Evgény, thy manner toward him has been altogether too abrupt,"—remarked Arkády.—"Thou hast offended him."

"Why, the idea of my coddling these rural aristocrats! Why, it 's nothing but self-conceit, the habits of a society lion, foppishness. Come now, he ought to have continued his career in Petersburg, since that is the cut of his jib. . . . However, God be with him—I wash my hands of him altogether! I have found a pretty rare specimen of a water-beetle, *Dytiscus marginatus*—dost thou know it? I 'll show it to thee."

"I promised to narrate his history to thee," began Arkády.

"The history of the beetle?"

"Come, stop that, Evgény. My uncle's history. Thou wilt see that he is not the sort of man that thou imaginest. He is more deserving of pity than of ridicule."

"I do not dispute that; but what is it to thee anyhow?"

"We must be just, Evgény."

"On what grounds?"

"No, listen. . . ."

And Arkády related to him his uncle's story. The reader will find it in the following chapter.

VII

Pável Petróvitch Kirsánoff had received his earliest education at home, like his younger brother, Nikolái, and, later on, in the Pages Corps. From his childhood, he had been distinguished for his remarkable beauty; added to this, he was self-confident, given to raillery, and splenetic in a rather amusing fashion—he could not fail to please. He began to be seen everywhere, as soon as he had become an officer. He was petted, and he coddled himself; he even played the fool, he even indulged in caprices, but this suited his style. The women went wild over him, the men called him a fop, and secretly envied him. He lived, as we have already said, in an apartment with his brother, whom he sincerely loved, although he did not resemble him in the least. Nikolái Petróvitch walked with a slight limp, had small, agreeable, but rather melancholy features, small, black eyes, and soft, thin hair; he liked to be lazy, but was also fond of reading, and was afraid of society. Pável Petróvitch never spent a single evening at home, gloried in his audacity and cleverness (he had brought gymnastics into fashion among the young men), and had read not

more than five or six books—in French—altogether. At the age of eight and twenty, he was already a captain; a brilliant career awaited him. All of a sudden, everything was changed.

At that time, a woman who has not yet been forgotten, Princess R . . , was wont to make her appearance, from time to time, in Petersburg society. She had a well-educated and decorous but somewhat stupid husband, and no children. She would suddenly go abroad, and as suddenly return to Russia, and, in general, she led a strange life. She bore the reputation of being a giddy coquette, gave herself up with enthusiasm to all sorts of pleasures, danced until she was ready to drop, laughed loudly and jested with the young men, whom she received, before dinner, in a half-darkened drawing-room, and at night wept and prayed, and found rest nowhere, and often flung herself about the room until daybreak, wringing her hands with grief, or sat, all pale and cold, reading the Psalter. Day arrived, and again she turned into a woman of the world, again she went out into society, laughed, chattered, and fairly rushed at everything which could afford the least diversion. She was wonderfully built; her hair, golden in hue and as heavy as gold, hung below her knees; yet no one would have called her a beauty; the only good point about her face was her eyes, and not even her eyes themselves—they were not large, and

were grey—but their glance, swift and deep, heedless to recklessness, and thoughtful to melancholy,—was a mysterious glance. There was an unusual gleam about them, even when her tongue was babbling the most idle nonsense. She dressed with elegance. Pável Petróvitch met her at a ball, danced the mazurka with her, in the course of which she did not utter a single sensible word, and fell passionately in love with her. Being accustomed to conquests, he speedily attained his object in this case also; but the ease of his victory did not chill him. On the contrary, he became still more torturingly, still more firmly attached to this woman, in whom, even when she had given herself irrevocably, there still seemed to linger something intimate and inaccessible, into which no one could penetrate. What it was that nested in that soul,—God only knows! She appeared to be in the grasp of some powers which were mysterious and unknown even to herself; they played with her as they would; her limited mind could not reconcile itself to their freaks. . . . Her whole conduct presented a series of incongruities; the only letters which might have aroused the just suspicions of her husband she wrote to a man who was almost a stranger to her, and her love had a taste of sadness: she neither laughed nor jested with the one whom she had chosen, and she listened to him, and gazed at him, with surprise. Sometimes, and in the majority

of cases suddenly, this surprise passed over into cold terror; her face assumed a wild and death-like expression; she locked herself up in her bedroom, and her maid, by putting her ear to the keyhole, could hear her subdued sobbing. More than once, on returning home after a tender tryst, Kirsánoff felt in his heart that lacerating and bitter vexation which springs up in the heart after a decisive failure. "What more do I want?" he would ask himself, but his heart continued to ache. One day he gave her a ring with a sphinx carved on the stone.

"What is this?"—she asked:—"a sphinx?"

"Yes,"—he replied,—"and that sphinx is—yourself."

"I?"—she asked, and slowly raised her enigmatic eyes to his.—"Do you know that is very flattering?"—she added, with an insignificant smile, but her eyes continued to wear their strange gaze.

Pável Petróvitch felt heavy at heart even when Princess R . . loved him; but when she grew cold toward him—and this came about rather promptly, he almost went crazy. He tormented himself, he raged with jealousy, he gave her no peace, he tagged about everywhere after her; his importunate persecution bored her, and she went abroad. He resigned from the service, despite the entreaties of his friends and the exhortations of his superior officers, and followed the Prin-

cess; he spent four years in foreign lands, now chasing after her, now intentionally losing sight of her: he was ashamed of himself, he was enraged at his pusillanimity . . . . but nothing did any good. Her image, that incomprehensible, almost absurd, but enchanting image, had ensconced itself too deeply in his soul. In Baden he somehow resumed his former relations with her, and, to all appearances, she had never loved him so passionately . . . but in a month all was at an end; the flame had flared up for the last time, and had been extinguished forever. With a foreboding of the inevitable parting, he endeavoured, at least, to remain her friend, as though friendship with such a woman were possible. . . . She quietly left Baden, and, from that day forth persistently avoided Kirsánoff. He returned to Russia, tried to take up his old life, but could no longer get into the former track. Like a hunted animal, he wandered from place to place; he still went into society—he had preserved all the habits of a man of the world; he could boast of two or three new conquests; but he no longer expected anything special of himself, or of others; he undertook no enterprises. He grew old, his hair turned grey; it became a necessity with him to sit at the club, to get bitterly bored, to dispute coldly in bachelor society,—which is well known to be a bad sign. As a matter of course, he did not dream of marriage. Ten years passed in this

manner, in a colorless, fruitless, swift, frightfully swift fashion. Nowhere does time fly so rapidly as in Russia; it is said that it flies still more swiftly in prison. One day, at dinner in the club, Pável Petróvitch heard of Princess R . . 's death. She had died in Paris, in a condition bordering on insanity. He rose from the table, and paced the rooms of the club for a long time, pausing, as though rooted to the spot, beside the card-tables, but he did not return home any earlier than usual. Some time later, he received a packet addressed to him: it contained the ring which he had given to the Princess. She had drawn lines, in the form of a cross, over the sphinx, and had requested that he should be told that the cross was the solution of the riddle.

This happened in the beginning of 1848, at the very time when Nikolái Petróvitch, having lost his wife, had come to Petersburg. Pável Petróvitch had hardly seen his brother since the latter had settled down in the country; Nikolái Petróvitch's marriage had coincided with the very first days of Pável Petróvitch's acquaintance with the Princess. On his return from abroad, he had gone to him, with the intention of spending a couple of months with him, of admiring his happiness, but he had lived only one week with him. The difference in the situation of the two brothers had proved to be too great. In 1848 that difference was lessened: Nikolái Petróvitch had

lost his wife, Pável Petróvitch had lost his memories: after the death of the Princess, he tried not to think of her. But Nikolái retained the consciousness of a life which had been regularly spent, his son was growing up before his eyes; Pável, on the contrary, a solitary bachelor, had entered upon that confused, twilight period, the period of regrets which resemble hopes, of hopes which resemble regrets, when youth is gone, and old age has not yet come.

This period was more difficult for Pável Petróvitch than for any other man: having lost his past, he had lost all.

"I do not invite thee to Márino now,"—Nikolái Petróvitch said to him one day (he had given his estate that name, in honour of his wife),—"thou wert bored there even during the lifetime of the deceased, but now, I think, thou wouldst perish with irksomeness."

"I was still stupid and restless then,"—replied Pável Petróvitch:—"since that time I have calmed down, even if I have not grown any wiser. Now, on the contrary, if thou shouldst invite me, I am ready to settle down in thy house forever."

In place of a reply, Nikolái Petróvitch embraced him; but a year and a half elapsed after this conversation before Pável Petróvitch made up his mind to put his intention into execution. On the other hand, having once settled down in the country, he did not again leave it, even during

those three winters which Nikolái Petróvitch spent in Petersburg with his son. He began to read, chiefly in English; he arranged his whole life, in general, on the English pattern, rarely met his neighbours, and went out only to the elections,[1] where he mostly held his tongue, only occasionally teasing and frightening the old-fashioned gentry by liberal sallies, and not making approaches to the younger generation. And both the former and the latter thought him a haughty man; and both sets of people respected him for his distinguished, aristocratic manners; for the rumours of his conquests; because he dressed very well and always occupied the best room in the hotel; because he dined well, as a rule, and had once even dined with Wellington at Louis Philippe's; because he always carried about with him everywhere a real silver toilet set, and a camp bath-tub; because he emitted an odour of some unusual, wonderfully "noble" perfumes; because he played whist in a masterly manner, and always lost; and, in conclusion, they respected him also because of his impeccable honesty. The ladies regarded him as a fascinating misanthrope, but he did not consort with the ladies. . . .

"So, now thou seest, Evgény,"—said Arkády, at the conclusion of his story,—"how unjustly thou judgest of my uncle! I will not even mention the fact that he has more than once rescued

[1] As Marshal of the Nobility.—TRANSLATOR.

my father from a catastrophe, has given him all his own money,—perhaps thou art not aware that their estate has not been divided,—but he is glad to help any one, and, among other things, he always stands up for the peasants; it is true that when he talks with them he wrinkles up his face and inhales eau de cologne. . . ."

"Of course: nerves,"—interrupted Bazároff.

"Perhaps, only he has a very kind heart. And he is far from stupid. What useful advice he has given me . . . . especially . . . especially about my relations with women."

"Aha! He has burnt himself with his own milk, so he blows on other people's water. We know all about that!"

"Well, in a word,"—went on Arkády:—"he is profoundly unhappy, believe me; it is a sin to despise him."

"Well, who despises him?"—retorted Bazároff.—"But I will say, nevertheless, that a man who has staked his whole life on a woman's love, and, when that card was trumped, turned sour and lost heart to such an extent that he became incapable of anything,—such a man—is not a man, but a male. Thou sayest that he is unhappy—thou knowest best; but all the whims have not gone out of him. I am convinced that he seriously regards himself as a practical man, because he reads that miserable *Galignani* and

once a month rescues a peasant from chastisement."

"But remember his education, the period in which he lived,"—remarked Arkády.

"His education?" retorted Bazároff.—"Every man is bound to educate himself,—well, as I have done myself, for example. . . . And so far as the period is concerned, who am I to depend upon that? Rather, let it depend upon me. No, brother, all that is groundless and frivolous! And what is there mysterious about the relations between a man and a woman? We physiologists know what those relations are. Just study the anatomy of the eye: where does what thou callest an enigmatic glance come from? That 's all romanticism, stuff and nonsense, rot, art. Come on, we 'd better go and look at my beetle."

And the two friends betook themselves to Bazároff's room, in which a certain medico-surgical odour, mingled with the scent of cheap tobacco, had already contrived to establish itself.

VIII

Pável Petróvitch did not remain present long at the interview between his brother and the manager, a tall, thin man, with a sweet, consumptive voice and crafty eyes, who, to all Nikolái Petróvitch's remarks, replied, "Certainly sir; that 's a fact, sir," and tried to make out that the peasants were drunkards and thieves. The farming, which had recently been rearranged on a new plan, was squeaking like an ungreased wheel, and cracking like home-made furniture fabricated from green wood. Nikolái Petróvitch was not discouraged, but he sighed frequently, and became thoughtful: he was conscious that matters would not go right without money, and almost all his money was exhausted. Arkády had spoken the truth: Pável Petróvitch had helped his brother more than once; more than once, perceiving that he was struggling and racking his brains in the effort to devise a way of escape, Pável Petróvitch had strolled slowly to the window, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, had muttered through his teeth, *"Mais je puis vous donner de l'argent,"* and had given him money; but on this particular day he had nothing, and he preferred to with-

draw. The sordid details of farming made him melancholy; and, in addition, it constantly seemed to him that Nikolái Petróvitch, notwithstanding his zeal and industry, did not take hold of the business in the proper way; although he would not have been capable of pointing out to Nikolái Petróvitch precisely where he was in error. "My brother is not sufficiently practical," —he argued with himself,—"people cheat him." Nikolái Petróvitch, on the other hand, entertained a lofty opinion as to Pável Petróvitch's practical qualities, and always asked his advice. "I am a soft, weak man; I have spent all my life in the wilds,"—he was wont to say; "but not for nothing hast thou lived so much with people, thou knowest them well: thou hast the eye of an eagle." Pável Petróvitch's only reply to these words was to turn away; but he did not seek to change his brother's conviction.

Leaving Nikolái Petróvitch in the study, he walked along the corridor which separated the front part of the house from the rear part, and, reaching a low-browed door, he paused in thought, tugged at his moustache, and knocked.

"Who 's there? Come in,"—rang out Fénitchka's voice.

"It is I,"—said Pável Petróvitch, and opened the door.

Fénitchka sprang up from the chair on which she was sitting with her baby, and placing it in

the arms of the little girl, who immediately carried it out of the room, hastily adjusted her kerchief.

"Pardon me if I intrude,"—began Pável Petróvitch, without looking at her:—"I merely wished to ask you . . . . I believe some one is going to the town to-day . . . . order some green tea to be bought for me."

"Yes, sir,"—replied Fénitchka:—"how much do you order to be purchased?"

"Why, half a pound will be sufficient, I suppose. And I notice that you have made some changes here,"—he added, darting a swift glance around, which glided over Fénitchka's face also. —"Those curtains, yonder,"—he said, seeing that she did not understand him.

"Yes, sir, the curtains; Nikolái Petróvitch was so good as to give them to me; but they have been hung this long time."

"Yes, and I have not been to see you for a long time. You are very nicely established here now."

"Thanks to Nikolái Petróvitch,"—whispered Fénitchka.

"Are you more comfortable here than in your former wing?"—inquired Pável Petróvitch politely, but without the trace of a smile.

"Of course I am, sir."

"Who has been put in your place?"

"The laundress lives there now."

"Ah!"

Pável Petróvitch relapsed into silence. "Now he will go away," thought Fénitchka. But he did not go away, and she stood before him, as though rooted to the spot, weakly twisting her fingers.

"Why did you have your little one carried away?"—said Pável Petróvitch, at last.—"I love children: show it to me."

Fénitchka blushed scarlet all over with confusion and joy. She was afraid of Pável Petróvitch: he hardly ever spoke to her.

"Dunyásha,"—she called:—"bring Mítya" (Fénitchka addressed every one in the house as "you").—"But no, wait, I must put a clean dress on him."—Fénitchka went toward the door.

"Never mind about that,"—remarked Pável Petróvitch.

"I will be back in a moment,"—replied Fénitchka, and hastily left the room.

Pável Petróvitch was left alone, and this time he looked about him with particular attention. The contracted, low-ceiled little room in which he found himself was very clean and cosey. It smelled of the recently painted floor, of camomile and balm. Along the walls stood chairs with backs in the form of lyres; they had been bought by the late General, in Poland, during the campaign; in one corner stood a small bedstead, with muslin curtains, alongside a wrought-iron chest with a rounded lid. In the opposite corner burned

a shrine-lamp in front of a large, dark-coloured image of St. Nicholas the Wonder-worker; a tiny porcelain egg, suspended from the halo by a red ribbon, hung on the saint's breast; on the window-sills glass jars, with last year's preserves carefully tied up, admitted a green light; on their paper lids Fénitchka herself had written in large letters: "gosebery." Nikolái Petróvitch was especially fond of that preserve. From the ceiling, on a long cord, hung a cage containing a bob-tailed canary-bird; it twittered and hopped about incessantly, and the cage incessantly rocked and trembled; grains of hemp-seed fell to the floor with a soft patter. On the wall between the windows, over a small chest of drawers, hung several fairly bad photographs of Nikolái Petróvitch, in various attitudes, made by itinerant artists; there, also, hung a photograph of Fénitchka herself, which was an utter failure: some sort of an eyeless visage smiled constrainedly out of the dark frame,—and nothing more could be distinguished; and over Fénitchka, Ermóloff, in a felt cloak, was frowning in a menacing manner at the Caucasus Mountains in the distance, from beneath a silken slipper for pins, which fell clear down on his brow.

Five minutes elapsed. In the adjoining room rustling and whispering were audible. Pável Petróvitch picked up from the chest of drawers a greasy book, an odd volume of Masálsky's "The

Sharp-shooters" ("Stryeltzý"), and turned over a few pages. . . . The door opened, and Fénitchka entered, with Mítya in her arms. She had dressed him in a little red shirt with galloon on the collar, and had brushed his hair and wiped off his face: he breathed heavily, threw himself about with his whole body, and flourished his little hands, as all healthy babies do; but the foppish little shirt had taken effect on him: an expression of satisfaction emanated from his whole plump form. Fénitchka had brought her own hair into order also, and had put on her kerchief in the best possible manner; but she might as well have remained as she was. And, as a matter of fact, is there anything in the world more fascinating than a young and beautiful mother with a healthy baby in her arms?

"What a chubby child,"—said Pável Petróvitch condescendingly, and tickled Mítya's double chin with the tip of the long nail on his forefinger; the child fixed his eyes on the canary-bird, and began to laugh.

"This is uncle,"—said Fénitchka, bending her face over him, and rocking him softly, while Dunyásha quietly set a lighted pastille on the window-sill, placing a copper coin beneath it.

"How many months old is he?"—inquired Pável Petróvitch.

"Six months; the seventh month will begin soon, on the eleventh."

"Won't it be the eighth, Feodósya Nikoláevna?"—interposed Dunyásha, not without timidity.

"No, the seventh; how is that possible!"—The child crowed again, fixed his eyes on the chest, and suddenly grasped his mother's nose and lips with all five fingers.—"The spoiled child,"—said Fénitchka, without removing her face from his fingers.

"He resembles my brother,"—remarked Pável Petróvitch.

"Whom should he resemble, then?" thought Fénitchka.

"Yes,"—pursued Pável Petróvitch, as though talking to himself,—"there is an indubitable likeness."—He gazed at Fénitchka attentively, almost sadly.

"This is uncle,"—repeated she, in a whisper this time.

"Ah! Pável! so thou art here!"—rang out Nikoláï Petróvitch's voice suddenly.

Pável Petróvitch hastily wheeled round, and knit his brows; but his brother gazed at him so joyfully, so gratefully, that he could not do otherwise than respond to him by a smile.

"Thou hast a splendid boy,"—he said, and looked at his watch;—"I dropped in here about my tea. . . . ."

And, assuming an indifferent expression, Pável Petróvitch immediately left the room.

"Did he come of his own accord?"—Nikolái Petróvitch asked Fénitchka.

"Yes, sir; he knocked and entered."

"Well, and has n't Arkásha been to see thee again?"

"No. Would n't it be better for me to remove to the wing, Nikolái Petróvitch?"

"Why so?"

"I am wondering whether it would not be better, at first."

"N . . . . no,"—articulated Nikolái Petróvitch with hesitation, and rubbed his forehead.—"It ought to have been done before. . . Good morning, thou fat little ball,"—he said, with sudden animation, and approaching the baby, he kissed him on the cheek; then he bent down a little, and pressed his lips on Fénitchka's hand, which shone white as milk against Mítya's little red shirt.

"Nikolái Petróvitch! what are you doing?"—she stammered, and dropped her eyes, then quietly raised them again. . . . The expression of her eyes was charming when she gazed, as it were, from beneath her brows, with an affectionate and somewhat stupid smile.

Nikolái Petróvitch had become acquainted with Fénitchka in the following manner. One day, three years before this time, he had been obliged to pass the night at a posting-station in a distant provincial town. He had been pleasantly

surprised at the cleanliness of the room which was assigned to him, and the freshness of the bed-linen: "Is not the landlady a German?" flashed through his mind; but it appeared that the house-wife was a Russian, a woman of fifty, neatly dressed, with comely, sensible face and dignified speech. He chatted with her over his tea; she pleased him greatly. Nikolái Petróvitch, at that time, had just moved into his new manor-house, and, not wishing to keep serfs about him, was on the lookout for hired servants; the landlady, on her side, complained of the small number of travellers in the town, of hard times; he proposed to her that she should enter his house in the capacity of housekeeper; she accepted. Her husband had been long dead, and had left her with only a daughter, Fénitchka. Two weeks later, Arína Sávishna (such was the name of the new housekeeper) arrived in company with her daughter at Márino, and established herself in the wing. Nikolái Petróvitch's choice turned out to be a happy one. Arína introduced order into the house. Of Fénitchka, who was already seventeen years old, no one spoke, and it was rarely that any one saw her: she lived quietly, modestly, and only on Sundays did Nikolái Petróvitch perceive in the parish church, somewhere on one side, the delicate profile of her rather pale face. More than a year passed in this manner.

One morning, Arína presented herself in his

study, and after making him a low reverence, according to her wont, she asked him whether he could not help her daughter, who had got a spark from the stove in her eye. Nikolái Petróvitch, like all stay-at-homes, occupied himself with medical treatment, and had even bought a homœopathic medicine-chest. He immediately ordered Arína to bring the sufferer. On learning that the master wanted her, Fénitchka was seized with a violent fit of timidity, but she followed her mother. Nikolái Petróvitch led her to the window, and grasped her head with both hands. After taking a good look at her reddened and swollen eye, he prescribed an eye-wash, which he himself compounded on the spot, and, tearing up his handkerchief, he showed her how she must bathe it; Fénitchka heard him out, and started to leave the room. " Come, kiss the master's hand, thou stupid creature," said Arína to her. Nikolái Petróvitch did not give her his hand, but, becoming confused, he kissed her on her bowed head, where the hair parted.

Fénitchka's eye soon got well, but the impression which she had made upon Nikolái Petróvitch did not soon pass away. Visions of that pure, tender, timidly uplifted face pursued him: he felt beneath his palms that soft hair; he beheld those innocent, slightly parted lips, from between which the pearly teeth gleamed moistly in the sunlight. He began, with great attention, to

watch her in church; he tried to enter into conversation with her. At first she was shy of him, and one day, toward evening, when she encountered him on a narrow path made by pedestrians through a rye-field, she retreated into the tall, thick rye, overrun with wormwood and cornflowers, simply for the sake of escaping his eyes. He caught a glimpse of her little head athwart the golden network of the grain-ears, whence she was peeping like a small wild animal, and called out to her pleasantly:

"Good day, Fénitchka! I don't bite!"

"Good day,"—she whispered, without quitting her ambush.

Little by little she began to grow accustomed to him; but she was still timid in his presence when, suddenly, her mother Arína died of the cholera. Where was Fénitchka to go? She had inherited from her mother a love of orderliness, good judgment, and dignity; but she was so young, so isolated; Nikolái Petróvitch was so kind and discreet. . . . There is no need to narrate the rest. . . . . .

"So my brother just walked into thy room?"—Nikolái Petróvitch asked her.—"He knocked and walked in?"

"Yes, sir,"

"Well, that 's good. Let me toss Mítya."

And Nikolái Petróvitch began to toss him up almost to the very ceiling, to the great delight

of the boy, and to the no small anxiety of the mother, who, at every upward flight, stretched out her hands toward his bare legs.

But Pável Petróvitch returned to his elegant study, hung with handsome paper of a grey tone, with weapons suspended on a motley-hued Persian rug, with walnut-wood furniture upholstered in dark-green mock velvet, a book-case in Renaissance style of antique dark oak, bronze statuettes on the magnificent writing-table, and a fireplace. . . . He flung himself on the couch, placed his hands under his head, and remained motionless, staring at the ceiling almost with despair. Whether it was that he wished to conceal from the very walls what was taking place on his face, or from some other cause, at all events, he rose, dropped the heavy window-curtains, and again flung himself on the couch.

IX

On that same day, Bazároff also made acquaintance with Fénitchka. He was walking about the garden with Arkády, and explaining to him why certain young trees, especially the oaks, had not taken root.

"You ought to set out as many silver poplars as possible here, and firs, and lindens, if you like, after adding black loam. That arbour, yonder, has thriven well,"—he added:—"because acacias and lilacs are good fellows—they require no nursing. Ba! why, there is some one there."

Fénitchka was sitting in the arbour with Dunyásha and Mítya. Bazároff came to a halt, and Arkády nodded to Fénitchka as to an old acquaintance.

"Who is that?"—Bazároff asked him, as soon as they had passed on.—"What a pretty woman!"

"Of whom art thou speaking?"

"It 's plain enough; there was only one pretty woman."

Arkády, not without embarrassment, explained to him, in brief words, who Fénitchka was.

"Aha!"—said Bazároff:—"thy father, evi-

dently, knows a good thing when he sees it. And I like thy father, I swear I do! He 's a fine fellow. But I must scrape acquaintance,"—he added, and went back to the arbour.

"Evgény!"—Arkády shouted after him, in alarm:—"be more cautious, for God's sake."

"Don't get excited,"—said Bazároff:—"I 'm a person of experience, I 've lived in cities."

Approaching Fénitchka, he pulled off his cap.

"Permit me to introduce myself,"—he began, with a polite bow:—"I 'm the friend of Arkády Nikoláevitch, and a man of peace."

Fénitchka half-rose from the bench, and gazed at him in silence.

"What a magnificent baby!"—went on Bazároff.—"Don't be alarmed, I have never cast the evil eye on any one yet. What makes his cheeks so red? Is he cutting his teeth?"

"Yes, sir,"—said Fénitchka:—"he has cut four teeth already, and now his gums have swollen up again."

"Show me . . . . come, don't be afraid, I 'm a doctor."

Bazároff took the child in his arms, and, to the astonishment of Fénitchka and Dunyásha, it displayed no resistance, and was not frightened.

"I see, I see. . . . It 's nothing; everything is all right: he 's going to have large teeth. If anything happens, let me know. And are you well yourself?"

"Yes, thank God."

"Thank God—that is the best of all. And you?"—added Bazároff, turning to Dunyásha.

Dunyásha, a girl who was very prim in the rooms of her mistress, and a great giggler elsewhere, only snorted by way of reply.

"Well, that's fine. Here's your hero for you."

Fénitchka took her baby in her arms.

"How quietly he sat with you!"—she said, in a low tone.

"All children behave quietly with me,"—replied Bazároff,—"I know the trick."

"Children feel who loves them,"—remarked Dunyásha.

"That is true,"—assented Fénitchka. "Here is Mítya,—he will not let some people take him in their arms on any terms."

"And will he come to me?"—asked Arkády, who, after standing for a time a little aloof, had now approached the arbour.

He allured Mítya to him; but Mítya flung his head back and began to scream, which greatly mortified Fénitchka.

"Another time—when he has managed to get used to me,"—said Arkády condescendingly, and the two friends went their way.

"What the deuce is her name?"—inquired Bazároff.

"Fénitchka .... Feodósya,"—replied Arkády.

"And her patronymic? I must know that also."

"Nikoláevna."

"*Bene.* What I like about her is that she does not get too much embarrassed. Any one else would, probably, condemn that in her. What nonsense! what is there to be embarrassed about? She is a mother—well, and she is in the right."

"She is in the right,"—remarked Arkády,—'but there is my father . . . . ."

"He is right too,"—interrupted Bazároff.

"Well, no, I don't think so."

"Evidently, an extra heir is not to our taste!"

"Art not thou ashamed to presuppose such thoughts in me!"—put in Arkády, with heat.—"It is not from that point of view that I regard my father as in the wrong. I think he ought to marry her."

"Ehe-he!"—said Bazároff calmly.—"How magnanimous we are! Thou still attributest significance to marriage; I had not expected that from thee."

The friends advanced several paces in silence.

"I have seen all thy father's outfit,"—began Bazároff again.—"The cattle are poor, and the horses are broken-down. The buildings, also, are pretty bad; the workmen are arrant idlers; and the overseer is either a fool or a rascal; I have not yet thoroughly made out which."

"Thou art severe to-day, Evgény Vasílievitch."

"And the good-natured peasants cheat thy father, without the shadow of a doubt. Thou knowest the adage: 'The Russian peasant will fool even God himself.'"

"I am beginning to agree with my uncle,"—remarked Arkády,—"thou certainly hast a bad opinion of the Russians."

"That 's no great matter! The only good point about the Russian man is, that he has a very bad opinion of himself. The important thing is that twice two makes four, and that the rest is all nonsense."

"And is nature nonsense?"—said Arkády, gazing thoughtfully far away, across the mottled fields, beautifully and softly illuminated by the sun, which was already near to setting.

"And nature, also, is nonsense, in the sense in which thou understandest it. Nature is not a temple, but a workshop, and man is a workman therein."

The slow sounds of a violoncello floated to them from the house at that moment.

Some one was playing with feeling, although with an inexperienced hand, Schubert's "Expectation," and the sweet melody poured forth on the air like honey.

"Who 's that?"—ejaculated Bazároff in amazement.

"That is my father."

"Does thy father play on the violoncello?"

"Yes."

"Why, how old is thy father?"

"Forty-four."

Bazároff suddenly burst into loud laughter.

"What art thou laughing at?"

"Upon my word! at the age of forty-four, a man, paterfamilias, in the * * * district, plays on the violoncello!"

Bazároff continued to laugh; but Arkády, in spite of the fact that he worshipped his teacher, did not even smile on this occasion.

X

About a fortnight passed. Life in Márino flowed on in its usual current: Arkády led the life of a Sybarite, Bazároff worked. Every one in the house had got accustomed to him, to his careless manners, to his uncomplicated and abrupt speeches. Fénitchka, in particular, had become so familiar with him that once she ordered him to be awakened at night: Mítya had been seized with convulsions; and he came, as was his wont, half-jesting, half-yawning, sat with her a couple of hours, and relieved the baby. On the other hand, Pável Petróvitch hated Bazároff with all the powers of his soul: he considered him proud, arrogant, a cynic, a plebeian; he had a suspicion that Bazároff did not respect him, that he almost despised him—him, Pável Kirsánoff! Nikolái Petróvitch was afraid of the young "nihilist," and had doubts as to the advantage of his influence on Arkády; but he liked to listen to him, he liked to be present at his physical and chemical experiments . . Bazároff had brought a microscope with him, and busied himself with it for hours together. The servants, also, became attached to him, although he jeered at them: they

felt that, nevertheless, he was their brother, not a lordly master. Dunyásha was fond of giggling with him, and cast oblique, significant glances at him as she flitted past like "a snipe"; Piótr, a man in the highest degree conceited and stupid, with strained furrows forever on his brow, a man whose sole merit lay in the fact that he had a polite aspect, read by spelling out the words, and frequently cleaned his coat with a brush—he, also, smiled and beamed as soon as Bazároff directed his attention to him; the house-servants' brats ran after the "doctur" like puppies. Old Prokófitch was the only one who did not like him, served him his food at table with a grim aspect, called him a "knacker" and a "swindler," and asserted that he, with his side-whiskers, was a regular pig in a bush. Prokófitch was, in his way, as much of an aristocrat as Pável Petróvitch.

The best days in the year arrived—the early days of June. The weather was fine; it is true that the cholera was threatening again at a distance, but the inhabitants of the * * * Government had already got used to its visitations. Bazároff rose very early, and went off two or three versts, not for a walk—he could not endure to walk without an object—but to collect herbs and insects. Sometimes he took Arkády with him. On the way home, they generally got into a dispute, and Arkády was generally worsted, although he talked more than his comrade.

One day they were very late, for some reason; Nikolái Petróvitch went out into the garden to meet them, and when he got on a level with the arbour he suddenly heard the swift footsteps and the voices of the two young men. They were walking on the other side of the arbour, and could not see him.

"Thou art not sufficiently well acquainted with my father,"—Arkády was saying.

Nikolái Petróvitch concealed himself.

"Thy father is a nice fellow,"—said Bazároff,—"but he 's a man who is behind the times,[1] his song is sung."

Nikolái Petróvitch lent an ear. . . . Arkády made no reply.

The man who was "behind the times" stood motionless for a couple of minutes, and slowly wended his way homeward.

"Day before yesterday I saw him reading Púshkin,"—went on Bazároff. . . . "Please explain to him that he ought not to do that. He is n't a boy, thou knowest: it 's time for him to fling aside all that twaddle. The idea of being a romanticist at the present day! Give him something practical to read."

"What ought I to give him?"—asked Arkády.

"Why, Bruchner's 'Stoff und Kraft,' I think, as a starter."

[1] The equivalent of "a back number."—TRANSLATOR.

"I think so myself,"—remarked Arkády approvingly.—"'Stoff und Kraft' is written in popular language. . . . ."

"See now, how thou and I,"—said Nikolái Petróvitch, after dinner on that same day, to his brother, as he sat in his study:—"have fallen into the ranks of the men behind the times, our song is sung. Well, what of that? Perhaps Bazároff is right; but I am hurt, I must confess: I had hoped, precisely at this time, to get into close and friendly relations with Arkády, but it turns out that I have lagged behind, he has gone ahead, and we cannot understand each other."

"But has he gone ahead? And in what way is he so greatly different from us?" exclaimed Pável Petróvitch impatiently.—"It 's that signor who has put all that into his head. I hate that miserable medical student; in my opinion, he is simply a charlatan; I am convinced that he has not got very far in physics, even with all his frogs."

"No, brother, do not say that: Bazároff is clever and learned."

"And what repulsive conceit!"—interrupted Pável Petróvitch again.

"Yes,"—remarked Nikolái Petróvitch:—"he is conceited. But, evidently, that cannot be dispensed with; only, this is what I cannot understand. Apparently, I am doing everything, in order not to be left behind the age: I have estab-

lished my peasants, I have set up a farm, so that I am even spoken of throughout the Government as a 'red.' I read, I study,—in general, I strive to keep up with contemporary requirements,—but they say that my song is sung. And I am beginning, brother, to think myself that it is sung."

"Why so?"

"This is why. To-day I was sitting and reading Púshkin. . . . I remember that I had happened upon 'The Gipsies.' . . All at once, Arkády came up to me, and in silence, with such affectionate compassion on his face, took the book away from me softly, as from a child, and laid before me another, a German book . . . smiled, and went away, carrying Púshkin with him."

"You don't say so! And what book did he give thee?"

"This one."

And Nikolái Petróvitch drew from the rear pocket of his coat Bruchner's very renowned pamphlet, in the ninth edition.

Pável Petróvitch turned it over in his hands.—"H'm!"—he muttered.—"Arkády Nikoláevitch is attending to thy education. Well, and hast thou tried to read it?"

"Yes."

"Well, and what was the result?"

"Either I am stupid, or all this is—nonsense.—It must be that I am stupid."

"But thou hast not forgotten thy German?"—asked Pável Petróvitch.

"I understand German."

Again Pável Petróvitch turned the book over in his hands, and cast a sidelong glance at his brother. Both maintained silence.

"Yes, by the way,"—began Nikolái Petróvitch, being, evidently, desirous of changing the conversation,—"I have received a letter from Kolyázin."

"From Matvyéi Ílitch?"

"Yes. He has come to *** to inspect the Government. He has become a big-wig now, and writes to me that, as a relation, he wishes to see us, and he invites thee and me and Arkády to the town."

"Wilt thou go?"—asked Pável Petróvitch.

"No;—and thou?"

"And I shall not go, either. What do I want to drag myself fifty versts for, to eat potato-flour pudding. Mathieu wants to exhibit himself to us in all his glory. Devil take him! the gubernatorial incense will be enough for him; he 'll get along without us. And a Privy Councillor is not such a great dignitary, after all! If I had remained in the service, if I had gone on tugging away at that stupid hauling-collar, I should have been an adjutant-general by this time. And thou and I are people who are behind the times, to boot."

"Yes, brother, evidently it is time for us to order our coffins, and cross our hands upon our breasts for the grave,"—remarked Nikolái Petróvitch, with a sigh.

"Well, I shall not give in so promptly,"—muttered his brother.—"We shall have a fight yet with that medical man, I foresee that."

The fight took place that very day, at evening tea. Pável Petróvitch entered the drawing-room all ready for the fray, irritated and with his mind made up. He was merely awaiting a pretext in order to hurl himself upon the enemy, but for a long time, no pretext presented itself. Bazároff, in general, had little to say in the presence of "the old Kirsánoffs" (that was what he called the two brothers), but on that evening he felt out of sorts, and gulped down cup after cup in silence. Pável Petróvitch was all afire with impatience; at last his desire was realised.

The conversation turned upon one of the neighbouring landed proprietors.—"Rubbish, a trashy, would-be little aristocrat," indifferently remarked Bazároff, who had met him in Petersburg.

"Permit me to ask you,"—began Pável Petróvitch, and his lips quivered:—"According to your ideas, do the words 'rubbish' and 'aristocrat' signify one and the same thing?"

"I said 'trashy, would-be little aristocrat,'"—

said Bazároff, lazily swallowing a mouthful of tea.

"Exactly so, sir; but I assume that you hold the same opinion concerning the aristocrats that you do concerning the trashy, would-be little aristocrats. I consider it my duty to inform you that I do not share that view. I take the liberty of saying that every one knows me to be a liberal man and one who loves progress; but, precisely for that reason, I respect the aristocrats—the genuine ones. Remember, my dear sir" (at these words, Bazároff raised his eyes to Pável Petróvitch)—"remember, my dear sir," he repeated, with exasperation:—"the English aristocrats. They do not abate one iota of their rights, and therefore they respect the rights of others; they demand the fulfilment of obligations toward themselves, and therefore they themselves fulfil *their* duties. The aristocracy has given freedom to England, and it maintains it."

"We've heard that tune a great many times," —retorted Bazároff:—"but what are you undertaking to prove by this?"

"By *this* I am undertaking to prove, my dear sir" (when Pável Petróvitch was angry, he intentionally said "éftim" and "éfto,"[1] although he knew perfectly well that the grammar does not admit such words. In this freak, the relics of a

[1] Instead of: *éto* (this) and *étim* (by this)—*i.e.*, employing the forms in use among the peasants.—TRANSLATOR.

tradition of the epoch of Alexander manifested itself. The big-wigs of that time, on rare occasions, when talking in their native tongue, were in the habit of using, some *éfto,* others *éxhto:* as much as to say: "We are thorough-going Russians, and, at the same time, we are grandees who are permitted to scorn rules of school") —"by *this* [*éftim*] I mean to prove that, without a sense of one's own dignity, without respect for one's self,—and in the aristocrat these sentiments are developed,—there is no stable foundation for the public . . . *bien public* . . . the social structure. The individuality, my dear sir,—that is the principal thing: the human individuality must be strong as a rock, for on it everything is erected. I know very well, for example, that you see fit to regard as ridiculous my habits, my toilet, my cleanliness, to sum it up; but all that proceeds from a sense of self-respect, from a sense of duty,—yes, sir, yes, sir, of duty. I live in the country, in the wilds, but I do not neglect myself, I respect the man in myself."

"Pardon me, Pável Petróvitch,"—said Bazároff:—"here you are, respecting yourself, and sitting with folded hands: where is the good of that for the *bien public?* You would do the same thing, even if you did not respect yourself."

Pável Petróvitch turned pallid.—"That is an entirely different question. I am not in the least bound to explain to you, now, why I sit with

folded hands, as you are pleased to express yourself. I merely wish to say that aristocracy is a princíple, and only immoral or frivolous people can live in our day without princíples. I said that to Arkády the day after his arrival, and I now repeat it to you. Is not that so, Nikolái?"

Nikolái Petróvitch nodded his head.

"Aristocracy, liberalism, progress, principles,"—Bazároff was saying in the meantime:—"when you come to think of it, how many foreign .... and useless words! The Russian man does not need them, even as a gift."

"What does he need, according to you? To hear you, one would suppose that we were outside the pale of humanity, outside its laws. Good heavens! the logic of history demands ....."

"But what do you want with that logic? We can get along without it."

"How so?"

"Why, in this way: you need no logic, I hope, in order to put a piece of bread into your mouth when you are hungry. What use have we for these abstractions?"

Pável Petróvitch waved his hands in despair.—"I do not understand you, after that. You are insulting the Russian nation. I do not understand how it is possible not to recognise princíples and rules? By force of what do you act?"

"I have already told you, dear uncle, that we recognise no authorities,"—put in Arkády.

"We act by force of that which we recognise as useful,"—said Bazároff.—"At the present time, the most useful thing of all is rejection—we reject."

"Everything?"

"Everything."

"What? Not only art, poetry . . . but also . . . it is terrible to utter it . . . ."

"Everything,"—repeated Bazároff, with inexpressible composure.

Pável Petróvitch stared at him. He had not expected this, and Arkády fairly flushed crimson with delight.

"But pardon me,"—began Nikolái Petróvitch. "You reject everything, or, to speak more accurately, you demolish everything. . . . But surely, it is necessary to build up also."

"That 's no affair of ours. . . The place must first be cleared."

"The contemporary condition of the populace demands this,"—added Arkády, with importance:—"we must comply with that demand; we have no right to devote ourselves to the gratification of our personal egoism."

The last phrase, evidently, did not please Bazároff; it smacked of philosophy,—that is to say, of romanticism,—for Bazároff called philosophy also romanticism, but he did not consider it necessary to contradict his young disciple.

"No, no!"—exclaimed Pável Petróvitch,

with a sudden impetuosity: — "I will not believe that you, gentlemen, are accurately acquainted with the Russian people; that you are representatives of its requirements, its aspirations! No, the Russian people is not what you imagine it to be. It sacredly respects tradition, it is patriarchal, it cannot live without faith. . ."

"I will not dispute that!"—interrupted Bazároff;—"I am even prepared to agree that, *in that respect,* you are right. . ."

"But if I am right . . ."

"Still, that proves nothing."

"Precisely, it proves nothing," — repeated Arkády, with the confidence of an expert chess-player who has foreseen his adversary's apparently expert move, and hence is not in the least disconcerted.

"Why does it prove nothing?" — muttered the astounded Pável Petróvitch. "Do you mean to say that you are marching against your people?"

"And what if I am?"—exclaimed Bazároff. "The people assume that when the thunder rumbles it is the prophet Elijah driving across the sky in his chariot. What then? Am I bound to agree with them? And, moreover, they are Russians, and am not I a Russian myself?"

"No, you are not a Russian, after all you have just said! I cannot acknowledge you as a Russian"

"My grandfather tilled the soil,"—replied Bazároff, with haughty pride.—"Ask any one of your peasants, in which of us—in you or in me—he would the more readily recognise a fellow-countryman. You do not even know how to talk with him."

"But you talk with him, and despise him, at one and the same time."

"What of that, if he deserves to be despised? You censure my tendency, but who told you that it is accidental in my case; that it is not evoked by that same spirit of the people in the name of which you wage war?"

"The idea! Much need there is of nihilists!"

"Whether there is need for them or not, is not for us to decide. Assuredly, you consider yourself not devoid of usefulness."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen, please refrain from personalities!" exclaimed Nikolái Petróvitch, half-rising from his seat.

Pável Petróvitch smiled, and laying his hand on his brother's shoulder, he made him sit down again. — "Don't worry," — he said. — I shall not forget myself, precisely because of that sense of dignity at which Mr. . . . Mr. Doctor jeers so savagely. Pardon me,"—he went on, addressing himself once more to Bazároff:—"perhaps you think your doctrine is a novelty? You are mistaken in thinking so. The materialism which you preach has been in vogue more than once

already, and has always shown itself to be inadequate. . . ."

"Another foreign word!"—interrupted Bazároff. He was beginning to get angry, and his countenance assumed a sort of coarse, brazen hue.—"In the first place, we are not preaching anything; that is not our habit. . . ."

"What do you do, then?"

"This is what we do. Formerly, in days which are not yet remote, we were accustomed to say that our officials took bribes; that we had no roads, no trade, no regular courts of justice. . ."

"Well, yes, yes, you are accusers,—I believe that is what it is called. And with many of your accusations I agree, but . . . ."

"But, later on, it dawned upon us that it was not worth while to prate, and do nothing but prate, about our ulcers; that that led only to trivialities and doctrinairism; we perceived that our clever men, the so-called leading men and accusers, were good for nothing, that we were busying ourselves with nonsense, talking about some sort of art, about unconscious creation, about parliamentarism, about advocateship, and the devil knows what else, when it was a question of daily bread, when the crudest superstition was stifling us, when all our stock companies were failing simply through the lack of honest men, when the very liberty which the Government is working over is hardly likely to be of

any use to us, because our peasant is ready to rob himself, if only he may drink himself dead drunk in the pot-house."

"Exactly,"—interrupted Pável Petróvitch,—"exactly so: you have become convinced of all this, and have made up your minds not to set about anything seriously."

"And have decided not to set about anything,"— repeated Bazároff grimly. He suddenly became vexed with himself for having been so expansive in the presence of this gentleman.

"And only to rail?"

"Yes, only to rail."

"And that is called nihilism?"

"And that is called nihilism,"—repeated Bazároff once more, this time with peculiar insolence.

Pável Petróvitch narrowed his eyes slightly.

"So that 's the way the wind blows!"—he said, in a strangely quiet voice.—"Nihilism is bound to aid every woe, and you, you are our deliverers and heroes. But for what do you take others,—those same deliverers, for example? Do not you prate, like all the rest?"

"We are guilty in some other respects, but not of that sin,"—articulated Bazároff through his teeth.

"What, then? Do you do anything, pray? Are you preparing to act?"

Bazároff made no reply. Pável Petróvitch

was fairly quivering, but he immediately regained control of himself.

"H'm! . . . To act, to demolish . . . ." he continued.—"But why demolish without even knowing the reason?"

"We demolish because we are a force,"—remarked Arkády.

Pável Petróvitch looked at his nephew, and laughed.

"Yes, a force,—and a force, as such, does not render an account of itself,"—said Arkády, and straightened himself up.

"Unhappy man,"—roared Pável Petróvitch; he positively was not able to restrain himself any longer:—"thou mightest take into consideration what it is in Russia that thou art upholding by thy trivial judgment! No, this is enough to make an angel lose patience! Force! There is force in the savage Kalmýk, and in the Mongolian also, but what is that to us?—Civilisation is dear to us,—yes, sir, yes, my dear sir, its fruits are dear to us. And do not tell me that those fruits are insignificant: the most wretched dauber, *un barbouilleur*, a player of dance-music who is paid five kopéks an evening,—all of them are more useful than you, because they are representatives of civilisation, and not of crude Mongolian force! You imagine that you are leaders, but the only proper place for you is in a Kalmýk tent! A force! But pray recollect, in conclusion, you

forceful gentlemen, that there are only four men and a half of you, but there are millions of those who will not permit you to trample under foot their most sacred beliefs, who will crush you!"

"If they crush us, there lies the road,"—said Bazároff.—"Only, that question has not yet been decided. We are not so few in number as you suppose."

"What? Jesting aside, do you think you will be able to manage things; that you are more than a match for the whole nation?"

"Moscow was burned to the ground by a farthing candle, you know,"—replied Bazároff.

"Precisely, precisely. First an almost satanic pride, then derision. That—that is what seduces the young generation, that is what subjugates the inexperienced hearts of wretched little boys! Look! there sits one of them by your side; you see that he is almost worshipping you; admire him." (Arkády turned aside and frowned.) "And this infection is already widely disseminated. I am told that our artists in Rome never set foot inside the Vatican. They regard Raphael as almost a fool, because, forsooth, he is an authority; but they themselves are disgustingly impotent and sterile, and their imagination goes no further than 'A Girl at the Fountain,' say what you will! And the girl is very badly painted, to boot. They are fine fellows in your opinion, are n't they?"

"In my opinion,"—retorted Bazároff:—"Raphael is n't worth a copper farthing; and they are better than he!"

"Bravo! bravo! Listen, Arkády . . . . that 's the way young men of the present day ought to express themselves! And, when you come to think of it, how can they help following you! In former days, young folks had to study; they did not care to bear the reputation of ignoramuses, so they worked, willy-nilly. But now, all they have to do is to say: 'Everything in the world is nonsense!'—and that 's the end of the matter. The young folks are overjoyed. And, in fact, formerly they were simply blockheads, but now they have suddenly become nihilists."

"That 's where your boasted sense of personal dignity has fooled you,"—remarked Bazároff coolly, while Arkády flared up, and his eyes flashed.—"Our dispute has gone too far. . . I think it would be better to put an end to it. And I shall be ready to agree with you,"—he added, rising,—"when you can bring forward a single institution of our contemporary existence, either domestic or social, which does not challenge total rejection."

"I will present to you millions of such institutions,"—exclaimed Pável Petróvitch:—"millions! Why, take the commune, for example."

A cold sneer curled Bazároff's lips.—"Well, so far as the commune is concerned,"—said he:—

" you had better talk with your brother. I think he has now found out, in practice, what the commune is like: thorough security, sobriety, and all that sort of thing."

" The family, then,—the family, as it exists among our peasants!"—shouted Pável Petróvitch.

" That question, also, I think, it would be better for you not to inquire into in detail. You have heard, I fancy, of men making love to their sons' wives? Listen to me, Pável Petróvitch: give yourself a couple of days of grace; it is n't likely that you will be able to find anything on the spot. Sort over all classes of our society, and meditate well over each one, and, in the meantime, Arkády and I will . . ."

" Sneer at everything,"—put in Pável Petróvitch.

" No, cut up frogs. Come on, Arkády; farewell for the present, gentlemen!"

The two friends quitted the room. The brothers were left alone, and, at first, they merely stared at each other.

" There,"—began Pável Petróvitch at last:—" there 's the youth of the present day for you! There they are—our heirs!"

" Our heirs,"—repeated Nikolái Petróvitch, with a sigh of depression. He had been sitting on hot coals, as it were, during the whole course of

the dispute, and had merely cast furtive, pained glances at Arkády.—"Dost thou know, brother, what has recurred to my mind? One day, I quarrelled with our deceased mother: she screamed, and would not listen to me . . . At last I said to her,—'You cannot understand me,' said I: 'we belong to two different generations,' said I. She was frightfully angry, and I thought to myself: What is to be done? The pill is bitter—but it must be swallowed. So now, our turn has come, and our successors can say to us: 'You are not of our generation—swallow the pill.'"

"Thou art too kind-hearted and modest,"—returned Pável Petróvitch;—"on the contrary, I am convinced that thou and I are far more in the right than those little gentlemen, although we express ourselves, perhaps, in somewhat antiquated language, have *vielli,* and do not possess that audacious self-conceit. . . And how puffed up the young people of the present day are! Ask one of them: 'What wine do you prefer, red or white?'—'I am accustomed to prefer red!' he replies in a bass voice, and with as pompous a visage, as though the whole universe were gazing at him at the moment. . ."

"Would not you like some more tea?"—said Fénitchka, sticking her head in at the door: she had not been able to bring herself to enter the

drawing-room while the voices of the disputants were resounding there.

"No, thou mayest give orders to have the samovár removed,"—replied Nikolái Petróvitch, rising to greet her. Pável Petróvitch abruptly wished him "*Bon soir*," and went off to his own study.

XI

Half an hour later, Nikolái Petróvitch betook himself to the garden, to his favourite arbour. Melancholy thoughts had taken possession of him. For the first time he clearly realised the breach between himself and his son; he had a foreboding that with every passing day it would become wider and wider. So it was in vain that he had sat, at Petersburg, over the newest books, during the winter; in vain had he listened to the conversations of the young men; in vain had he rejoiced when he had succeeded in interpolating a remark of his own into their fervent speeches. "My brother says that we are in the right," he thought; "and setting aside all self-conceit, it seems to me, also, that they are further from the truth than we are; and, at the same time, I feel that they have something which we do not possess, some superiority over us. . . Youth? No: it is not youth alone. Does not their superiority consist in the fact, that in them there are fewer traces of the gentry régime than in us?"

Nikolái Petróvitch hung his head, and passed his hand over his face.

"But must one reject poetry?"—he said to

himself again: "is one to feel no sympathy for art, for nature? . . ."

And he cast a glance around him, as though desirous of understanding how it was possible not to feel sympathy for nature. The shades of twilight were already beginning to descend; the sun had hidden itself behind a small aspen grove, which lay half a verst distant from the garden; its shadow stretched out illimitably across the motionless fields. A peasant was riding at a gallop on a white horse, along the dark, narrow road which skirted the edge of the grove: his whole figure was clearly visible, everything about him, down to the patch on his shoulder, in spite of the fact that he was riding in the shadow; the hoofs of the horse flashed out with pleasing distinctness. The rays of the sun, on their side, made their way into the grove, and piercing through the thickets, flooded the boles of the trees with so warm a glow, that these were made to resemble the boles of pine-trees, while their foliage turned almost blue, and above it rose the pale azure sky, faintly crimsoned by the sunset. The swallows were flying high; the breeze had completely died down; belated bees hummed languidly and sleepily in the lilac blossoms; midges hovered in a pillar above an isolated, far-outstretching branch. "My God, how beautiful!" thought Nikolái Petróvitch, and his favourite verses were on the point of springing to his lips: he recalled Arkády,—"Stoff

und Kraft"—and fell silent, but continued to sit on, continued to surrender himself to the sad and cheering play of his solitary meditations. He loved to meditate; country life had developed in him this capacity. It was not so very long since he had meditated as he waited for his son at the posting-station, and since then a change had taken place, and their relations, which had still been ill-defined at that time, had become clearly defined . . . . and in what a way! Again his deceased wife presented herself to him, but not as he had known her during the course of many years,—not as a thrifty, kind housewife, but as a young girl with a slender form, an innocently-inquiring glance, and her hair closely coiled on her childish neck. He recalled her as he had beheld her for the first time. He was a student then. He had met her on the staircase of the lodgings in which he lived, and, unintentionally, he had jostled her, had turned round, had endeavoured to excuse himself, and had only been able to stammer, *"Pardon, monsieur,"* while she had bent her head, had laughed, and then, suddenly, had seemed to take fright, and had fled; but at the turn of the staircase she had thrown a glance backward at him, had assumed a serious mien, and had blushed. And then, the first timid visits, the half-words, the half-smiles, and the awkwardness, and the sadness, and the outbursts, and, at last, that panting joy. . . Whither had all that whirled

away? She had become his wife; he had been happy as few on earth are happy. . . "But," he thought:—"those delightful first moments;—why could not they live forever, with life immortal?"

He did not attempt to elucidate his thought to himself, but he was conscious that he would have liked to hold fast to that blissful time by something more forcible than memory; he would have liked to possess once more tangible evidence of his Márya's nearness, to feel her warmth and her breath; and he had already begun to fancy that, above him . . . . .

"Nikolái Petróvitch,"—resounded Fénitchka's voice near him:—"where are you?"

He shuddered. He was neither pained nor conscience-stricken. . . He did not even admit the possibility of a comparison between his wife and Fénitchka, but he regretted that she had taken a notion to hunt him up. Her voice instantaneously reminded him of his grey hair, his advanced age, his present . . . .

The world of enchantment, into which he had already entered, which had sprung forth from the misty waves of the past, trembled,—and vanished.

"I am here,"—he replied: "I will come; go along." "Here are traces of the old gentry régime," flashed through his mind. Fénitchka peeped silently at him in the arbour, and disappeared; and he noticed, with surprise, that night had descended since he had begun to meditate.

Everything had grown dark and silent round about, and Fénitchka's face flitted before him, very white and small. He half-rose from his seat, and was about to set out homeward; but his softened heart would not calm down in his breast, and he began to stroll slowly about the garden, now thoughtfully staring at the ground beneath his feet, now raising his eyes to the sky, where the stars were swarming and twinkling. He walked for a long time, almost to fatigue, and still the tumult within him, a sort of importunate, undefined, melancholy tumult, did not subside. Oh, how Bazároff would have laughed at him, had he known what was going on within him then! Arkády himself would have condemned him. Tears, causeless tears, welled up in his eyes—in the eyes of the agriculturist and estate-owner; this was a hundredfold worse than the violoncello.

Nikolái Petróvitch continued to walk, and could not bring himself to enter the house, that peaceful and cosey nest, which gazed with such welcome at him from all its illuminated windows; he was not able to tear himself away from the darkness, from the garden, from the feeling of the cool air on his face, and from that sadness, that agitation . . . .

At a turn in the path, Pável Petróvitch met him.

"What is the matter with thee?"—he asked Nikolái Petróvitch:—"thou art as pale as a

ghost; thou art not well; why dost not thou go to bed?"

Nikolái Petróvitch explained to him, in brief words, his spiritual condition, and walked on. Pável Petróvitch went to the end of the garden, and he also became thoughtful, and he also raised his eyes to heaven. But in his fine, dark eyes there was nothing reflected except the light of the stars. He had not been born romantic, and his elegantly-dry and passionate soul, misanthropic after the French fashion, did not know how to meditate. . . .

"Dost thou know what?" said Bazároff to Arkády, that same night.—"A magnificent idea has come into my head. Thy father said, to-day, that he had received an invitation from that distinguished relative of yours. Thy father will not go; let 's flit off, thou and I, to * * * ; that gentleman has invited thee also, thou knowest. For thou seest what sort of weather has set in here; but we will have a drive, we 'll take a look at the town. We 'll lounge about five or six days, and —*basta!*"

"And wilt thou return here from there?"

"No, I must go to my father. Thou knowest he is thirty versts from * * *. I have not seen him for a long time, nor my mother either; I must comfort the old folks. They are good people, especially my father: he 's very amusing. And I 'm their only child."

"And wilt thou remain long with them?"

"I think not. I shall be bored, I fancy."

"And wilt thou drop in to see us on thy way back?"

"I don't know. . . I shall see. Come, how is it to be? Shall we go?"

"If thou wishest,"—remarked Arkády lazily.

At heart, he was greatly delighted at his friend's proposal, but he considered himself bound to conceal his feeling. Not for nothing was he a nihilist.

On the following day, he drove off with Bazároff to * * *. The young people at Márino regretted their departure; Dunyásha even fell to weeping . . . but the older men breathed more freely.

XII

The town of * * *, whither our friends had betaken themselves, lay in the jurisdiction of a governor who belonged to the younger generation, was progressive and a despot, as is often the case in Russia. In the course of the first year of his rule, he managed to quarrel, not only with the Marshal of the Nobility for the Government, a retired staff-captain of cavalry in the Guards, a horse-breeder and hospitable man, but also with his own officials. The altercations which arose in consequence finally attained to such dimensions that the Ministry in Petersburg found it indispensable to send a confidential person with a commission to investigate everything on the spot. The choice of the administration fell upon Matvyéi Ílitch Kolyázin, the son of that Kolyázin under whose protection the Kirsánoff brothers had once been. He, also, was one of the "young generation," that is to say, he had only recently passed his fortieth birthday; but he was already aiming to become a statesman, and wore a star on each side of his breast. One, to tell the truth, was of a foreign Order, and of a petty Order, at that. Like the Governor, whom he had come to judge,

he regarded himself as progressive, and, being already a big-wig, did not resemble the majority of big-wigs. He cherished the loftiest opinion of himself; his vanity knew no bounds; but he bore himself simply, his gaze was approving, he listened affably and smiled so good-naturedly that, at first sight, he might have passed for a "splendid fellow." But, on important occasions, he knew how to kick up a row, as the expression goes. "Energy is indispensable,"—he was wont to say then,—*"l'energie est la première qualité d'un homme d'état";* but, notwithstanding this, he generally got left in the lurch, and any official who was in the least degree experienced rode him at will. Matvyéi Ílitch referred with great respect to Guizot, and tried to impress upon all and sundry that he did not belong to the class of routine men, and bureaucrats, who were behind the times, that he let not a single important phenomenon of social life escape his attention. . . All such words were well known to him. He even watched, with careless haughtiness, it is true, the development of contemporary literature: like a grown man who, on encountering upon the street a procession of small boys, sometimes joins their ranks. In reality, Matvyéi Ílitch had not got very far away from those statesmen of the epoch of Alexander, who, when preparing to spend the evening with Madame Svetchín, who then resided in Petersburg, were accustomed to

read a page of Condillac in the morning: only, his methods were different—more modern. He was a clever courtier, a very artful blade, and nothing more; he did not understand business, he had no mind, but he knew how to manage his own affairs; no one could saddle and ride him in that quarter, and that is the chief thing, after all.

Matvyéi Ílitch received Arkády with the affability peculiar to an enlightened dignitary,—we will say more: with playfulness. Nevertheless, he was amazed when he learned that the relatives whom he had invited had remained in the country. "Thy papa was always a queer fish," he remarked, twirling the tassels of his magnificent velvet dressing-gown; and, all at once, turning to a young official in the most well-intentioned, closely-buttoned undress-uniform, he exclaimed, with an anxious aspect, "What?" The young man, whose lips were glued fast together through prolonged silence, rose, and stared at his superior with surprise. But, after having stunned his subordinate, Matvyéi Ílitch paid no further attention to him. Our officials, in general, are fond of stunning their subordinates, and the means to which they resort for the attainment of this end are decidedly varied. The following method, among others, is frequently employed,—"is quite a favourite," as the English say: the dignitary suddenly ceases to understand the most simple

words, deafness descends upon him. He will ask, for example: "What day is to-day?"

He is informed, in the most respectful manner: "To-day is Friday, your 'c . . c'len . . . cy."

"How? What? What do you mean by Friday? What Friday?"

"Friday, your 'c . . . . ccc . . . ccc . . . . . lency, is a day of the week."

"Come, now, hast thou taken it into thy head to teach me?"

Matvyéi Ílitch was a dignitary, all the same, although he considered himself a liberal.

"I advise thee, my friend, to call upon the Governor,"—he said to Arkády:—"thou understandest, I give thee this advice, not because I am wedded to antique conceptions as to the necessity of going and making one's bow to the powers that be, but simply because the Governor is a nice man; moreover, thou art, probably, desirous of making acquaintance with the local society. . . For thou art not a bear, I hope? And he is going to give a great ball the day after to-morrow."

"Shall you be at the ball?"—inquired Arkády.

"He is giving it in my honour,"—said Matvyéi Ílitch, almost with compunction. "Dost thou dance?"

"Yes, but badly."

"That is a mistake. There are pretty women here, and it is a shame for a young man not to dance. And again, I say this not in virtue of an-

tique ideas; I do not, in the least, assume that the brain must be located in the feet, but Byronism is ridiculous, *il a fait son temps.*"

"Why, uncle, it is not in the least because of Byronism that I . . . . . "

"I will introduce thee to the young ladies here, I will take thee under my wing,"—interrupted Matvyéi Ílitch, and laughed in a self-satisfied way. "Thou wilt find it warm, hey?"

A servant entered and announced the arrival of the chairman of the Court of Exchequer, a soft-eyed old man, with wrinkled lips, who was extremely fond of nature, especially on a summer day, when, according to his words, "every little bee takes a bribe from every little blossom. . . " Arkády withdrew.

He found Bazároff in the inn where they had put up, and tried for a long time to persuade him to go to the Governor. "There 's nothing to be done!" said Bazároff at last,—"as you have made your bed, so you must lie upon it. We have come to inspect the landed gentry, so let 's inspect them!"

The Governor received the young men courteously, but did not invite them to sit down, and did not sit down himself. He was forever bustling and hurrying; he donned his tight undress-uniform in the morning, and an excessively tight neck-cloth, never ate or drank his fill, was forever giving orders. He had been nicknamed

in the Government "Bourdaloue," the allusion not being to the famous French preacher, but to *burdá.*[1] He invited Kirsánoff and Bazároff to his ball, and a couple of minutes later he invited them a second time, under the impression that they were brothers, and calling them "Kaisároff."

They were on their way home from the Governor's when, suddenly, from one of the passing drozhkies there sprang out a man of short stature, in a Slavyanophil hussar jacket, and with the shout, "Evgény Vasílitch!" flung himself on Bazároff.

"Ah! so it 's you, Herr Sítnikoff,"—said Bazároff, and he continued to stride along the sidewalk:—"how do you happen to be here?"

"Just imagine! quite by accident,"—replied the other, and, turning toward the drozhky, he waved his hand five times, and shouted: "Follow us, follow us! My father has business here,"—he went on, as he sprang across the gutter:—"well, and so he invited me. . . . I learned to-day of your arrival, and have already been to see you." (In fact, the friends, on their return to their room, found there a card with the corners turned down, and the name of Sítnikoff in French on one side and in Slavonic script on the other.) "I hope you are not coming from the Governor?"

"Do not hope,—we are straight from him."

[1] A bad, muddy beverage.—TRANSLATOR.

"Ah! in that case I shall call upon him also. . . Evgény Vasílitch, introduce me to your . . . to him. . ."

"Sítnikoff—Kirsánoff,"—growled Bazároff, without halting.

"I feel greatly flattered,"—began Sítnikoff, walking sideways, grinning, and hastily pulling off his far too elegant gloves.—"I have heard a great deal . . . . I am an old acquaintance of Evgény Vasílitch, and, I may say, his disciple. I am indebted to him for my regeneration. . . . ."

Arkády looked at Bazároff's disciple. An agitated and stupid expression lay upon the small but agreeable features of his smoothly-licked face; his small eyes, which had the appearance of being crushed in, stared intently and uneasily, and he laughed uneasily, with a sort of curt, wooden laugh.

"Would you believe it,"—he went on: "that when Evgény Vasílitch said, for the first time, in my presence, that one ought not to respect the authorities, I experienced such rapture . . . . I fairly seemed to have recovered my sight! Here, said I to myself, I have found a man, at last! By the way, Evgény Vasílitch, you must, without fail, call on one of the ladies here, who is thoroughly in a position to understand you, and for whom your visit will constitute a veritable festival; you have heard of her, I think?"

"Who is she?"—articulated Bazároff unwillingly.

"Madame Kukshín, Eudoxie,—Evdóksiya Kukshín. She is a remarkable nature, *emancipée* in the true sense of the word, a leading woman. Do you know what? Let 's go to her now, all together. She lives a couple of paces from here. We will breakfast there. You have not breakfasted yet, of course?"

"Not yet."

"Well, that 's fine. She has separated from her husband, you understand; she is not dependent on anybody."

"Is she pretty?" interrupted Bazároff.

"N . . . no, I cannot say that she is."

"Then, why the devil do you invite us to go to her?"

"Well, you jester, you jester! . . . She will set us up a bottle of champagne."

"You don't say so! The practical man is visible at once. By the way, is your father still engaged in revenue-farming?"

"Yes,"—said Sítnikoff hastily, and emitted a shrill laugh. "Well, how is it to be? Is it a go?"

"I really do not know."

"Thou hast desired to observe people, so go,"—remarked Arkády in an undertone.

"But what of you, Mr. Kirsánoff?" interposed Sítnikoff. "Pray come also; we cannot get along without you."

"But how can we all descend upon her at once?"

"Never mind. Kukshína[1] is a splendid fellow."

"Will there be a bottle of champagne?" inquired Bazároff.

"Three bottles!" exclaimed Sítnikoff.—"I guarantee that."

"How?"

"By my own head."

"By your father's purse would be better. However, we will go."

[1] The feminine form of the surname, without prefix, is sometimes used, as well as the masculine.—TRANSLATOR.

XIII

THE tiny house of nobility, after the Moscow fashion, in which dwelt Avdótya [1] Nikítishna, or Evdóksiya Kukshín, was situated on one of the recently-burned streets of the town of * * *; (it is a well-known fact that our provincial capitals burn down every five years). At the door, over a visiting-card nailed up askew, the bell-handle was visible, and in the anteroom the visitors were met by a woman, who was either a servant or a companion, in a cap,—plain tokens of the house-mistress's progressive tendencies. Sítnikoff inquired whether Avdótya Nikítishna was at home.

"Is that you, Victór?"—rang out a shrill voice from the adjoining room.—"Come in."

The woman in the cap immediately vanished.

"I am not alone,"—said Sítnikoff, briskly flinging aside his Hungarian cloak, under which appeared something in the nature of a waistcoat, or a sack-coat, and casting a daring glance at Arkády and Bazároff.

"No matter,"—replied the voice.—*"Entrez!"*

The young men entered. The room in which they found themselves resembled a working-

[1] Avdótya is the vulgar, popular form of Evdóksiya.—TRANSLATOR.

study rather than a drawing-room. Documents, letters, thick numbers of Russian journals, chiefly uncut, were scattered about on the dusty tables; everywhere the discarded butts of cigarettes gleamed whitely. On the leather couch half-reclined a lady, young, fair-haired, rather dishevelled, in a silk gown which was not quite clean, with big bracelets on her short arms, and a lace kerchief on her head. She rose from the divan, and carelessly drawing up on her shoulders a velvet cloak lined with ermine which had grown yellow, she languidly said, "Good morning, Victór," and shook Sítnikoff by the hand.

"Bazároff, Kirsánoff,"—said he abruptly, in imitation of Bazároff.

"You are welcome,"—replied Madame Kukshín; and riveting upon Bazároff her round eyes, between which, like an orphan, her tiny, snub nose gleamed redly, she added:—"I know you,"—and shook hands with him also.

Bazároff knit his brows. There was nothing monstrous about the tiny and homely figure of the emancipated woman; but the expression of her face had an unpleasant effect on the spectator. One involuntarily wanted to ask her: "What 's the matter? Art thou hungry? or bored? or afraid? Why art thou so gloomy?" Her soul, like that of Sítnikoff, was always aching. She talked and moved in a very free-and-easy way, but, at the same time, awkwardly: evidently

she regarded herself as a good-natured and simple being, and yet, no matter what she did, it constantly seemed to you that that was not precisely what she meant; everything turned out with her, as the children say, done "on purpose"—that is to say, not simply, not naturally.

"Yes, yes, I know you, Bazároff,"—she repeated. (She had a habit, peculiar to many provincial and Moscow ladies, of calling men by their surnames on first acquaintance.) "Will you have a cigar?"

"A cigar is all well enough,"—chimed in Sítnikoff, who had managed to throw himself into an arm-chair, in a lolling posture, and stick his foot up in the air:—"but pray give us some breakfast. We are frightfully hungry; and order them to set up a bottle of champagne."

"Sybarite,"—said Evdóksiya, and laughed. (When she laughed her upper gum was laid bare above her teeth.)—"He 's a Sybarite, is n't he, Bazároff?"

"I love comfort, life,"—remarked Sítnikoff, pompously.—"That does not prevent my being a liberal."

"Yes, it does—it does prevent!"—exclaimed Evdóksiya; but, nevertheless, she ordered her maid-servant to attend to the breakfast and the champagne.—"What do you think about it?"—she added, addressing Bazároff.—"I am convinced that you share my opinion."

"Well, no,"—returned Bazároff:—"a piece of meat is better than a piece of bread, even from the chemical point of view."

"And do you occupy yourself with chemistry? It is my passion. I have even invented a mastic myself."

"A mastic? You?"

"Yes, I. And do you know with what object? In order to make dolls, and heads which shall not break. For I am practical too. But all is not yet ready. I must still read Liebig. By the way, have you read Kislyakóff's article about woman's work, in the *Moscow News?* Read it, please. You are interested in the woman question, of course? And in schools also? What does your friend do? What is his name?"

Madame Kukshín dropped all her questions, one after another, with enervated carelessness, without waiting for answers; spoiled children talk to their nurses in the same way.

"My name is Arkády Nikoláevitch Kirsánoff,"—said Arkády:—"and I do nothing."

Evdóksiya laughed aloud.—"Is n't that nice? What, don't you smoke? Victór, you know that I am angry with you."

"What for?"

"I hear that you have begun to praise Georges Sand again. She 's out of date, and that 's all there is about it! How is it possible to compare

her with Emerson! She has no ideas whatever as to education, or physiology, or anything. I am convinced that she never even heard of embryology; and in our time—how can you get along without that?" (Evdóksiya even flung her hands apart.) "Akh, what a wonderful article Elisyévitch has written on that subject! He is a talented gentleman." (Evdóksiya constantly used the word "gentleman" instead of "man.")—"Bazároff, sit down beside me on the divan. Perhaps you do not know that I am frightfully afraid of you."

"Why so, permit me to inquire."

"You are a dangerous gentleman; you are such a critic. Akh, my God! I am ridiculous, I am talking like some landed proprietress on the steppe. However, I really am a landed proprietress. I manage my own estate, and just imagine! my superintendent, Eroféi, is a wonderful type, just like Cooper's Pathfinder: there is something direct about him. I have settled down here for good. The town is intolerable, is n't it? But what is one to do?"

"The town is just like the average town,"—remarked Bazároff coolly.

"All the interests are so petty,—that is what is so dreadful! I used to live in Moscow during the winter . . . but now my spouse, M'sieu Kukshín, lives there. And then, too, Moscow is now . . . I

don't know what,—but not what it should be. I think of going abroad; I was on the very point of going last year."

"To Paris, of course?"—asked Bazároff.

"To Paris, and to Heidelberg."

"Why to Heidelberg?"

"Good gracious!—why, Bunsen is there."

Bazároff found no answer to this.

"Pierre Sapózhnikoff . . . do you know him?"

"No, I do not."

"Good gracious!—Pierre Sapózhnikoff . . he 's forever at Lydie Khostátoff's house."

"I do not know her, either."

"Well, he offered to escort me. Thank God, I am free, I have no children. . . What was that I said: *thank God!*—However, it makes no difference."

Evdóksiya rolled a cigarette with her fingers which were stained brown with tobacco, passed her tongue across it, sucked it, and lighted it. A maid-servant entered with a tray.

"Ah, here is breakfast! Will you have some appetiser? Victór, uncork the bottle. That 's in your line."

"It is, it is,"—murmured Sítnikoff, and again he laughed shrilly.

"Are there pretty women here?"—inquired Bazároff, as he drained his third glass.

"Yes,"—replied Evdóksiya:—"but they are all such empty-headed things. For instance, *mon*

amie, Madame Odíntzoff, is n't bad-looking. It 's a pity that her reputation is rather .... But that would be nothing, only she has no freedom of views, no breadth, no .... you know what. The whole system of education must be changed. I have already given thought to that subject; our women are very badly brought up."

"You can do nothing with them,"—interposed Sítnikoff.—"One must scorn them, and I do scorn them, wholly and completely!" (The possibility of scorning and expressing his scorn was a most agreeable sensation for Sítnikoff; he attacked women in particular, without a suspicion that, a few months later, he was doomed to cringe before his own wife, merely because she had been born a Princess Durdoleósoff.)—"Not one of them has ever been in a condition to comprehend our conversation; not one of them is worth it—that we, serious men, should talk about her!"

"And they have no need whatever to comprehend our conversation,"—said Bazároff.

"Of whom are you speaking?"—put in Evdóksiya.

"Of pretty women."

"What? So you share the opinion of Prud'hon?"

Bazároff drew himself up haughtily. "I share no one's opinions: I have my own."

"Down with authority!"—shouted Sítnikoff, delighted at the opportunity to express himself

harshly in the presence of a man before whom he cringed.

"But Macaulay himself . . ." began Madame Kukshín. . .

"Down with Macaulay!"—thundered Sítnikoff.—"Do you stand up for those mean peasant women?"

"Not for the peasant women, but for the rights of women, whom I have sworn to defend to the last drop of my blood."

"Down with them!"—But here Sítnikoff came to a halt.—"But I do not deny them,"—said he.

"Yes, I see that you are a Slavyanophil!"

"No, I am not a Slavyanophil, although, of course . . . ."

"Yes, yes, yes! You are a Slavyanophil! You are the continuer of 'The Household Regulations.'[1] You ought to have a whip in your hand."

"A whip is a good thing,"—remarked Bazároff: "but here we have got to the last drops. . ."

"Of what?"—interrupted Evdóksiya.

"Of the champagne, most respected Avdótya Nikítishna,—of the champagne—not of your blood."

"I cannot listen with indifference when you attack women,"—went on Evdóksiya.—"It is

[1] "The Domostróy" ("The House Regulator"; or, "The Household Regulations"): reputed to be by Priest Sylvester, the famous Confessor of Iván the Terrible in his youth. Its precepts concerning women and their treatment are of patriarchal rigour.—TRANSLATOR.

dreadful, dreadful. Instead of attacking them, you had better read Michelet's 'De l' Amour.' It 's wonderful! Gentlemen, let us talk of love," —added Evdóksiya, languidly dropping her hand on the crumpled pillow of the divan.

A sudden silence ensued.—"No, why talk about love?"—remarked Bazároff:—"but you mentioned Madame Odíntzoff a while ago—I believe that is what you called her? Who is that lady?"

"A charming, charming creature!" squeaked Sítnikoff. "I will introduce you. She is clever, wealthy, a widow. Unfortunately, she is not yet sufficiently developed. She ought to become more intimately acquainted with our Evdóksiya. I drink to your health, *Eudoxie!* Let us clink glasses! 'Et toc, et tin-tin-tin. Et toc, et toc, et tin-tin-tin!'". . . .

"Victór, you are a scapegrace."

Breakfast lasted a long time. The first bottle of champagne was followed by a second, a third, and even a fourth. . . . Evdóksiya chattered incessantly; Sítnikoff seconded her. They talked a great deal on the subjects: what is marriage—a prejudice or a crime? and how are people born —all alike or not? and in what, precisely, does individuality consist? At last, the discussion reached a point where Evdóksiya, all flushed crimson with the wine she had drunk, and tapping the keys of a discordant piano with her flat nails,

began to sing, at first gipsy songs, then the romance of Seymour-Schiff, "Sleepy Granada slumbers"; and Sítnikoff bound up his head with a scarf and represented the dying lover, at the words:

> "And melt my mouth with thine
> In a burning kiss."

At last Arkády could endure it no longer. "Gentlemen, this has come to resemble Bedlam," he remarked aloud. Bazároff, who had only interjected a sneering word now and then into the conversation,—he was mainly occupied with the champagne,—yawned loudly, rose, and without taking leave of the hostess, went away, in company with Arkády. Sítnikoff rushed after them.

"Well, what do you think,—well, what do you think?"—he kept asking, obsequiously running now to the right, now to the left:—"did n't I tell you she 's a remarkable person! We ought to have more women of that sort! In her way, she is a highly-moral phenomenon."

"And is that establishment of *thy* father a moral phenomenon also?"—said Bazároff, jerking his finger in the direction of a dram-shop which they were passing at the moment.

Again Sítnikoff emitted a squealing laugh. He was very much ashamed of his origin, and did not know whether to feel flattered or insulted by Bazároff's unexpectedly addressing him as *thou*.

XIV

A FEW days later the ball came off at the Governor's. Matvyéi Ílitch was the real "hero of the festival"; the Marshal of Nobility for the Government announced to all and sundry that he had come especially out of respect for him, and the Governor, even at the ball, even although he still remained impassive, continued to "issue orders." Matvyéi Ìlitch's softness of manner was equalled only by his stateliness. He flattered every one—some with a touch of fastidiousness, others with a touch of respect; he lavished his attentions upon the ladies, *"en vrai chevalier français,"* and laughed incessantly, with a ringing, isolated laugh, as was befitting a dignitary. He slapped Arkády on the back, and loudly called him his "dear little nephew": conferred upon Bazároff, who was dressed in a rather old dress suit, a preoccupied but condescending, sidelong glance across his cheek, and an unintelligible but courteous bellow, in which the only sounds distinguishable were "I" and "ss'ma"; gave one finger to Sítnikoff, and smiled at him, but with his head already turned away; even to Madame Kukshín, who made her appearance at the ball without any

crinoline whatever, and in dirty gloves, but with a bird of paradise in her hair,—even to Madame Kukshín he said "*Enchanté.*" There was a multitude of people, and of cavaliers there was no lack; the civilians chiefly congregated along the wall, but the military men danced assiduously, especially one of them who had spent six weeks in Paris, where he had learned divers audacious exclamations, such as: "*Zut,*" "*Ah fichtrrre,*" "*Pst, pst, mon bibi,*" and so forth. He pronounced them to perfection, with genuine Parisian *chic,* and, at the same time, he said "*si j'aurais*" instead of "*si j'avais,*" "*absolument*" in the sense of "without fail"; in a word, expressed himself in that Great Russian-French dialect at which the French laugh so heartily when they are under no necessity to assure us that we speak their language like angels—"*comme des anges.*"

Arkády danced badly, as we already know, and Bazároff did not dance at all: both of them ensconced themselves in a corner, where Sítnikoff joined them. With a sneering smile depicted on his face, and emitting venomous comments, he stared insolently around, and seemed to be genuinely enjoying himself. All at once, his face underwent a change, and turning to Arkády, he said, as though discomfited: "Madame Odíntzoff has arrived."

Arkády looked about him, and descried a wo-

man of lofty stature, in a black gown, who was standing at the door of the hall. She impressed him by the dignity of her carriage. Her bare arms hung beautifully along her stately figure; light sprays of fuchsia fell, along with her gleaming hair, upon her sloping shoulders; her bright eyes gazed calmly and intelligently—that was exactly it, calmly, not thoughtfully—from beneath her somewhat overhanging white brow, and her lips were wreathed in a barely perceptible smile. A sort of soft, caressing force emanated from her face.

"Do you know her?"—Arkády asked Sítnikoff.

"Intimately. Would you like to have me introduce you?"

"Pray do . . . . after this quadrille."

Bazároff also turned his attention to Madame Odíntzoff.

"What sort of a figure is that?"—he said.—"She does not resemble the other women."

Having awaited the end of the quadrille, Sítnikoff led Arkády up to Madame Odíntzoff; but he did not seem to be intimately acquainted with her, and got tangled up in his speech, and she stared at him in some surprise. But her face assumed a cordial expression when she heard Arkády's surname. She asked him whether he was not the son of Nikolái Petróvitch?

"Yes."

"I have seen your father a couple of times; and I have heard a great deal about him,"—she continued;—"I am very glad to make your acquaintance."

At that moment, some adjutant or other flew up to her, and invited her for a quadrille. She accepted.

"Do you dance?"—asked Arkády respectfully.

"Yes. But what makes you think that I do not? Is it that I seem to you too old?"

"Good gracious, how can you! . . . In that case, permit me to invite you for the mazurka."

Madame Odíntzoff smiled graciously. "Very well,"—she said, and looked at Arkády, not exactly with condescension, but as married sisters look at very youthful brothers. Madame Odíntzoff was a little older than Arkády,—she was nine-and-twenty,—but in her presence he felt himself a school-boy, a student, as though the difference of years between them were much greater. Matvyéi Ílitch approached her with a majestic mien and obsequious speeches. Arkády stepped to one side, but continued to observe her: he never took his eyes from her during the entire course of the quadrille. She chatted with her partner as unconstrainedly as with the dignitary; she moved her head and eyes softly, and laughed softly a couple of times. Her nose, as is the case with most Russians, was rather thick, and her com-

plexion was not perfectly clear; notwithstanding this, Arkády made up his mind that he had never yet met so charming a woman. The sound of her voice did not quit his ears; it seemed as though the very folds of her gown fell differently from those of other women, in broader, more stately wise, and her movements were particularly flowing and natural, at one and the same time.

Arkády felt a certain timidity at heart when, at the first sounds of the mazurka,[1] he seated himself by the side of his lady, and, preparing to enter into conversation, merely passed his hand over his hair, and could find not a single word to say. But he did not remain quaking and agitated long; Madame Odíntzoff's composure communicated itself to him: a quarter of an hour had not elapsed before he was telling her about his father, his uncle, life in Petersburg and in the country. Madame Odíntzoff listened to him with polite interest, lightly opening and shutting her fan; his chit-chat ceased when cavaliers led her out; Sítnikoff, among others, invited her twice. She returned, sat down again, took up her fan, and her bosom did not even heave more rapidly, while Arkády began again to chatter, all permeated with happiness to find himself near her, to talk with her, gazing into her eyes, at her beautiful brow, at the whole of her lovely, dignified, and clever

[1] The mazurka greatly resembles the cotillon; but differs in the animated, graceful step peculiar to it, and its spirited *abandon*, when properly danced.—TRANSLATOR.

countenance. She herself talked little, but knowledge of life was revealed in her words: from some of her remarks, Arkády inferred that this young woman had already succeeded in feeling and thinking a great deal. . . .

"Who was that you were standing with,"—she asked him,—"when Mr. Sitnikoff led you up to me?"

"Did you notice him?"—asked Arkády in his turn.—"He has a splendid face, has n't he? He is a certain Bazaroff, my friend."

Arkády began to talk about "his friend."

He talked about him in such detail, and with such enthusiasm, that Madame Odintzoff turned toward him, and looked attentively at him. In the meantime, the mazurka was drawing to its close. Arkády was sorry to part from his lady: he had passed about an hour so pleasantly with her! To tell the truth, during the whole course of that time he had constantly felt as though she were condescending to him, as though he ought to be grateful to her . . . but young hearts are not oppressed by that feeling.

The music stopped. "*Merci.*"—said Madame Odintzoff, rising.—"You have promised to call on me: bring your friend with you. I have a great curiosity to see a man who has the boldness not to believe in anything."

The Governor approached Madame Odintzoff, announced that supper was ready, and, with a

careworn countenance, offered her his arm. As she walked away, she turned round to bestow a last smile and nod on Arkády. He bowed low, gazed after her (how slender her figure seemed to him, bathed in the greyish lustre of the black silk!), and thinking, "At this moment she has already forgotten my existence,"—he felt in his soul a sort of exquisite submission. . . .

"Well, what now?"—Bazároff asked Arkády, as soon as the latter returned to him in his corner. —"Hast thou had pleasure? A gentleman has just been telling me that that lady—oï, oï, oï; but, apparently, the gentleman is a fool. Well, and, in thy opinion, what is she,—really 'oï, oï, oï'?"

"I do not in the least understand that definition,"—replied Arkády.

"The idea! What innocence!"

"In that case, I do not understand your gentleman. Madame Odíntzoff is very lovely,—that is indisputable,—but she bears herself so coldly and strictly, that . . . . ."

"Still waters . . . thou knowest!"—put in Bazároff. "Thou sayest she is cold. That 's precisely where the savour comes in. Thou art fond of ice-cream, art thou not?"

"Perhaps," stammered Arkády.—"I cannot judge as to that. She wishes to make thy acquaintance, and has asked me to bring thee to her."

"I can imagine how thou hast described me!

However, thou hast done well. Take me. Whatever she may be, a simple provincial lioness, or an '*emancipée*' after the style of Madame Kukshín, I have not seen such shoulders as hers in a long time."

Arkády writhed at Bazároff's cynicism; and, as frequently happens, he reproved his friend, but not for the precise thing which he did not like in him. . . .

"Why art not thou willing to admit freedom of thought in women?"—he said in a low voice.

"Because, brother, according to my observations, only the monsters among women think freely."

At this the conversation terminated. Both young men went away immediately after supper. Madame Kukshín laughed behind their backs, in a nervously-venomous way, but not without trepidation: her vanity had been profoundly wounded by the fact that neither of them had paid her any attention. She remained later than any one else at the ball, and at three o'clock in the morning danced the polka-mazurka with Sítnikoff, in the Parisian style. And with this edifying spectacle the gubernatorial festival wound up.

XV

"Let us see to what class of mammals these persons belong,"—said Bazároff to Arkády on the following day, as, in company with him, he ascended the stairs of the hotel in which Madame Odíntzoff was stopping.—"My nose scents out that everything is not quite as it should be."

"I am amazed at thee!"—exclaimed Arkády.—"What? Thou, thou, Bazároff, art wedded to that narrow morality which . . . . ."

"What a queer fellow thou art!"—interrupted Bazároff carelessly.—"Is it possible that thou dost not know that in our jargon, and with the like of us, 'not quite as it should be' signifies 'as it should be'? It means there is something to be gained out of it. Didst not thou thyself say today that she had married strangely?—although, in my opinion, to marry a wealthy old man is not at all a strange affair, but, on the contrary, sensible. I do not believe the town gossip; but I like to think, as our cultured Governor says, that it is just."

Arkády made no reply and knocked at the door of the room. A young footman in livery conducted both friends into a large room, badly fur-

nished, like all rooms in Russian hotels, but filled with flowers. Madame Odíntzoff soon made her appearance in a simple morning gown. She seemed still younger, in the light of the spring sunshine. Arkády presented Bazároff to her, and observed, with secret surprise, that the latter appeared to be disconcerted, while Madame Odíntzoff remained perfectly tranquil, as on the preceding evening. Bazároff himself felt that he was confused, and he grew vexed. "There thou goest!—thou art afraid of a woman!" he thought; and lolling in an arm-chair, in a manner quite equal to Sítnikoff's, he began to talk with exaggerated freedom, while Madame Odíntzoff never took her bright eyes off him.

Anna Sergyéevna Odíntzoff was the daughter of Sergyéi Nikoláevitch Lókteff, a famous beauty, speculator, and gambler, who, after having held out and brawled for fifteen years in Petersburg and Moscow, had ended by utterly ruining himself at cards, and being compelled to settle down in the country, where, however, he speedily died, leaving a diminutive property to his two daughters, Anna, aged twenty, and Katerína, aged twelve years. Their mother, from the poverty-stricken race of the Princes X. . . . , had died in Petersburg while her husband was still in full feather. The position of Anna, after her father's death, was very painful. The brilliant education which she had received in Petersburg

had not prepared her for the endurance of cares connected with housekeeping and the house,—for dull country life. She knew positively no one in the whole neighbourhood, and had no one with whom to take counsel. Her father had endeavoured to avoid relations with the neighbours; he scorned them and they scorned him, each after his fashion. But she did not lose her head, and immediately wrote to her mother's sister, Princess Avdótya Stepánovna X. . . . , a malicious and conceited old woman, who, when she settled down in her nieces' house, appropriated to herself the best rooms, grumbled and growled from morning till night, and never walked, even in the garden, otherwise than attended by her solitary serf, a surly lackey in a threadbare, yellowish-grey livery, with blue galloons and a three-cornered hat. Anna patiently endured all her aunt's whims, occupied herself somewhat with her sister's education, and, apparently, had already reconciled herself to the idea of withering away in the wilds. . . . But fate decreed differently for her. A certain Odíntzoff saw her by accident, a very rich man of six-and-forty, an eccentric, a hypochondriac, plump, heavy, and sour, but not stupid, and not bad-tempered; he fell in love with her, and offered her his hand. She consented to be his wife,—and he lived with her six years, then died, having bequeathed his entire property to her. Anna Sergyéevna did not leave the coun-

try at all, for about a year after his death; then she and her sister went abroad, but sojourned only in Germany: she was bored, and returned to reside in her beloved Nikólskoe, which was situated about forty versts from the town of * * *. There she had a magnificent, well-furnished house, and a beautiful park, with hothouses: the late Odíntzoff had denied himself nothing. Anna Sergyéevna very rarely made her appearance in town, and then chiefly on business, and that not for long. She was not liked in the Government; there had been a great outcry over her marriage with Odíntzoff; all sorts of idle tales were narrated about her: it was asserted that she had aided her father in his cheating scrapes, that she had not gone abroad without a cause, compelled thereto to conceal the unfortunate consequences . . . . "You understand of what?"—the indignant narrators were wont to wind up.—"She has been through fire and water," they said of her; and the familiar governmental wit generally added: "and through brass trumpets." All these comments reached her; but she let them pass: she had a free and rather decided character.

Madame Odíntzoff sat, leaning against the back of her arm-chair, and, clasping her hands, she listened to Bazároff. Contrary to his wont, he talked a good deal, and evidently made efforts to

interest his interlocutor, which again surprised Arkády. He could not make up his mind whether Bazároff was attaining his object or not. It was difficult to divine from Anna Sergyéevna's face what impressions she was receiving: it preserved one and the same expression, courteous, refined; her beautiful eyes beamed with attention, but unperturbed attention. Bazároff's airs during the first moments of his visit had acted unpleasantly on her, like a bad smell or a harsh sound; but she immediately comprehended that he was suffering from confusion, and this was even flattering to her. Only the commonplace repelled her, and no one could have accused Bazároff of being commonplace. It was Arkády's fate to be kept in a constant state of wonderment on that day. He had anticipated that Bazároff would talk to Madame Odíntzoff, as she was a clever woman of his convictions and views: she herself had expressed a desire to listen to a man "who has the audacity to believe in nothing"; but, instead of that, Bazároff talked of medicine, of homœopathy, of botany. It turned out that Madame Odíntzoff had not wasted her time in her isolation: she had read several good books, and expressed herself in correct Russian. She turned the conversation on music, but perceiving that Bazároff did not recognise art, she quietly returned to botany, although Arkády had started in to discuss the significance of

popular melodies. Madame Odíntzoff continued to treat him like a younger brother; apparently, she prized in him the goodness and simple-mindedness of youth—and that was all. The conversation lasted more than three hours, leisurely, varied, and animated.

At last the friends rose and began to take leave. Anna Sergyéevna gazed cordially at them, offered each of them her beautiful, white hand, and, after brief reflection, she said, with a decided but agreeable smile:—"If you are not afraid of being bored, gentlemen, come to visit me at Nikólskoe."

"Really, Anna Sergyéevna,"—exclaimed Arkády,—"I shall regard it as a special happiness. . . ."

"And you, Monsieur Bazároff?"

Bazároff merely bowed,—and Arkády was obliged, for the last time, to marvel: he had observed that his friend was blushing.

"Well?"—said he to him in the street:—"art thou still of the same opinion, that she is—'oï, oï, oï'?"

"Who knows! Thou seest how she froze herself!"—retorted Bazároff, and, after a pause, he added:—"A duchess, a reigning personage. All she needs is to wear a train behind her and a crown on her head."

"Our duchesses do not speak Russian like that,"—remarked Arkády.

" She has been made over, my dear fellow; she has eaten our bread."

" And, nevertheless, she is charming,"—said Arkády.

" Such a rich body!"—went on Bazároff:—" she might go straight into the anatomical theatre."

" Stop, for God's sake, Evgény! Who ever heard the like!"

" Well, don't get angry, softy. I have said it—she 's first class. We must go to her house."

" When?"

" Why, suppose we make it the day after to-morrow. What is there for us to do here! Drink champagne with Madame Kukshín? Listen to thy relative, the liberal big-wig? So let 's flit out there the day after to-morrow. By the way, too, my father's little manor-house is not far from there. That Nikólskoe is on the *** road, is n't it?"

" Yes."

" *Optime.* There's no use in hesitating; only fools hesitate—and wise men. I tell thee: 't is a rich body!"

Three days later, both friends were driving along the road to Nikólskoe. The day was bright, and not too hot, and the fat posting-horses trotted briskly, slightly twitching their twisted and plaited tails. Arkády gazed at the road, and smiled, without himself knowing why.

"Congratulate me,"—exclaimed Bazároff suddenly,—"to-day is the twenty-second of June, the day of my guardian angel. Let us see how he takes care of me. They are expecting me at home to-day," he added, lowering his voice. . . . "Well, let them wait; it 's of no great importance!"

XVI

The manor-house in which dwelt Anna Sergyéevna stood on a sloping, open hill, not far from a yellow stone church with a green roof, white pillars, and an al fresco painting over the principal entrance, representing the "Resurrection of Christ," in the "Italian" taste. Especially noteworthy for his rounded contours was a swarthy warrior, in a short jacket, who sprawled over the foreground. Behind the church, in two long rows, extended the village, with chimneys peeping above the straw thatches here and there. The manor-house was spacious, in the same style with the church—the style which is known among us by the name of the Alexandrine; this house also was painted yellow, and had a green roof and white pillars, and a pediment with a coat of arms. The governmental architect had erected both buildings, with the approbation of the deceased Odíntzoff, who could not tolerate any empty and new-fangled caprices, as he expressed it. Close to the house on both sides lay the dusky trees of the ancient park; an avenue of clipped firs led to the entrance.

Our friends were received in the anteroom by

two robust footmen in livery; one of them immediately ran for the butler. The butler, a fat man in a black dress-coat, immediately presented himself, and directed the guests over the rug-covered staircase to a special room, where already stood two beds, with all the accessories of the toilet. It was evident that order reigned in the house: everything was clean, and there was some agreeable perfume everywhere about, just as in ministerial receptions.

"Anna Sergyéevna begs that you will come to her in half an hour,"—announced the butler:—"have you no orders to give in the meanwhile?"

"We have no orders, my most respected,"—replied Bazároff:—"unless you will be so good as to bring a glass of vódka."

"I obey, sir,"—said the butler, not without surprise, and retired, with squeaking boots.

"What *grand genre!*"—remarked Bazároff:—"I believe that is what it is called in your language? A duchess, and that's all there is about it."

"A good duchess,"—replied Arkády;—"the very first time she met such mighty aristocrats as thou and I, she invited us to her house."

"Especially I, who am a medical man, the son of a medical man, the grandson of a chanter. . . . Of course thou knewest that I am the grandson of a chanter?"

"Like Speránsky,"[1]—added Bazároff, after a brief silence and curling his lips. "But she has indulged herself, all the same; okh, how this lady has indulged herself. Ought not we to don our dress-suits?"

Arkády merely shrugged his shoulders; . . . but he, too, felt some agitation.

Half an hour later Bazároff and Arkády entered the drawing-room. It was a spacious, lofty room, furnished with considerable luxury, but without any particular taste. The heavy, costly furniture stood in the customary affected order along the walls, which were covered with light-brown paper with gilded flowers. Odíntzoff had ordered it from Moscow through his friend and commissioner, a liquor dealer. Over the central divan hung the portrait of a shrivelled, fair-haired man,—and it seemed to be staring at the visitors in a hostile manner. "It must be he," whispered Bazároff, and wrinkling up his nose, he added, "Shan't we decamp?"

But at that moment the hostess entered. She wore a light barege gown; her hair, brushed smoothly behind her ears, imparted a virginal expression to her pure, fresh face.

"Thank you for having kept your word,"—she began;—"stay a while with me: it really is not bad here. I will introduce you to my sister; she

[1] Speránsky rose to be a Count, and a Minister of Alexander I.—TRANSLATOR.

plays well on the piano. That makes no difference to you, M'sieu Bazároff; but I think you are fond of music, M'sieu Kirsánoff; in addition to my sister, my old aunt lives with me, and a neighbour sometimes drops in to play cards: that is our entire society. But now let us sit down."

Madame Odíntzoff uttered this little speech with peculiar distinctness, as though she had committed it to memory; then she turned to Arkády. It appeared that her mother had known Arkády's mother, and had even been the confidante of her love for Nikolái Petróvitch. Arkády began to talk with fervour about the dead woman; and, in the meantime, Bazároff occupied himself with inspecting the albums. "What a meek individual I have become," he said to himself.

A handsome greyhound, with a blue collar, ran into the drawing-room, clattering his claws on the floor, and after him entered a young girl of eighteen, with black hair and brown complexion, a rather chubby but pleasing face, and small dark eyes. She held in her hand a basket filled with flowers. "Here is my Kátya," said Madame Odíntzoff, indicating her by a movement of the head.

Kátya made a slight curtsey, placed herself beside her sister, and began to sort over her flowers. The greyhound, whose name was Fifi, approached each visitor in turn, wagging his tail, and thrust his cold nose into the hand of each of them.

"Didst thou pluck all those thyself?"—asked Madame Odíntzoff.

"Yes,"—replied Kátya.

"And is aunty coming to tea?"

"Yes."

When Kátya spoke she smiled very prettily, bashfully, and candidly, and looked upwards from below in a comically-grim manner. Everything about her was still extremely youthful: her voice, and the fine down all over her face, and her rosy hands, with whitish circles on the palms, and her rather cramped shoulders. . . She was incessantly blushing and hastily catching her breath.

Madame Odíntzoff turned to Bazároff.—"You are looking at those pictures out of politeness, Evgény Vasílitch,"—she began.—"They do not interest you. You had better move up nearer us, and we will get into an argument over something or other."

Bazároff approached.—"What shall we argue about?"—he said.

"About anything you like. I warn you that I am a frightfully quarrelsome person."

"You?"

"Yes, I. That seems to surprise you. Why?"

"Because, so far as I can judge, you have a calm and cold nature, and for dispute enthusiasm is necessary."

"How is it that you have succeeded in finding me out so promptly? In the first place, I am im-

patient and persistent: ask Kátya if I am not; and, in the second place, I am very easily aroused to enthusiasm."

Bazároff looked at Anna Sergyéevna.—"Perhaps you ought to know best. So you would like to dispute,—very well. I have been looking over the views of the Saxon Switzerland in your album, and you have remarked to me that that could not interest me. You said that because you do not suspect me of having artistic sense,—and, as a matter of fact, I have not; but I might take an interest in those pictures from a geological point of view—from the point of view of the formation of mountains, for example."

"Excuse me; as a geologist you would be more likely to have recourse to a book, to a special work, and not to a drawing."

"The drawing presents to me at a glance that which in the book is set forth in ten whole pages."

Anna Sergyéevna was silent for a while.

"And have you really not a tiny drop of artistic sense?"—she said, setting her elbows on the table, and by that very movement bringing her face closer to Bazároff.—"How do you get along without it?"

"What is the use of it, permit me to inquire?"

"Why, if for nothing else, that one may learn how to understand and study people."

Bazároff laughed.—"In the first place, the ex-

perience of life exists for that purpose; and, in the second place, I must inform you that it is not worth while to study separate individuals. All people resemble one another, in soul as in body; each one of us has brain, spleen, heart, lungs, of identical structure; and the so-called moral qualities are exactly alike in all: the slight difference of aspect signifies nothing. One specimen of humanity is sufficient to enable us to judge of all the rest. Men are like the trees in a forest—not a single botanist will busy himself with each separate birch."

Kátya, who was matching flower to flower in a leisurely way, raised her eyes to Bazároff in surprise,—and encountering his swift and careless glance, flushed crimson to her very ears. Anna Sergyéevna shook her head.

"The trees in the forest,"—she repeated.—"So, according to you, there is no difference between a stupid and a clever man, between a good one and a bad one."

"Yes, there is: as there is between a well man and a sick one. The lungs of the consumptive are not in the same conditions as yours and mine are, although they are constructed in the same manner. We know, approximately, whence come bodily ailments; but moral ailments proceed from a bad education, from all sorts of nonsense with which people's heads are stuffed from their infancy, from the abnormal condition of society—in

a word, reform society, and there will be no disease."

Bazároff said all this with an aspect which seemed to indicate that, at the same time, he was saying to himself: "Whether you believe me or not, it 's all one to me!" He slowly drew his long fingers through his side-whiskers and his eyes wandered about the corners of the room.

"And you assume,"—said Anna Sergyéevna,—"that when society shall have been reformed there will be no more stupid, no more wicked, men?"

"At all events, with a regular arrangement of society, it will not matter whether a man is stupid or clever, wicked or good."

"Yes, I understand; all will have identically the same spleen."

"Precisely that, madam."

Madame Odíntzoff turned to Arkády.—"And what is your opinion, Arkády Nikoláevitch?"

"I agree with Evgény,"—he replied.

Kátya cast a sidelong glance at him.

"You amaze me, gentlemen,"—said Madame Odíntzoff;—"but we will discuss this later on. And now I hear my aunt coming to drink tea; we must spare her ears."

Anna Sergyéevna's aunt, Princess X . . . , a thin, small woman, with a face about the size of one's fist, and staring, malicious eyes beneath her grey wig, entered, and hardly saluting the visitors,

dropped down in a capacious velvet arm-chair, in which no one except herself had a right to sit. Kátya placed a stool under her feet; the old woman did not thank her, did not even look at her, only moved her hands about under the yellow shawl, which covered almost the whole of her puny body. The Princess loved yellow: she also had bright yellow ribbons on her cap.

"How have you slept, aunty?"—asked Madame Odíntzoff, lowering her voice.

"There 's that dog here again,"—growled the old woman in response; and noticing that Fifi took a couple of undecided steps in her direction, she cried out: "Scat! scat!"

Kátya called Fifi, and opened the door for him.

Fifi rushed joyously forth, in the hope that he would be taken for a walk, but on finding himself alone outside the door, began to scratch and whine. The Princess frowned. Kátya started to go out. . . .

"Tea is ready, I think?"—said Madame Odíntzoff.—"Come, gentlemen; aunty, please come and drink tea."

The Princess rose in silence from her chair and left the drawing-room first. All followed her to the dining-room. A page-boy in livery noisily moved away from the table a chair garnished with pillows, also sacred to her use, in which the Princess seated herself; Kátya, when she poured the tea, served her first in a cup with a painted coat

of arms. The old woman put honey in her cup (she thought it sinful to drink tea with sugar,[1] and expensive, although she herself did not spend a farthing on this), and suddenly inquired, in a hoarse voice: "And what does *Prance* Iván write?"

No one answered her. Bazároff and Arkády speedily divined that no one paid any attention to her, although they treated her respectfully. "For the sake of maintaining their dignity, because she is a princely sprig," thought Bazároff. . . After tea Anna Sergyéevna suggested that they should go for a stroll, but a fine rain began to fall, and the whole company, with the exception of the Princess, returned to the drawing-room. The neighbour who was fond of cards, by name Porfíry Platónitch, arrived,—a fat, grey-haired man, with short legs, which looked just as though they had been turned in a lathe, a very polite and entertaining person. Anna Sergyéevna, who had been chatting principally with Bazároff, asked him whether he would not like to have an old-fashioned battle at preference with him. Bazároff consented, saying that he must prepare himself in advance for the duties of a country doctor which awaited him.

"Take care,"—remarked Anna Sergyéevna,—

[1] Probably, on the same ground that the devout do not use sugar during the Church fasts, viz., because it is clarified with blood—an animal substance.—TRANSLATOR.

"Porfíry Platónitch and I shall beat you. And do thou, Kátya,"—she added,—"play something for Arkády Nikoláevitch; he is fond of music, and we will listen also."

Kátya went unwillingly to the piano; and Arkády, although he really was fond of music, unwillingly followed her: it seemed to him that Madame Odíntzoff was sending him away,—and in his heart, as in the heart of every young man of his age, there was seething an agitated and oppressive feeling, resembling a presentiment of love. Kátya raised the lid of the piano, and, without looking at Arkády, said in an undertone:

"What shall I play for you?"

"Whatever you like,"—replied Arkády indifferently.

"What sort of music do you prefer?"—repeated Kátya, without changing her position.

"Classical,"—replied Arkády, in the same tone.

"Do you like Mozart?"

"Yes."

Kátya got Mozart's Sonata-Fantasia in C minor. She played very well, although rather severely and dryly. She sat motionless and stiff, never taking her eyes from her notes, and with lips tightly compressed, and only toward the end of the sonata did her face grow flushed, and a little strand of uncurled hair fall on her forehead.

Arkády was particularly struck by the last

part of the sonata—by that part in which, through the enchanting mirth of the care-free melody, bursts of such mournful, almost tragic woe, suddenly penetrate. . . But the thoughts evoked in him by the strains of Mozart did not refer to Kátya. As he gazed at her he merely thought: "Really, this young lady does not play badly, and she herself is not bad-looking."

When she had finished the sonata Kátya inquired, without removing her hands from the keys, "Is that enough?" Arkády declared that he did not dare to inconvenience her further, and began to talk to her about Mozart; he asked her whether she had chosen that sonata herself, or had some one recommended it to her? But Kátya answered him in monosyllables: she *had hidden herself,* retreated into herself. When that happened with her she did not speedily come to the surface; at such times her very face assumed an obstinate, almost stupid expression. She was not precisely shy, but distrustful and rather terrified by her sister, who had reared her, which the latter, of course, did not even suspect. Arkády ended by calling up Fifi, who had returned, and, by way of keeping himself in countenance, began to stroke his head, smiling benevolently. Kátya betook herself again to her flowers.

And, in the meantime, Bazároff kept losing and losing. Anna Sergyéevna played a masterly hand at cards; Porfíry Platónitch also could

stand up for himself. Bazároff was the loser, and although not to any considerable extent, yet it was not altogether pleasant for him. After supper Anna Sergyéevna turned the conversation upon botany again.

"Let us go for a walk to-morrow morning,"—she said to him;—"I wish to learn from you the Latin names of the field-plants and their properties."

"What do you want with the Latin names?"—asked Bazároff.

"One must have order in everything,"—she replied.

"What a marvellous woman Anna Sergyéevna is,"—exclaimed Arkády, when he was alone with his friend in the chamber assigned to them.

"Yes,"—replied Bazároff,—"a woman with a brain. Well, and she has seen sights."

"In what sense dost thou say that, Evgény Vasílitch?"

"In a good sense, a good sense, my dear Arkády Nikoláevitch! I am convinced that she manages her estate excellently. But the marvel is not she, but her sister."

"What? That brown-faced little thing?"

"Yes, that brown-faced little thing. She 's fresh, and unsullied, and timid, and taciturn, and anything you like. That 's a person one can get interested in. You can make of her anything you

take it into your head to make; but the other—is a shrewd creature."

Arkády made no reply to Bazároff, and both of them lay down to sleep with special thoughts in their heads.

And Anna Sergyéevna on that same evening was thinking of her guests. She liked Bazároff—his absence of coquetry and the very harshness of his judgments. She discerned in him something new which she had not hitherto chanced to encounter, and she was curious.

Anna Sergyéevna was rather a strange being. Devoid of prejudices, devoid even of any strong beliefs, she yielded to no one and followed no one. She saw much clearly, much interested her, and nothing completely satisfied her; and complete satisfaction was hardly what she wanted. Her mind was inquisitive and indifferent at one and the same time: her doubts were never appeased to forgetfulness and never increased to alarm. Had she not been wealthy and independent, she might possibly have flung herself into the fray and have known passion. . . But life was easy for her, although she was sometimes bored; she continued to pass day after day in a leisurely manner, only growing agitated now and then. Rainbow hues sometimes flashed up before her eyes also, but she breathed more freely when they had faded away, and she did not regret them. Her imagination carried her even beyond the bounds

of that which, according to the ordinary laws of morality, is considered permissible; but even then her blood flowed as quietly as ever in her entrancingly-stately and tranquil body. There were times when, on emerging from a perfumed bath, all warm and enervated, she took to meditating upon the insignificance of life, its woe, toil and evil. . . Her soul would be filled with sudden audacity, would seethe with noble aspiration; but let a draught blow through the half-open window and Anna Sergyéevna would shrink together, and complain and almost wax angry, and she wanted only one thing at such moments: that that hateful wind should not blow upon her.

Like all women who have not managed to fall in love, she wanted something—precisely what she did not know. As a matter of fact, she wanted nothing, although it seemed to her that she wanted everything. She had barely tolerated the late Odíntzoff (she had married him from calculation, although, in all probability, she would not have consented to be his wife if she had not regarded him as a kind man), and had acquired a secret disgust for all men, whom she pictured to herself as dirty, heavy and indolent, impotently tiresome beings. Once, somewhere abroad, she had met a young man, a handsome Swede, with a knightly expression of countenance, with honest blue eyes beneath an open brow; he had made a strong im-

pression upon her, but this had not prevented her returning to Russia.

"A strange man, that doctor!" she thought, as she lay down in her magnificent bed on her lace pillows under a light silken coverlet. . . . Anna Sergyéevna had inherited from her father a portion of his inclination for luxury. She had been very fond of her sinful but kind father, and he had idolised her, had jested with her in friendly wise as with an equal, and had trusted her utterly —had taken counsel with her. She hardly remembered her mother.

"That doctor is a strange fellow!" she repeated to herself. She stretched herself, smiled, threw her arms behind her head, then ran her eyes over the pages of a couple of dull French romances—and fell asleep, all pure and cold, in her clean and perfumed linen.

On the following morning Anna Sergyéevna, immediately after breakfast, went off to botanise with Bazároff, and returned home just before dinner; Arkády did not go off anywhere, and spent about an hour with Kátya. He did not find himself bored in her society; she offered of her own accord to repeat for him the sonata she had played on the day before; but when, at last, Madame Odíntzoff returned, when he beheld her—his heart instantly contracted within him. . . . She was walking through the garden with a somewhat fatigued step; her cheeks were of a vivid

scarlet, and her eyes were shining more brilliantly than usual beneath her round straw hat. She was twirling in her fingers the slender stem of a wild flower, her light mantilla had slipped down to her elbows, and the broad grey ribbons of her hat clung closely to her bosom. Bazároff was walking behind her in a self-confident, careless way, as always, but the expression of his face, although it was cheerful and even bland, did not please Arkády. Muttering through his teeth, "Good morning!"—Bazároff went off to his room, and Madame Odíntzoff shook hands with Arkády in a preoccupied way, and also walked on past him.

"Good morning," — thought Arkády. . . . "But have we not seen each other already to-day?"

XVII

It is a familiar fact that time sometimes flies like a bird, sometimes crawls like a worm; but a man is particularly happy when he does not notice whether it is passing swiftly or slowly. In precisely this manner did Arkády and Bazároff spend a fortnight at Madame Odíntzoff's. This result was contributed to by the order which she had introduced into her household and her life. She adhered strictly to it, and made others conform to it also. Throughout the whole day everything was done at an appointed time. In the morning, exactly at eight o'clock, the whole company assembled for tea; from tea until breakfast each one did whatever he wished, and the hostess busied herself with her steward (the estate was managed on the quit-rent system), with her butlers, and with the head-housekeeper. Before dinner the company again assembled for conversation or reading; the evening was devoted to strolls, cards, music; at half-past ten Anna Sergyéevna retired to her own room, issued orders for the following day, and went to bed. Bazároff did not like this measured, somewhat solemn regularity of daily life: "You roll along as though

on rails," he asserted; the liveried lackeys, the stately butlers, offended his democratic feeling. He thought that if it had come to that then they ought to dine in English fashion, in dress-suits and white ties. One day he stated his views on this point to Anna Sergyéevna. She bore herself in such a manner that any man could, without circumlocution, express his opinions in her presence. She heard him out, and said: "From your point of view, you are right—and, perhaps, in that case, —I am a gentlewoman; but one cannot live without order in the country,—one would be bored to death,"—and went on in her own way. Bazároff grumbled, but he and Arkády found life easy at Madame Odíntzoff's, because everything in her house did "run as though on rails." Nevertheless, both young men underwent a change from the very first days of their stay at Nikólskoe. A trepidation hitherto non-existent made its appearance in Bazároff, whom Anna Sergyéevna obviously favoured: he was easily irritated, talked unwillingly, wore an angry aspect, and could not sit still in one place, just as though something made him uneasy; and Arkády, who had finally decided in his own mind that he was in love with Madame Odíntzoff, began to surrender himself to gentle melancholy. However, this melancholy did not prevent his becoming intimate with Kátya; it even aided him to enter into friendly, affectionate relations with her. "*She* does not

appreciate me! So be it! . . . But here is a kind being who will not spurn me," he thought, and his heart again tasted the sweetness of magnanimous sentiments. Kátya dimly comprehended that he was seeking some sort of consolation in her society, and did not refuse to him or to herself the innocent gratification of a half-bashful, half-confiding friendship. They did not talk to each other in the presence of Anna Sergyéevna: Kátya always contracted beneath her sister's keen glance, and Arkády, as was befitting a man in love, in the presence of his adored object could not devote any attention to anything else; but he was happy alone with Kátya. He felt that he was not capable of interesting Madame Odíntzoff; he became timid and lost his presence of mind when he was left alone with her; and she did not know what to say to him: he was too young for her. On the other hand, with Kátya Arkády was at home, as it were; he treated her condescendingly, did not interfere with her expressing the impressions awakened in her by music, the perusal of novels, of poetry, and by other trifles, without himself perceiving or acknowledging that these *trifles* interested him. Arkády was at ease with Kátya, Madame Odíntzoff with Bazároff, and consequently this was the usual order of things: the two couples after remaining a short time together went their separate ways, especially during rambles. Kátya *adored* nature, and Arkády loved it,

although he did not dare to confess it; Madame Odíntzoff was quite indifferent to it, as was also Bazároff. The almost constant separation of our friends did not remain without results: the relations between them began to undergo a change. Bazároff ceased to talk to Arkády about Madame Odíntzoff, ceased even to revile her "aristocratic habits"; it is true that he lauded Kátya as before, and only advised that her sentimental tendencies should be checked, but his praises were hasty, his advice curt, and, in general, he talked much less to Arkády than of yore: . . . he seemed to shun him, as though he were ashamed in his presence. . . .

Arkády observed all this, but kept his observations to himself.

The real cause of all this "novelty" was the sentiment with which Madame Odíntzoff had inspired Bazároff—a sentiment which tortured and enraged him, and which he would have spurned on the instant, with scornful laughter and cynical sneers, had any one hinted, even distantly, at the possibility of that which had taken place in him, Bazároff. Bazároff was very fond of women and of feminine beauty, but love in the ideal, or, as he expressed it, the romantic sense, he called balderdash, unpardonable folly; regarded chivalrous sentiments as a sort of deformity or malady, and had more than once given utterance to his amazement at their not having put Toggenburg,

along with all his minnesingers and troubadours, in a mad-house! "If a woman pleases you," he had been wont to say, "try to get to the bottom of the business; but if that is impossible, well, you don't want her: turn away, she's not the only one in the world." Madame Odíntzoff pleased him: the rumours in circulation about her, the freedom and independence of her thoughts, her indubitable liking for him,—everything, apparently, spoke in his favour; but he speedily comprehended that with her one could not "get to the bottom of the business," and that, to his own amazement, he had not the strength to turn away from her. His blood began to boil as soon as he called her to mind; he could easily have controlled his blood, but something else had taken up its abode in him, which he in nowise admitted, over which he was forever sneering, which revolted his pride. In his conversations with Anna Sergyéevna he more than ever expressed his indifferent scorn for everything romantic; and when he was left alone he recognised with wrath the romantic in himself. Then he went off to the forest and roamed about it in huge strides, breaking the boughs which came in his way, and cursing in an undertone both her and himself; or he ensconced himself in the hay-loft, in a shed, and, obstinately shutting his eyes, he forced himself to sleep, which, as a matter of course, he did not always succeed in doing. All

at once it would seem to him as though those chaste arms were encircling his neck, those proud lips were responding to his kisses, those intelligent eyes were riveted tenderly,—yes, tenderly,—on his eyes, and his head would begin to reel, and he would forget himself for a moment until indignation again flared up within him. He caught himself in all sorts of "shameful" thoughts, as though a demon were tormenting him. It sometimes seemed to him that a change was taking place in Madame Odíntzoff, that in the expression of her face something peculiar had made its appearance, but that possibly. . . . But at this point he generally stamped his foot, or gnashed his teeth, and menaced himself with his clenched fist.

Nevertheless, Bazároff was not mistaken. He had struck Madame Odíntzoff's imagination; he interested her, and she thought a great deal about him. She was not bored in his absence, she did not wait for him, but his appearance immediately imparted animation to her; she willingly remained alone with him, and liked to talk with him, even when he angered her, or offended her taste, her elegant habits. She seemed to be desirous of both testing him and sounding herself.

One day as he was strolling in the garden with her he suddenly said, in a surly voice, that he intended soon to go away to the village to his father. . . She turned pale, as though something had stung her heart, and stung it in such wise that

she was surprised, and meditated for a long time what this might mean. Bazároff had informed her of his departure, not with the idea of putting her to the test to see what would come of it: he never "invented." On the morning of that day he had had an interview with his father's manager, his former valet, Timoféitch. This Timoféitch, an experienced and alert old man, with faded yellow hair, weather-beaten red face, and tiny tear-drops in his blinking eyes, had unexpectedly presented himself to Bazároff in his short overcoat of thick, greyish-blue cloth, girt with a fragment of leather, and in tarred boots.

"Ah, old man, how art thou!"—exclaimed Bazároff.

"Good morning, dear little father Evgény Vasílitch,"—began the little old man, and smiled joyously, which caused his whole face suddenly to be covered with wrinkles.

"Why art thou come? Have they sent thee for me?"

"Good gracious, dear little father, how can you think that!"—lisped Timoféitch (he called to mind the strict orders he had received from his master when he set out).—"I was going to town on business and heard about your grace, so I turned aside on the way, that is—to have a look at your grace; . . . . but how could any one feel uneasy?"

"Come, don't lie,"—Bazároff interrupted him.

—"Dost thou mean to say that thy road to town lies here?" Timoféitch hesitated and made no reply.—"Is my father well?"

"Yes. Glory to God, sir."

"And my mother?"

"And Arína Vlásievna also, glory to Thee, O Lord."

"I suppose they are expecting me!"

The little old man hung his tiny head on one side,—"Akh, Evgény Vasílievitch, how can they help expecting you, sir! As you believe in God, my heart has ached as I looked at your parents."

"Well, very good, very good! Don't describe it. Tell them that I will come soon."

"I obey, sir,"—replied Timoféitch, with a sigh.

As he emerged from the house he banged his cap down on his head with both hands, climbed into the mean racing drozhky which he had left at the gate, and drove off at a trot, only not in the direction of the town.

On the evening of the same day Madame Odíntzoff was sitting in her room with Bazároff, while Arkády was pacing the music-room and listening to Kátya's playing. The Princess had retired to her own room up-stairs; in general, she could not bear visitors, and in particular these "sans culottes," as she called them. In the state apartments she did nothing but pout; on the other hand, in her own room, in the presence of her maid, she sometimes broke out into such abuse

that her cap flew off her head in company with her wig. Madame Odíntzoff was aware of this.

"Why are you preparing to leave,"—she began;—"and how about your promise?"

Bazároff started.—"What promise, madam?"

"Have you forgotten? You were to give me a few lessons in chemistry."

"What is to be done, ma'am? My father expects me; I can delay no longer. However, you can read: Pelouze et Frémy, 'Notions Générales de Chimie'; it is a good book and clearly written. In it you will find everything that is necessary."

"But remember you assured me that a book cannot take the place .... I have forgotten how you expressed yourself, but you know what I want to say, ... do you remember?"

"What is to be done, ma'am?"—repeated Bazároff.

"Why go?"—said Madame Odíntzoff, lowering her voice.

He glanced at her. She had thrown her head against the back of the arm-chair and had crossed her hands—her arms were bare to the elbow—on her lap. She seemed paler by the light of the solitary lamp, shaded by a network of cut paper. Her ample white gown almost completely covered her with its soft folds; the tips of her feet, which were also crossed, were barely visible.

"And why stay?"—replied Bazároff.

Madame Odíntzoff turned her head slightly.—

"What do you mean by asking why? Don't you find things cheerful in my house? Or do you think that no one will regret you here?"

"I am convinced of that."

Madame Odíntzoff was silent for a space.—"You are mistaken in thinking so. However, I do not believe you. You cannot have said that seriously."

Bazároff continued to sit there motionless.—"Evgény Vasílievitch, why do not you speak?"

"But what can I say to you? It is not worth while to regret people in general, and me in particular."

"Why so?"

"I am a sedate, uninteresting man. I do not know how to talk."

"You are begging for a compliment, Evgény Vasílievitch."

"That is not my habit. Do not you know yourself that the elegant side of life is inaccessible to me, the side which you value so highly?"

Madame Odíntzoff nibbled the corner of her handkerchief.—"Think what you like, but I shall find it dull when you are gone."

"Arkády will remain,"—remarked Bazároff.

Madame Odíntzoff shrugged her shoulders slightly.—"I shall find it dull,"—she repeated.

"Really? In any case, you will not be bored long."

"Why do you assume that?"

"Because you yourself have told me that you are bored only when your order is disturbed. You have arranged your life in such an impeccably-regular manner that there can be no room in it for irksomeness or dulness . . . or for any painful feelings."

"And you think that I am impeccable? . . . that is to say, that I have arranged my life in such a regular manner?"

"Certainly! Here, for example: in a few minutes the clock will strike ten, and I know beforehand that you will drive me away."

"No, I shall not drive you away, Evgény Vasílievitch. You may stay. Open that window. . . I feel stifled for some reason."

Bazároff rose and pushed the window. It immediately flew open with a bang. . . He had not expected that it would open so readily; moreover, his hands were trembling. The dark, soft night peered into the room with its almost black sky, faintly rustling trees, and fresh odour of the open, pure air.

"Pull down the shade and sit down,"—said Madame Odíntzoff:—"I want to have a chat with you before your departure. Tell me something about yourself; you never talk about yourself."

"I try to talk to you about useful subjects, Anna Sergyéevna."

"You are very modest. . . But I should like to know something about you, about your family,

about your father, for whom you are abandoning us."

"Why does she say such words?" thought Bazároff.

"All that is not in the least interesting,"—he articulated aloud:—"especially for you; we are ordinary people. . . . ."

"And I, in your opinion, am an aristocrat?"

Bazároff raised his eyes to Madame Odíntzoff. —"Yes," he said, with exaggerated sharpness.

She laughed.—"I see that you know me very little, although you assert that all people are alike, and that it is not worth while to study them. I will narrate the story of my life to you some day; . . . . . but first you must tell me yours."

"I know you very little,"—repeated Bazároff. —"Perhaps you are right; perhaps, in reality, every human being is—a riddle. Just take yourself, for example: you shun society, it is a burden to you,—and you have invited two students to reside with you. Why do you, with your mind, with your beauty, live in the country?"

"What? What is that you said?"—Madame Odíntzoff caught him up with animation—"With my . . . . . beauty?"

Bazároff frowned.—"That is nothing,"—he muttered;—"I wanted to say that I do not thoroughly understand why you have settled down in the country."

"You do not understand that. . . . But you explain it to yourself in some way or other?"

"Yes; . . . . . I suppose you remain constantly in one place because you have indulged yourself, because you love comfort, ease, and are very indifferent to everything else."

Madame Odíntzoff laughed again.—"You are positively determined not to believe that I am capable of being carried away?"

Bazároff cast a sidelong glance at her.—"By curiosity,—perhaps, but not otherwise."

"Really? Well, now I understand why you and I have become friends; for you are just such a person as myself."

"We have become friends . . . ." said Bazároff, dully.

"Yes! . . . . but I had forgotten that you want to go away."

Bazároff rose. The lamp burned dimly in the centre of the shadowy, perfumed, isolated room; through the curtain, which fluttered now and then, the exhilarating freshness of the night was wafted in, its mysterious whispering was audible. Madame Odíntzoff did not move a single member, but a secret agitation was gradually seizing hold upon her. . . . It communicated itself to Bazároff. She suddenly became conscious that he was alone with a young and beautiful woman. . . .

"Where are you going?"—she said slowly.

He made no reply and dropped into a chair.

"So you regard me as a calm, effeminate, spoiled being,"—she went on in the same tone, never taking her eyes from the window.—"But as for me, I know as to myself that I am unhappy."

"You are unhappy! Why? Is it possible that you can attach any significance to vile gossip?"

Madame Odíntzoff knit her brows. She was vexed that he had understood her in that way.

"That gossip does not even disturb me, Evgény Vasílievitch, and I am too proud to permit it to worry me. I am unhappy because . . . I have no wish, no desire to live. You look at me incredulously; you are thinking: An 'aristocrat,' all covered with lace and seated in a velvet armchair, is saying that. And I do not dissimulate: I do love what you call comfort, and, at the same time, I have very little desire to live. Accept this contradiction as you like. However, all this is romanticism in your eyes."

Bazároff shook his head.—"You are healthy, independent, rich; what more do you require? What do you want?"

"What do I want?"—repeated Madame Odíntzoff, and sighed.—"I am very weary; I am old; it seems to me that I have been living for a very great while. Yes, I am old,"—she added, gently drawing the ends of her mantilla over her bare arms.—Her eyes encountered Bazároff's

eyes, and she blushed faintly.—"There are so many memories behind me: life in Petersburg, wealth, then poverty, then my father's death, marriage, then a trip abroad, as was proper. . . . Many memories, but it is not worth while to recall them; and before me—is a long, long road, but I have no goal. . . And I do not want to go on."

"Are you so disenchanted?"—asked Bazároff.

"No,"—rejoined Madame Odíntzoff brokenly,—"but I am dissatisfied. I think that if I could become strongly attached to anything . ."

"You want to fall in love,"—Bazároff interrupted her,—"and you cannot fall in love; therein lies your misfortune."

Madame Odíntzoff inspected the sleeve of her wrap.

"Cannot I fall in love?"—she said.

"Hardly! Only I erred in calling that a misfortune. On the contrary, he is rather deserving of compassion to whom that fate befalls."

"Befalls,—what?"

"To fall in love."

"And how do you know that?"

"By hearsay,"—replied Bazároff angrily.

"Thou art flirting," he thought; "thou art bored and art teasing me for the lack of something to do, and I . . . ." In fact, his heart was fairly breaking.

"Besides, you may be too exacting,"—he said,

bending his whole body forward and playing with the fringe on the arm-chair.

"Possibly. According to my view, it is all or nothing. A life for a life. Thou hast taken mine, hand over thine, and then we can proceed without regret and without return. Otherwise, better let it alone."

"What then?"—remarked Bazároff.—"That condition is perfectly just, and I am surprised that up to this time you . . . . have not found what you want."

"But do you think it is easy to surrender one's self entirely to anything whatever?"

"It is not easy if one takes to reflecting and waiting and sets a value on one's self—esteems one's self, that is; but to surrender one's self without reflection is very easy."

"But how can one help valuing one's self? If I have no value, who wants my devotion?"

"That is no affair of mine; it is the affair of some one else to examine into the question of my value. The principal thing is to know how to surrender one's self."

Madame Odíntzoff separated herself from the back of her chair.—"You speak,"—said she—"as though you had gone through all that."

"It was a slip of the tongue, Anna Sergyéevna: all that, as you know, is not in my line."

"But would you know how to surrender yourself?"

"I do not know how; I will not boast."

Madame Odíntzoff said nothing, and Bazároff relapsed into silence. The sounds of the piano were wafted to them from the drawing-room.

"What makes Kátya play so late?"—remarked Madame Odíntzoff.

Bazároff rose. "Yes, it really is late; it is time for you to go to bed."

"Wait. Whither are you hastening. . . I must say one word more to you."

"What word?"

"Wait,"—whispered Madame Odíntzoff.—Her eyes rested on Bazároff; she seemed to be attentively inspecting him.

He paced the room, then suddenly approached her, said hastily "Farewell," gripped her hand so that she almost screamed aloud, and went out. She raised her fingers, which stuck together, to her lips, blew upon them, and rising suddenly, impulsively from her chair, walked to the door with rapid steps, as though desirous of recalling Bazároff.... Her maid entered the room with a carafe on a silver salver. Madame Odíntzoff stopped short, ordered her to leave the room, seated herself again, and again fell into thought. Her hair uncoiled and fell on her shoulder like a dark-hued serpent. The lamp burned for a long time still in Anna Sergyéevna's chamber, and for a long time she remained motionless, only now

and then passing her fingers over her arms, which the night air stung rather sharply.

But Bazároff two hours later returned to his room with boots damp from the dew, dishevelled and surly. He found Arkády at the writing-table with a book in his hands and his coat buttoned to the throat.

"Thou art not yet in bed?"—he said, as though in vexation.

"Thou hast sat a long time this evening with Anna Sergyéevna,"—remarked Arkády, without replying to his question.

"Yes, I was sitting with her all the while that you and Katerína Sergyéevna were playing on the piano."

"I was not playing . . . ." began Arkády, and stopped short. He felt the tears welling up in his eyes and he did not wish to weep in the presence of his jeering friend.

XVIII

On the following day, when Madame Odíntzoff made her appearance at tea, Bazároff sat for a long time bent over his cup, then suddenly cast a glance at her. . . She turned toward him, as though he had nudged her, and it seemed to him that her face had grown somewhat paler overnight. She soon went away to her own room and did not appear again until breakfast. From early morning the weather had been rainy, and walking was impossible. The whole company assembled in the drawing-room. Arkády got the last number of the newspaper and began to read aloud. The Princess, according to her wont, first expressed amazement on her face, exactly as though he were plotting something improper, then riveted her eyes maliciously upon him; but he paid no attention to her.

"Evgény Vasílievitch,"—said Anna Sergyéevna,—"come to my room. . . . . I want to ask you . . . . you mentioned yesterday a guide . . ."

She rose and went toward the door. The Princess glanced around with an expression which seemed to say, "Look, look, how astonished I am!" and again bored her eyes into Arkády, but

he raised his voice, and exchanging a glance with Kátya, beside whom he was sitting, went on reading.

Madame Odíntzoff, with hasty steps, betook herself to her boudoir. Bazároff briskly followed her, without raising his eyes, and merely catching with his ear the faint whirr and rustle of her silken gown, which was gliding on in front of him. Madame Odíntzoff dropped into the same armchair in which she had sat on the preceding evening, and Bazároff resumed his former place.

"So what is the title of that book?"—she began, after a brief silence.

"Pelouze et Frémy, 'Notions Générales,'" . . . replied Bazároff.—"But I can also recommend to you Ganot, 'Traité élémentaire de Physique Expérimentale.' In this work the illustrations are exact, and, on the whole, that manual . . . . ."

Madame Odíntzoff stretched out her hand.—"Evgény Vasílievitch, pardon me, but I have not summoned you hither for the purpose of discussing manuals. I wished to renew our conversation of last night. You went away so suddenly. . . You will not find it irksome?"

"I am at your service, Anna Sergyéevna. But, dear me, what was it we were talking about last night?"

Madame Odíntzoff cast a sidelong glance at Bazároff.—"We were talking about happiness, I believe. I was telling you about myself. By

the way, I have mentioned the word 'happiness.' Tell me why, even when we are enjoying music, for example, a fine evening, a conversation with sympathetic persons,—why does it all seem rather a hint of some illimitable happiness, which exists somewhere or other, than real happiness—that is, the sort such as we ourselves possess? Why is this? Or, perhaps, you do not feel anything of that sort?"

"You know the adage: 'That place is fair where we are not,'"—returned Bazároff;—"besides, you yourself said last night that you are dissatisfied. And, as a matter of fact, such thoughts do not enter my head."

"Perhaps they seem ridiculous to you?"

"No, but they do not enter my head."

"Really? Do you know, I should very much like to know what *you* think about?"

"What? I do not understand you."

"Listen, I have long wanted to have an explanation with you. There is no necessity for telling you—you know that yourself—that you do not belong to the class of ordinary men:—you are still young—all life is before you. For what are you preparing yourself? What future awaits you? I mean to say—what goal do you wish to attain? whither are you going? what have you in your soul?—in a word, who are you? what are you?"

"You amaze me, Anna Sergyéevna. You

know that I am occupied with the natural sciences. And as to who I am . . . ."

"Yes, who are you?"

"I have already informed you that I am to be a country doctor."

Anna Sergyéevna made a movement of impatience.—"Why do you say that? You do not believe that yourself. Arkády might answer me in that manner, but not you."

"But why should Arkády . . . . ."

"Will you stop? Is it possible that you are satisfied with so humble an activity, and are not you yourself forever asserting that medicine does not exist for you? You—with your pride—a district doctor! You answer me in that way with the object of getting rid of me because you have no confidence in me. But do you know, Evgény Vasílitch, I have learned to understand you: I myself have been poor and proud, like you; I have passed, perhaps, through the same trials as you."

"All that is very fine, Anna Sergyéevna, but you must excuse me; . . . in general, I have not been used to expressing myself; and between you and me there is such a gulf . . . . ."

"What gulf?—Are you going to tell me again that I am an aristocrat? Enough. Evgény Vasílitch; it seems to me that I have demonstrated to you . . . . ."

"Yes, and in addition to that,"—interrupted

Bazároff,—"what is the use of discussing a future, which, in the main, does not depend on us? If an opportunity to do something fine should turn up—very good; and if it does not turn up—at all events, one can be satisfied that one has not prated uselessly in advance. . ."

"You call a friendly chat prating . . . . or, perhaps, you do not regard me as a woman worthy of your confidence? You scorn us all, you know."

"I do not scorn you, Anna Sergyéevna, you know that."

"No, I know nothing. . . . But let us assume that I understand your reluctance to talk about your future vocation; but what is taking place in you at the present moment . . . . ."

"Taking place!"—repeated Bazároff,—"as though I were some kingdom or other, or a society! In any case, it is not in the least interesting; and, moreover, can a man always say aloud everything that is 'taking place in him'?"

"But I do not see why it is impossible to speak out everything which one has on one's soul."

"Can *you?*"—inquired Bazároff.

"I can,"—replied Anna Sergyéevna, after a slight hesitation.

Bazároff bowed his head.—"You are more fortunate than I."

Anna Sergyéevna looked inquiringly at him.—"As you like,"—she went on;—"but, nevertheless, something tells me that it is not for nothing

that we have become intimate, that we shall be good friends. I am convinced that—how shall I say it—this intensity, this reserve of yours, will vanish in the end."

"And have you noticed in me reserve . . . how was it you expressed it . . . intensity?"

"Yes."

Bazároff rose and went to the window.—"And you would like to know the cause of that reserve?—you would like to know what is taking place in me?"

"Yes,"—repeated Madame Odíntzoff, with a certain alarm, which had hitherto been unknown to her.

"And you will not be angry?"

"No."

"No?"—Bazároff was standing with his back to her.—"Then you must know that I love you stupidly, madly. . . That is what you have been trying to get."

Madame Odíntzoff stretched both arms out in front of her, but Bazároff leaned his brow against the window-pane. He was suffocating; his whole body was visibly quivering. But this was not the quiver of youthful timidity, not the sweet terror of the first confession, which had taken possession of him; it was passion throbbing in him, strong and heavy—passion resembling wrath, and, perhaps, allied to it. . . . . Madame Odíntzoff was terrified at him, and sorry for him.

"Evgény Vasílitch,"—she said, and involuntary tenderness resounded in her voice.

He wheeled hastily round, flung a devouring glance at her,—and seizing both her hands, suddenly drew her to his breast.

She did not immediately free herself from his embrace; but a moment later she was standing far away in a corner and gazing thence at Bazároff. He rushed toward her. . . .

"You have not understood me aright,"—she whispered in swift alarm. It seemed to her that if he took another step she should shriek.—Bazároff bit his lip and left the room.

Half an hour later a maid handed Anna Sergyéevna a note from Bazároff; it consisted of only a single line: "Am I to go away to-day—or may I stay until to-morrow?"—"Why go away? I did not understand you—you did not understand me,"—Anna Sergyéevna replied to him, and thought to herself, "And I did not understand myself either."

She did not show herself until dinner, and kept pacing back and forth in her room with her hands crossed behind her, halting from time to time, now in front of the window, then in front of the mirror, and slowly passing her handkerchief over her neck, on which she still seemed to feel a burning spot. She asked herself what had made her "try to get," to use Bazároff's expression, his frankness, and whether she had not suspected any-

thing. . . . "I am to blame,"—she said aloud, "but I could not foresee this." She fell into thought, and blushed, as she recalled Bazároff's almost fierce face when he had rushed at her. . . .

"Or?"—she suddenly articulated, and halted and shook her curls. . . . She beheld herself in the mirror; her head thrown back, with a smile on the half-parted, half-closed eyes and lips, seemed, at that moment, to be saying something to her which reduced her to confusion. . . .

"No," she decided at last,—"God knows whither that would have led; I must not jest with that; after all, tranquillity is better than anything else in the world."

Her composure was not shaken; but she grew sad and even wept once, not knowing herself why, only not from the insult which had been dealt her. She did not feel herself insulted: she felt herself, rather, culpable. Under the influence of divers confused sensations, the consciousness of vanishing life, the desire for novelty, she forced herself to toe the appointed mark, made herself look further—and beheld beyond it not even a chasm, but a void . . . . or a horror.

XIX

Mistress of herself as she was, high as she stood above all prejudices, yet Madame Odíntzoff felt awkward when she presented herself in the dining-room for dinner. However, it passed off quite successfully. Porfíry Platónitch came and told various anecdotes: he had only just returned from the town. Among other things, he informed them that the governor, Bourdaloue, had ordered his officials for special commissions to wear spurs, by way of expediting matters, in case he should despatch them anywhere on horseback. Arkády chatted with Kátya in a subdued voice and listened diplomatically to the Princess. Bazároff preserved a sullen and persistent silence. Madame Odíntzoff looked twice—not stealthily, but directly—at his face, stern and bitter, with lowered eyes, with the stamp of scornful decision on every feature, and thought, "No . . . . no . . . no. . . ." After dinner she and the entire company went into the garden, and, perceiving that Bazároff wanted to speak with her, she went a few paces aside and stopped. He approached her, but even then he did not raise his eyes, and said dully:

"I have a confession to make to you, Anna Sergyéevna. You cannot but be angry with me."

"No, I am not angry with you, Evgény Vasílitch,"—replied Madame Odíntzoff; "but I am grieved."

"So much the worse. In any case, I am sufficiently punished. My position, as you will probably agree with me, is extremely stupid. You have written to me: 'Why go?' But I cannot and will not stay. To-morrow I shall be gone."

"Evgény Vasílitch, why are you . . . ."

"Why am I going?"

"No, that was not what I meant to say."

"The past cannot be brought back, Anna Sergyéevna; . . . and sooner or later this must have happened. Consequently, I must go. I understand only one condition under which I could remain; but that condition will never come to pass. For you—pardon my audacity—do not love me, and will never love me."

Bazároff's eyes flashed for a moment beneath his gloomy brows.

Anna Sergyéevna did not answer him. "I am afraid of this man," flashed through her head.

"Farewell, madam," said Bazároff, as though divining her thought, and wended his way to the house.

Anna Sergyéevna quietly followed him, and calling Kátya, took her arm. . . She did not detach herself from her until evening. She did not

play cards, and laughed a great deal, which did not match at all with her pallid, agitated face. Arkády was nonplussed and watched her, as young men watch; that is to say, he incessantly asked himself: "What is the meaning of this?" Bazároff locked himself up in his room; but he came out for tea. Anna Sergyéevna tried to utter some kind word to him, but she did not know how to begin the conversation with him. . . .

An unforeseen incident extricated her from her dilemma: the butler announced the arrival of Sítnikoff.

It is difficult to convey in words the quail-like manner in which the youthful progressist flew into the room. Having made up his mind, with the audacity peculiar to him, to drive to the country-house of a woman whom he hardly knew, who had never invited him, but who was entertaining —according to the information he had gathered— persons who were so clever and so near to him, he was, nevertheless, intimidated to the very marrow of his bones, and, instead of uttering, to begin with, the conventional excuses and greetings, he stammered out some nonsense or other, to the effect that Evdóksiya Kukshín had sent him to inquire after the health of Anna Sergyéevna, and that Arkády Nikoláevitch also had always expressed himself to him in the most laudatory terms. . . . At this point he broke down and became confused to such a degree that he sat down

on his own hat. But, as no one drove him out, and Anna Sergyéevna even introduced him to her aunt and her sister, he speedily recovered himself and chattered away famously. The appearance of the commonplace is often useful in life: it relieves the tension of chords too highly strung, its sobers self-conceited or self-forgetful feelings by reminding them of their close connection with it. With Sítnikoff's arrival everything became more stupid and more simple; every one even ate a more hearty supper, and they went off to bed half an hour earlier than usual.

"I can repeat to thee now,"—said Arkády, as he got into bed, to Bazároff, who was also undressed,—"that which thou saidst to me one day: 'Why art thou so sad? assuredly, thou hast fulfilled some sacred duty?'"—for some time past a sort of hypocritically free and easy jesting had been established between the two young men, which always serves as a sign of secret displeasure or of unuttered suspicions.

"I 'm going off to my father to-morrow,"—said Bazároff.

Arkády half sat up and propped himself on his elbow. For some reason or other, he was both astonished and delighted.—"Ah!"—he ejaculated.—"And is that what makes thee sad?"

Bazároff yawned.—"If thou knowest too much, thou wilt grow old."

"And how about Anna Sergyéevna?"—went on Arkády.

"What dost thou mean about Anna Sergyéevna?"

"I mean to say, is it possible that she will allow thee to go?"

"I have not tied myself to her."

Arkády reflected, but Bazároff got into bed and turned his face to the wall.

Several minutes elapsed in silence. "Evgény!"—exclaimed Arkády suddenly.

"Well?"

"I 'm going away with thee to-morrow."

Bazároff made no answer.

"Only I am going home,"—pursued Arkády.—"We will go together as far as the Khokhlóff settlement, and there thou canst get horses from Feodót. I should be glad to make the acquaintance of thy people, but I am afraid of incommoding them and thee. Thou wilt come back to us later on, wilt thou not?"

"I left my things at thy house,"—replied Bazároff, without turning round.

"Why does n't he ask me why I am going? and as suddenly as himself?" thought Arkády. "As a matter of fact, why am I going? and why is he going?" he pursued his meditations. He could not give a satisfactory reply to his own question, but his heart was filled to overflowing with a caustic sensation.

He felt that it was painful to him to part with that life to which he had grown so accustomed; but to remain alone would seem somewhat strange. "What has taken place between them?"—he argued the matter with himself; "and why should I show myself before her after his departure? I shall make her tired of me for good and all; and I shall lose my last hold." He began to picture to himself Anna Sergyéevna, and then other features gradually pierced their way through the lovely image of the young widow.

"I 'm sorry for Kátya, too!"—whispered Arkády to his pillow, on which a tear had already fallen. . . . He suddenly flung back his hair and said aloud:

"What the devil did that blockhead Sítnikoff come for?"

Bazároff first moved in his bed and then emitted the following:—"Thou, brother, art still stupid, I perceive. Sítnikoffs are indispensable to us. I—mark this—I need such dolts. Really, it is not the business of the gods to bake pots! . ."

"Aha, ha! . . . ." thought Arkády to himself, and only then was the whole bottomless abyss of Bazároff's pride disclosed to him for an instant. "So thou and I are gods? that is—thou art a god, and am I the dolt, I wonder?"

"Yes,"—repeated Bazároff grimly,—"thou art still stupid."

Madame Odíntzoff did not manifest any particular surprise when, on the following day, Arkády told her that he was going away with Bazároff; she seemed preoccupied and weary. Kátya gazed silently and seriously at him, the Princess even crossed herself under her shawl, so that he might not perceive it, but Sítnikoff, on the other hand, was thoroughly alarmed. He had just come to breakfast in a new, dandified outfit, which, on this occasion, was not Slavyanophil; on the previous evening he had astonished the man appointed to wait on him by the amount of body-linen he had brought, and, all of a sudden, his comrades were abandoning him! He danced up and down a little and rushed about like a hunted hare at the edge of the forest,—and suddenly, almost with terror, almost with a shriek, announced that he intended to leave. Madame Odíntzoff did not attempt to dissuade him.

"I have a very easy calash,"—added the unhappy young man, turning to Arkády.—"I can drive you, and Evgény Vasílitch can take your tarantás, as it will be more convenient that way."

"But good gracious, it is not on your road at all, and I live far away."

"That makes no difference, no difference; I have plenty of time, and, moreover. I have business in that direction."

"Connected with the liquor monopoly?"—inquired Arkády, quite too disdainfully.

But Sítnikoff was in such a state of despair that, contrary to his wont, he did not even smile. —"I assure you my calash is extremely easy," —he stammered,—"and there will be room for all."

"Do not grieve Monsieur Sítnikoff by refusing,"—said Anna Sergyéevna. . . .

Arkády glanced at her and significantly bowed his head.

The visitors took their departure after breakfast.

As she bade Bazároff good-bye, Madame Odíntzoff offered him her hand and said,—"We shall see each other again, shall we not?"

"At your command,"—replied Bazároff.

"In that case, we shall meet again."

Arkády was the first to emerge upon the porch: he climbed into Sítnikoff's calash. The butler respectfully assisted him, but it would have given him great satisfaction to beat the man, or to weep. Bazároff took his place in the tarantás. When they reached the Khokhlóff settlement, Arkády waited until Feodót, the keeper of the posting-station, had harnessed the horses, and, approaching the tarantás, said to Bazároff with his smile as of old, "Evgény, take me with thee; I want to go to thy house."

"Get in,"—articulated Bazároff between his teeth.

Sítnikoff, who was walking up and down, whis-

tling energetically around the wheels of his calash, merely gaped when he heard these words, but Arkády coolly took his things out of the calash, seated himself beside Bazároff,—and, politely saluting his previous travelling companion, shouted, "Drive on!" The tarantás rolled off and soon disappeared from view. . . . Sítnikoff, thoroughly discomfited, looked at his coachman, but the latter was making the tail of his whip-lash play over the side horse. Then Sítnikoff sprang into his calash, and thundering out at two passing peasants: "Put on your caps, you fools!"—dragged himself off to the town, where he arrived very late, and where, on the following day at Madame Kukshín's, the two "disgusting, proud boors" caught it heavily.

As he took his seat in the tarantás beside Bazároff, Arkády pressed his hand warmly, and for a long time said nothing. Bazároff appeared to understand and value both the pressure and the silence. He had not slept all the preceding night, and for several days past he had not smoked, and had eaten almost nothing. His haggard profile stood out gloomily and sharply from beneath his cap, which was pulled down over his eyes.

"Well, brother,"—he said at last,—"give me a cigar. . . . And look, see if my tongue is yellow."

"It is,"—replied Arkády.

"Well, yes, ... and the cigar has no flavour. The machine is out of order."

"Thou really hast changed of late,"—remarked Arkády.

"Never mind! we shall right ourselves. One thing is a bore,—my mother is such a tender-hearted woman: if your paunch has n't grown big and you don't eat ten times a day, she simply pines. Well, my father is all right; he has been through all sorts of things himself. No, it is impossible to smoke,"—he added, and flung his cigar into the dust of the highway.

"It is twenty-five versts to thy estate?"—asked Arkády.

"Yes. But ask that wiseacre there."—He pointed at the peasant on the box, Feodót's hired man.

But the wiseacre replied: "Who knows?—the versts are not measured,"—with his queer accent, and went on reviling the shaft-horse because it jerked its head.

"Yes, yes,"—began Bazároff,—"a lesson for you, my young friend, a sort of edifying example. The devil knows what nonsense it is! Every man hangs on a hair, the abyss may yawn beneath him at any moment, and he invents all sorts of unpleasant things for himself to boot; he ruins his own life."

"At what art thou hinting?"—inquired Arkády.

"I 'm not hinting at anything; I 'm saying straight out that both you and I have been behaving very stupidly. What 's the use of explaining! But I have already observed in the clinic that if any one gets angry at his pain, that man infallibly conquers it."

"I do not understand thee in the least,"—said Arkády.—"I should not think thou hadst any cause to complain."

"And if thou dost not understand me in the least, then I will tell thee this: In my opinion, it is better to break stones on the highway than to permit a woman to take possession of even so much as the tip of thy finger. That 's all. . ."

Bazároff came near uttering his favourite word, "romanticism"—but restrained himself, and said, "nonsense.—Thou wilt not believe me now, but I will tell thee: thou and I have fallen into feminine society, and we have found it agreeable; but to abandon such society is like drenching one's self with cold water on a hot day.—A man has no time to occupy himself with such trifles; a man ought to be ferocious, says a capital Spanish proverb. I suppose, wiseacre,"—he added, addressing the peasant on the box,—"that thou hast a wife?"

The peasant exhibited his flat, mole-eyed face to the two friends.

"A wife? Yes. How could I be without a wife?"

"Dost thou beat her?"

"My wife? All sorts of things happen. We don't beat her without cause."

"And that is well. Well, and does she beat thee?"

The peasant twitched the reins.—"What a word thou hast said, master. Thou wilt keep jesting. . . ." Obviously, he was offended.

Arkády laughed in a constrained way, and Bazároff turned aside and never opened his mouth again the whole way.

The five and twenty versts seemed to Arkády fully fifty. But at last, on the declivity of a sloping hill, a tiny hamlet was revealed to view, where dwelt the parents of Bazároff. Alongside of it, in a young birch grove, a small manor-house with a thatched roof was visible. By the first cottage stood two peasants with their caps on quarrelling. "Thou art a big hog,"—said one to the other.—"But thou art worse than a small sucking-pig."—"And thy wife is a witch," retorted the other.

"From the unceremoniousness of their intercourse,"—remarked Bazároff to Arkády,—"and from the playful turns of their speech, thou canst judge that my father's serfs are not too much oppressed. But yonder is he himself coming out on the porch of his dwelling. He must have heard the carriage-bell. 'T is he, 't is he,—I recognise his figure. Ehe, he! but how grey he has grown, poor man!"

XX

Bazároff leaned out of the tarantás, and Arkády thrust his head out behind his friend's back and perceived on the little porch of the manor-house a tall, thin man, with dishevelled hair, and a thin, aquiline nose, clad in an old military coat open on the breast. He was standing with his legs far apart smoking a long pipe and blinking at the sun.

The horses came to a halt.

"Thou art come, at last,"—said Bazároff's father, still continuing to smoke, although his chibouque fairly leaped in his fingers.—"Come, get out, get out, we will embrace and kiss."

He began to embrace his son. . . . "Eniúsha, Eniúsha," rang out a quavering female voice. The door flew open and on the threshold appeared a plump, short old woman, in a white cap, and a short, motley-hued jacket. She cried out and staggered, and certainly would have fallen had not Bazároff supported her. Her plump arms instantly twined themselves around his neck, her head pressed close to his breast, and all became still. Nothing was audible, save her broken sobs.

Old Bazároff drew deep breaths and blinked worse than before.

"Come, enough, enough, Arísha! stop,"—he said, exchanging a glance with Arkády, who stood motionless by the tarantás, while the peasant on the box even turned away:—"This is not in the least necessary! please stop."

"Akh, Vasíly Iványitch,"—stammered the old woman,—"it 's an age since I have seen my darling, my Eniúshenka . . ." and, without releasing her arms, she turned her face, all wet with tears, agitated and moved, from Bazároff, gazed at him with blissful and comical eyes, and again fell upon his breast.

"Well, yes, of course, this is all in the nature of things,"—said Vasíly Iványitch,—"only we had better go into the house. A visitor has come with Evgény. Excuse me,"—he added, turning to Arkády, and with a slight scrape of the foot,—"you understand woman's weakness; well, and the mother's heart . . . . ."

But his own lips and eyebrows were twitching and his chin was quivering; . . . . but he was evidently trying to control himself and to appear almost indifferent. Arkády saluted him.

"Come, mother, really now,"—said Bazároff, and led the feeble old woman into the house. After seating her in a comfortable arm-chair, he once more hastily embraced his father, and introduced Arkády to him.

"I am heartily glad to make your acquaintance,"—said Vasíly Ivánovitch,—"only be not

exacting: everything here in my house is simple, on a military footing. Arína Vlásievna, do me the favour to calm thyself: what pusillanimity is this? Our guest must think hardly of thee."

"Dear little father,"—said the old woman, through her tears:—"I have not the honour to know your name and patronymic. . . . ."

"Arkády Nikoláitch," Vasíly Iványitch pompously prompted her, in an undertone.

"Excuse me, I 'm stupid." The old woman blew her nose and, bending her head now to the right, now to the left, carefully wiped first one eye, then the other. "You must excuse me. You see I thought I should die before I saw my da . . . a . . . a . . arling."

"But now you have lived to see him, madam," —put in Vasíly Iványitch.—"Tániushka," he said, addressing a barefooted girl of thirteen, in a bright scarlet print gown, who was peeping timidly from behind the door,—"fetch the mistress a glass of water—on a salver, dost thou hear?—and you, gentlemen,"—he added, with a certain old-fashioned playfulness,—"allow me to invite you into the study of a veteran in retreat."

"Let me hug thee just a little more, Eniúshetchka,"—moaned Arína Vlásievna. Bazároff bent over her. "But what a beauty thou hast grown to be!"

"Well, he 's not exactly a beauty,"—remarked Vasíly Iványitch;—"but he 's a man; as the say-

ing is, *homme fait.* But now, I hope, Arína Vlásievna, that, after having satiated thy maternal heart, thou wilt attend to the feeding of thy dear guests, because, as thou knowest, it is not fitting to feed a nightingale on fables." [1]

The old woman rose from her chair.—"This very moment, Vasíly Iványitch, the table will be set; I will run to the kitchen myself and order the samovár to be prepared; they shall have everything, everything. Why, it 's three years since I saw him, fed him, gave him to drink, and is that easy to bear?"

"Well, see to it, housewife; bustle about and do not put thyself to shame; and do you, gentlemen, be so good as to follow me. Here 's Timoféitch has presented himself to greet thee, Evgény. And he 's delighted, I think, the old watch-dog. What? thou art delighted, art thou not, old watch-dog? I pray you to follow me."

And Vasíly Iványitch bustled on ahead, shuffling and dragging his patched slippers.

His entire little house consisted of six tiny rooms. One of them, the one into which he led our friends, was called the study. A fat-legged table, with an accumulation of dust which had turned black with age, with documents which looked as though they had been smoked, occupied the entire space between the two windows; on the walls hung Turkish guns, kazák whips, sabres,

[1] "Fair words butter no parsnips."—TRANSLATOR.

two maps, several anatomical drawings, a portrait of Hufeland, a monogram of hair in a black frame, and a diploma under glass; a leather-covered couch, crushed down and tattered in spots, stood between two huge cupboards of Karelian birch wood; on the shelves, in disorder, were crowded books, small boxes, stuffed birds, bottles and phials; in one corner stood a broken electrical machine.

"I warned you, my dear visitor,"—began Vasíly Iványtch,—"that we live here, so to speak, in bivouac. . ."

"Come, stop that, why dost thou make apologies?"—interrupted Bazároff.—"Kirsánoff is very well aware that thou and I are not Crœsuses, and that thou hast not a palace. Where are we to put him, that 's the question?"

"Good gracious, Evgény; there is a capital chamber yonder in my wing; he will be very comfortable there."

"So thou hast set up a wing?"

"Of course, sir; where the bath is, sir,"—put in Timoféitch.

"That is to say, alongside the bath,"—hastily subjoined Vasíly Iványtch.—"But it is summer now. . . . I 'll run over there at once and arrange things; and, in the meantime, Timoféitch, thou hadst better bring in their things. Of course I place my study at thy disposal, Evgény. *Suum cuique.*"

"There you have it! A very amusing old man, and as kind as possible,"—added Bazároff, as soon as Vasíly Iványitch left the room.—"Just such another eccentric as thy father, only after another fashion. He chatters a great deal."

"And thy mother, apparently, is a very fine woman,"—remarked Arkády.

"Yes, she 's a guileless creature. Just watch what a dinner she 'll give us!"

"You were not expected to-day, dear little father; they have brought no beef,"—said Timoféitch, who had just dragged in Bazároff's trunk.

"We 'll get along without the beef; if there is none, it cannot be helped. Poverty, as the adage goes, is no crime."

"How many souls[1] has thy father?"—suddenly inquired Arkády.

"The estate does not belong to him, but to my mother; there are fifteen souls, if I remember rightly."

"There are twenty-two in all,"—remarked Timoféitch with displeasure.

The scuffling of slippers became audible, and Vasíly Iványitch made his appearance again. "In a few minutes your chamber will be ready to receive you,"—he exclaimed triumphantly,—"Arkády . . . . Nikoláitch? I believe that is what you deign to be called? And here 's a servant for you,"—he added, pointing at a boy with closely-

[1] Male serfs.—Translator.

clipped hair in a blue kaftan which was torn on the elbows, and some one else's shoes, who had entered with him.—"His name is Fédka. Again I repeat it,—although my son forbids me,—be not exacting. However, he knows how to fill a pipe. You smoke, of course?"

"I smoke chiefly cigars,"—replied Arkády.

"And you behave very sensibly. I myself give the preference to cigars, but in our remote region it is extremely difficult to obtain them."

"Come, have done with singing Lazarus,"—interrupted Bazároff once more. "Thou hadst better sit down there on the couch and let me have a look at thee.

Vasíly Iványtch laughed and sat down. He greatly resembled his son in face, only his forehead was lower and narrower and his mouth somewhat wider, and he kept in incessant motion, twitched his shoulders as though his coat cut him under the arms, winked, coughed and twiddled his fingers, while his son was distinguished from him by a certain careless impassivity.

"Singing Lazarus!"—repeated Vasíly Ivánitch. "Thou must not think, Evgény, that I am trying to move our guest to pity, so to speak; as much as to say,—just see in what a desolate hole we live. On the contrary, I hold the opinion that for a rational man there is no such thing as a desolate hole. At all events, I try, to the extent of my

ability, not to get moss-grown, as the saying is, not to lag behind the age."

Vasíly Iványitch pulled from his pocket a new yellow bandana handkerchief, which he had contrived to catch up as he ran to Arkády's room, and proceeded as he flourished it in the air:—"I am not speaking of the fact that I, for example, not without sensible sacrifices on my own part, have put my peasants on quit-rent and have given them my lands by halves. I regarded that as my duty, common sense itself commands it in this case, although other proprietors are not even thinking of it: I am speaking of the sciences of culture."

"Yes; I see thou hast yonder 'The Friend of Health' for 1855," remarked Bazároff.

"A comrade sent it to me, for old acquaintance's sake,"—said Vasíly Iványitch;—"but we have some conception of phrenology,"—he added, addressing himself, however, more particularly to Arkády, and pointing at a small plaster head which stood on the cupboard broken up into numbered squares.—"Schönlein also has not remained unknown to us—and Rademacher."

"And do people still believe in Rademacher in the * * * Government?" asked Bazároff.

Vasíly Iványitch began to cough.—"In the Government . . . . Of course, gentlemen, you know best; how can we vie with you? You have

come to supersede us, you see. And in my time, also, a certain humouralist Hoffman, and a certain Brown, with his vitalism, seemed very ridiculous, but they had made a great noise once upon a time. Some new person has taken Rademacher's place with you; you bow down before him, and twenty years hence, probably, people will laugh at him also."

"I will tell thee, for thy consolation,"—said Bazároff,—"that nowadays we laugh at medicine in general, and we bow down before no one."

"How is that? Surely thou art going to be a doctor?"

"I am, but the one does not prevent the other."

Vasíly Iványitch poked his third finger into his pipe, where a little burning ashes still lingered.—"Well, perhaps, perhaps—I will not contradict. For what am I?—A retired staff-doctor, *voilà tout*, and now turned agriculturist.—I served in your grandfather's brigade,"—he addressed himself once more to Arkády.—"Yes, sir; yes, sir; I have seen many sights in my day. And in what company have not I been, with whom have not I consorted!—I, this very I, whom you are pleased to see before you, I have felt the pulse of Prince Wittgenstein and of Zhukóvsky! I used to know every one of those men, in the army of the South, in the year 'fourteen, you understand" (here Vasíly Iványitch pursed up his lips significantly). "Well, and of course my business lay apart;

know how to use your lancet and that 's enough! But your grandfather was a very greatly respected man, a genuine warrior."

" Confess, he was a good deal of a blockhead," —said Bazároff lazily.

" Akh, Evgény, how thou dost express thyself! do show mercy. . . Of course General Kirsánoff did not belong to the number . . . ."

" Well, drop him,"—interrupted Bazároff.— " As I drove hither I rejoiced at thy birch grove; it has spread splendidly."

Vasíly Iványitch grew animated.—"And see what a nice little garden I have now! I planted every tree myself. There are fruits in it and berries, and all sorts of medicinal herbs. Be as artful as you may, young gentlemen, nevertheless old Paracelsus uttered the sacred truth: *in herbis, verbis et lapidibus.* . . For I, as thou knowest, have given up practice and am obliged to recall my youth a couple of times a week. People come for advice,—one cannot turn them out neck and crop. It sometimes happens that poor people come for aid. And there are no doctors at all here. One of the neighbours, just fancy, a retired major, also makes cures. I ask about him: has he studied medicine? I am told: no, he has not studied; he does it mainly from philanthropic motives. . . . Ha, ha, from philanthropic motives! Hey? What do you think of that? Ha, ha! Ha, ha!"

"Fédka! fill my pipe!" said Bazároff sharply.

"And sometimes another doctor here comes to the patient,"—went on Vasíly Iványitch, with a sort of desperation,—"but the patient has already departed *ad patres;* and his servant does not admit the doctor; he says: 'You 're not needed now.' The doctor has not expected that; he gets confused, and asks: 'Did your master hiccough before his death?'—'He did, sir.'—'And did he hiccough a great deal?'—'Yes.'—'Ah, well, that 's good,'—and right about face back. Ha, ha, ha!"

The old man was the only one who laughed; Arkády indicated a smile on his face. Bazároff merely stretched himself. The conversation was prolonged after this fashion for about an hour; Arkády managed to get away to his room, which proved to be the anteroom of the bath, but very comfortable and clean. At last Tániusha entered and announced that dinner was ready.

Vasíly Iványitch was the first to rise.—"Come, gentlemen! Be so generous as to forgive me, if you have been bored. Perhaps my housewife will satisfy you better than I have done."

The dinner, although hastily prepared, turned out to be very good, even abundant; only the wine was rather bad: the almost black sherry, purchased by Timoféitch in the town from a merchant of his acquaintance, had a flavour which was not precisely that of brass, nor yet of resin; and the flies too were a nuisance. At ordinary times

the boy house-serf drove them off with a big green bough; but on this occasion Vasíly Iványitch had sent him away for fear of criticism on the part of the younger generation. Arína Vlásievna had succeeded in arraying herself; she had donned a tall cap with silken ribbons, and a blue shawl with a flowered pattern. She fell to weeping again as soon as she caught sight of her Eniúsha, but her husband was not obliged to exhort her: she wiped her tears away as promptly as possible, lest she should spoil her shawl. The young men alone ate: the master and mistress of the house had dined long before. Fédka waited on them, evidently oppressed by his unwonted boots, and he was assisted by a woman with a masculine face, who was also blind of one eye, Anfísushka by name, who discharged the duties of housekeeper, poultry-woman and laundress. Vasíly Iványitch paced up and down the room during the whole duration of the dinner, and with a thoroughly happy and even blissful aspect talked about the grave apprehensions with which the policy of Napoleon inspired him and the complications of the Italian question. Arína Vlásievna did not perceive Arkády, did not urge him to eat; with her fist propping up her round face, to which her puffy, cherry-coloured lips and the moles on her cheeks and above her eyebrows imparted a very good-natured expression, she never took her eyes off her son, and sighed constantly; she was dying

to find out for how long a time he had come, but she was afraid to ask him. "Well, he will say—'For a couple of days,'" she thought, and her heart died within her. After the roast, Vasíly Iványitch disappeared for a moment and returned with an uncorked half bottle of champagne. "Here,"—he exclaimed,—"although we do live in the wilds, still, on festive occasions, we have something wherewith to cheer ourselves!" He poured out three glasses and a wine-glass full, proposed the health "of our inestimable visitors," and having tossed off his glass at once in military fashion, he made Arína Vlásievna drain her wine-glass to the last drop. When the preserves were brought on, Arkády, who could not endure anything sweet, nevertheless considered it his duty to taste four different sorts, the more so as Bazároff flatly declined them, and immediately lighted a cigar. Then tea made its appearance on the scene, accompanied by cream, butter and cracknels; then Vasíly Iványitch led them all into the garden, to enjoy the beauty of the evening. As they passed a bench he whispered to Arkády,—"On this spot I love to philosophise, as I gaze at the sunset: that is befitting a hermit. And further on, yonder, I have planted several of the trees beloved by Horace."

"What sort of trees?"—asked Bazároff, who was listening.

"Why . . . . acacias, of course."

Bazároff began to yawn.

"I suppose it is time for the travellers to betake themselves to the arms of Morpheus,"—remarked Vasíly Iványitch.

"That is to say, it is time to go to bed,"—put in Bazároff.—"That reasoning is correct. It is time, in fact."

When he bade his mother good-night, he kissed her on the brow,—and she embraced him and blessed him thrice with the sign of the cross stealthily behind his back. Vasíly Iványitch escorted Arkády to his chamber and wished him "the same sort of beneficent repose which I used to enjoy at your age." And, in fact, Arkády slept capitally in his bath vestibule. It was redolent of mint, and two crickets vied with each other in chirping away soporifically behind the stove. Vasíly Iványitch, on leaving Arkády, went to his study, and curling himself up on the couch at his son's feet, prepared to have a chat with him; but Bazároff immediately sent him away, saying that he felt sleepy; but he did not get to sleep until morning. With widely-opened eyes he stared angrily into the darkness: memories of his childhood had no dominion over him, and, moreover, he had not yet succeeded in detaching himself from his last bitter impressions. Arína Vlásievna first prayed to her heart's content; then she had a long, long conference with Anfísushka, who, standing in front

of her mistress as though rooted to the spot and with her solitary eye riveted upon her, communicated to her in a mysterious whisper all her observations and conclusions regarding Evgény Vasílievitch. The old lady's head was all in a whirl from joy, wine, and cigar-smoke; her husband tried to talk to her, but gave it up in despair.

Arína Vlásievna was a genuine Russian gentlewoman of the petty nobility of days gone by; she ought to have lived a couple of hundred years earlier, in the times of ancient Moscow. She was very devout and sentimental, she believed in all sorts of omens, divinations, spells, dreams; she believed in holy simpletons,[1] in house-demons, in forest-demons, in evil encounters, in the evil eye, in popular remedies, in salt prepared in a special manner on Great Thursday [2] in the speedy end of the world; she believed that if the tapers did not go out at the Vigil Service at Easter the buckwheat would bear a heavy crop, and that a mushroom will not grow any more if a human eye descries it; she believed that the devil is fond of being where there is water, and that every Jew has a bloody spot on his breast; she was afraid of mice, snakes, frogs, sparrows, leeches, thunder, cold water, draughts, horses, goats, red-haired people, and black cats, and regarded crickets and

[1] Half-witted men were formerly regarded in Russia as divinely inspired, almost in the light of prophets.—TRANSLATOR.

[2] The Thursday before Good Friday: called Maundy Thursday in the Western Church.—TRANSLATOR.

dogs as unclean animals; she ate neither veal, nor pigeons,[1] nor crabs, nor cheese, nor asparagus, nor artichokes, nor watermelons, because a watermelon when it is cut reminds one of the head of John the Baptist; and she never mentioned oysters otherwise than with a shudder; she was fond of eating—and fasted strictly; she slept ten hours a day—and never went to bed at all if Vasíly Iványitch had a headache; she had never read a single book, except "Alexis, or the Cottage in the Forest"; she wrote one letter, at the most two letters, a year; but she was an expert in dried and preserved fruits, although she never put her own hand to anything, and, in general, was reluctant to move from one spot. Arína Vlásievna was very good-natured, and, in her own way, not at all stupid. She knew that there are in the world gentlemen whose duty it is to command, and common people whose duty it is to obey,—and therefore she did not disdain either obsequiousness or lowly reverences to the earth; but she treated her inferiors graciously and gently; she never let a beggar pass without a gift, and she never condemned any one, although she did occasionally indulge in gossip. In her youth she had been very pretty, had played on the clavichord, and had spoken a little French; but in the course of wanderings, which extended over many years, with her

[1] The dove being the symbol of the Holy Spirit, the majority of Russians will neither kill nor eat pigeons.—TRANSLATOR.

husband, whom she had married against her will, she had deteriorated and had forgotten her music and her French. She loved and feared her son unspeakably; she allowed Vasíly Iványitch to manage her estate,—and never required an accounting for anything: she groaned, waved the subject away with her handkerchief and kept raising her eyebrows higher and higher, as soon as Vasíly Iványitch began to explain impending reforms and his plans. She was given to forebodings, was constantly expecting some great catastrophe, and fell to weeping the moment she called to mind anything mournful. . . Such women are now becoming extinct. God knows whether we ought to rejoice at it!

XXI

When he got out of bed Arkády opened the window,—and the first object which met his eyes was Vasíly Iványitch. Clad in a dressing-gown from Bukhará, girt with a handkerchief, the old man was engaged in digging assiduously in his vegetable garden. He caught sight of his young visitor, and leaning on his spade, he exclaimed:—"I wish you health! How have you been pleased to sleep?"

"Splendidly," answered Arkády.

"And here am I, as you see, like some sort of a Cincinnatus, preparing a bed for late radishes. The times are such—and glory to God for it!—that every one is bound to earn his living with his own hands; no hopes are to be placed on others: one must toil for himself. And it turns out that Jean-Jacques Rousseau was right. Half an hour ago, my dear sir, you would have beheld me in a totally different attitude. There was a peasant-woman who complained of *gnétka*,—that 's what they call it, but we call it dysentery,—and I . . . . . how shall I best express it . . I poured opium into her; and I have pulled a tooth for another woman. I proposed to the latter that she should take ether, . . . but she would not consent.

I do all this gratis—*en amateur,* but that is no marvel; for I am a plebeian, *homo novus*—I 'm not a member of the ancient nobility, like my spouse. . . . But will not you come hither into the shade to get a breath of the morning freshness before tea?"

Arkády went out and joined him.

"Welcome, once more!"—said Vasíly Iványitch, putting his hand, in military fashion, to the greasy skull-cap which covered his head.—"You are accustomed to luxury, I know, to pleasures, but even the great ones of this world do not disdain to spend a short time under the roof of the cottage."

"Good gracious!"—shouted Arkády,—"what do you mean by calling me one of the great ones of this world? And I am not accustomed to luxury."

"Pardon me, pardon me,"—retorted Vasíly Iványitch with a polite grin.—"Although I am now relegated to the archives, I also have rubbed elbows with society—I know the bird by its flight. I am also a psychologist, in my own way, and a physiognomist. Had I not that gift, I venture to say that I would have perished long ago; such a small man as myself would have stood no chance at all. I will tell you, without compliments: the friendship which I observe between you and my son affords me great joy. I have already seen him; he, according to his habit, of which you are

probably aware, got up very early, and scoured the neighbourhood. Permit me to inquire,—Have you known my Evgény long?"

"Since this last winter."

"Exactly so, sir. And permit me to ask you another question,—but will not you sit down?—Permit me to ask you, as a father, in all frankness: What opinion do you hold of my Evgény?"

"Your son is one of the most remarkable men whom I have ever met,"—remarked Arkády with animation.

Vasíly Iványitch's eyes suddenly dilated, and a faint flush overspread his cheeks. The spade fell from his hands.

"So you assume . ." he began . . . . .

"I am convinced,"—interposed Arkády,—"that a great future awaits your son, that he will glorify your name. I have been convinced of that since the very first time I met him."

"How . . . how was that?"—Vasíly Iványitch barely articulated. A rapturous smile parted his broad lips and did not again depart from them.

"You want to know how we met?"

"Yes . . and in general . . . ."

Arkády began to narrate and talk about Bazároff with even more fervour, with even more enthusiasm, than on the evening when he had danced the mazurka with Madame Odíntzoff.

Vasíly Iványitch listened to him—listened, blew his nose, dandled his handkerchief in both hands,

coughed, ruffled up his hair—and, at last, could contain himself no longer: he bent toward Arkády and kissed him on the shoulder.[1]—"You have made me perfectly happy,"—he said, without ceasing to smile.—"I am bound to tell you that I . . . adore my son; I need say nothing as to my old woman: she 's his mother—everybody knows what that means!—but I dare not express my feelings in his presence, because he does not like that. He is averse to all effusions; many persons even condemn him for that firmness of character, and discern in it a sign of pride, or absence of feeling: but people like him must not be measured with the ordinary yard-stick, is n't that so? Take this, for example: any other man in his place would have drawn and drawn on his parents; but he, will you believe it? has never taken an extra kopék from us in his life, as God is my witness!"

"He is an unselfish, honourable man,"—remarked Arkády.

"Precisely so, unselfish. And I not only adore him, Arkády Nikoláitch, I am proud of him, and my whole pride consists in this, that in course of time these words will stand in his biography: 'he was the son of a simple staff-doctor, who, nevertheless, understood how to divine him early in life, and spared no expense on his education. . .'" The old man's voice broke.

[1] As serfs were wont to do to their masters.—TRANSLATOR.

Arkády squeezed his hand.

"What think you,"—asked Vasíly Iványitch, after a brief silence,—"assuredly he will not attain in the medical career that fame which you prophesy for him?"

"Of course not in the medical career, although in that respect also he will be one of the leading lights."

"In what career then, Arkády Nikoláitch?"

"That is difficult to say at present, but he will become famous."

"He will become famous!"—repeated the old man, and became immersed in meditation.

"Arína Vlásievna has ordered me to ask you to drink tea,"—said Anfísushka as she passed them with a huge dish of ripe raspberries.

Vasíly Iványitch started—"And will there be chilled cream for the raspberries?"

"There will, sir."

"See to it that it is cold! Do not stand on ceremony, Arkády Nikoláitch,—take a lot. I wonder why Evgény does not come."

"Here I am,"—rang out Bazároff's voice from Arkády's room.

Vasíly Iványitch wheeled hastily round. "Aha! thou hast wished to visit thy friend, but thou wert belated, *amice,* and he and I have already had a long conversation. Now we must go and drink tea: thy mother summons us. By the way, I must have a talk with thee."

"What about?"

"There is a wretched peasant here; he is suffering from *icterus*. . . ."

"In other words, from jaundice?"

"Yes, from chronic and very obstinate *icterus*. I have prescribed for him centaury, and Saint John's wort, I have made him eat carrots, I have administered soda; but all these are palliatives; something more decisive is necessary. Although thou jeerest at medicine, yet I am persuaded that thou canst give me practical advice. But we will talk of that later. And now let us go and drink tea."

Vasíly Iványitch sprang up briskly from the bench and began to sing from *Robert le Diable*:

> "We 'll make a law, a law, a law unto ourselves
> In joy . . . in joy . . . in joyfulness to dwell!"

"What remarkable vitality!"—said Bazároff and he withdrew from the window.

Midday arrived. The sun blazed from behind a thin veil of continuous, whitish clouds. Silence reigned: only the cocks crowed provokingly at each other in the village, arousing in every one who heard them a strange sensation of drowsiness and weariness; and somewhere aloft in the crests of the trees resounded like a wailing call the unintermitting squeak of a young hawk. Arkády and Bazároff were lying in the shade of a small hay-stack, having placed beneath themselves a

couple of armfuls of the rustlingly-dry, but still green and fragrant grass.

"Yonder aspen-tree,"—began Bazároff, "reminds me of my childhood; it grows on the brink of a pit, the relic of a brick-shed, and at that time I was convinced that that pit and the aspen possessed a peculiar talisman: I never felt bored when I was by their side. I did not understand then that I was not bored, because I was a child. Well, now I am grown up, and the talisman does not work."

"How much time hast thou spent here altogether?"—asked Arkády.

"Two years in succession; then we used to come here occasionally. We led a wandering life; we used to haunt the towns chiefly."

"And has this house been standing long?"

"Yes. My grandfather built it, my mother's father."

"Who was he—thy grandfather?"

"The deuce knows. Some Second-Major or other. He served under Suvóroff, and was forever telling about crossing the Alps. He lied, I suppose."

"That 's why there is a portrait of Suvóroff hanging in your drawing-room. I like such little houses as yours, old and warm; and there is a certain peculiar odour in them."

"It smacks of olive oil from the shrine-lamp, and sweet clover,"—articulated Bazároff with a

yawn.—"But what a lot of flies there are in these charming little houses . . . . . phew!"

"Tell me,"—began Arkády, after a brief silence,—"wert thou oppressed in thy childhood?"

"Thou seest what my parents are like.—They 're not strict folks."

"Dost thou love them, Evgény?"

"Yes, Arkády!"

"They love thee so!"

Bazároff said nothing for a while.—"Dost thou know what I am thinking about?"—he said at last, throwing his hands behind his head.

"No. What is it?"

"I am thinking: my parents have a jolly good time in the world! My father, at the age of sixty, fusses about, talks about 'palliative' remedies, doctors people, is generous to his peasants,—in a word, he leads a life of dissipation; and my mother finds life pleasant also: her day is so crammed with all sorts of occupations, with akhs! and okhs! that she has no time to bethink herself; while I . . . . ."

"While thou?"

"While I think: here I lie now under a haystack . . . . the space I occupy is small, so tiny in comparison with the surrounding expanse, where I am not, and where no one cares about me; and the portion of time which I shall manage to live through is so insignificant, in comparison with

eternity, where I have not been and shall not be. . . . But in this atom, this mathematical point, the blood is circulating, the brain is working, it wants something also. . . . What a monstrosity! What nonsense!"

"Permit me to remark that what thou art saying is applicable to all men in general. . . ."

"Thou art right,"—chimed in Bazároff.—"What I wanted to say is that they, that is, my parents, are occupied, and do not bother about their own insignificance; it does not stink in their nostrils . . . while I . . . feel simply bored and wrathful."

"Wrathful? Why wrathful?"

"Why? What dost thou mean by 'why'? Can it be that thou hast forgotten?"

"I remember everything, but nevertheless I do not acknowledge that thou hast a right to be angry. Thou art unhappy, I admit, but . . . ."

"Eh! I perceive that thou, Arkády Nikoláevitch, understandest love like all the most modern young men: *cheep, cheep, cheep,* chicken, but just as soon as the chicken begins to approach, make off as fast as you can!—I am not like that. But enough on that score. It is shameful to talk about what cannot be helped." He turned over on his side.—"Aha! yonder is a bold ant dragging a half-dead fly. Drag it along, brother, drag it along! Don't mind its resistance, take advantage of the fact that thou, in thy quality of an animal,

hast a right not to recognise the feeling of suffering, which is quite the reverse of the case with one of us, who is ' self-broken ' ! "

" That is not the thing for thee to say, Evgény! —When hast thou broken thyself? "

Bazároff raised his head.—" That 's the only thing I am proud of. I have not broken myself, and a woman shall not break me. Amen! Done with! Thou wilt never hear another word about it from me."

The two friends lay for some time in silence.

" Yes,"—began Bazároff,—" man is a strange being. When one gazes thus from one side, and from a distance, at life in the wilds, such as our ' fathers ' lead, it seems to him: What could be better? Eat, drink, and know that thou art acting in the most regular, most sensible manner. But no; melancholy seizes hold upon one. One wants to consort with people, even if it be to revile them, but to consort with them."

" One must arrange life in such a way that every moment in it will be significant,"—said Arkády thoughtfully.

" Who says so! The significant, although it is sometimes false, is sweet, but it is also possible to reconcile one's self to the insignificant . . . . but there 's the empty tittle-tattle, the empty tittle-tattle—that 's the trouble."

" Tittle-tattle does not exist for a man, if only he refuse to recognise it."

"H'm . . . thou hast uttered the *opposite commonplace.*"

"What?—What dost thou call by that name?"

"Why, this: to say, for example, that civilisation is useful,—that is a commonplace; but to say that civilisation is harmful is the opposite commonplace. It appears to be more elegant, but, in reality, it is identical."

"But where is the truth, on which side?"

"Where? I will answer thee like Echo: 'Where?'"

"Thou art in a melancholy mood to-day, Evgény."

"Really? The sun must have stewed me, and one should not eat so many raspberries."

"In that case, it would not be a bad idea to have a nap,"—remarked Arkády.

"All right; only don't look at me: every man has a stupid face when he is asleep."

"But is n't it a matter of indifference to thee what people think of thee?"

"I don't know what to say to thee. A genuine man ought not to worry about that; a genuine man is the one for whom it is not worth while to think, but whom one must obey or hate."

"It is strange! I do not hate any one,"—said Arkády, after reflection.

"And I hate so many. Thou art a tender soul, a sluggish man, why shouldst thou hate!—Thou

art timid, thou hast little confidence in thyself. . . ."

"And thou,"—interrupted Arkády,—"hast thou confidence in thyself? Hast thou a lofty opinion of thyself?"

Bazároff remained silent for a while.—"When I meet a man who will not sing small before me,"—he said with breaks and pauses,—"then I will alter my opinion of myself.—Hate! Why, here, for example, thou didst say to-day, as we passed the cottage of our overseer, Philíp,—it is so fine and white,—here thou didst say,—that Russia would attain to perfection when the last peasant should have such a dwelling, and every one of us ought to promote it. . . . But I hated that last peasant, Philíp or Sídor, for whom I am to toil and moil, and who will not even say 'thanks' to me . . . . and what do I want with his thanks, anyway? Well, he will live in a white cottage, but burdocks will be growing out of me.—Well, and what comes next?"

"Enough, Evgény . . . when one listens to thee to-day, one involuntarily agrees with those who accuse us of a lack of principles."

"Thou art talking like thy uncle. In general, there are no principles—hast thou not discovered that yet! but there are sensations. Everything depends on them."

"How so?"

"Why, because.—Take me; for example: I

hold to the negative tendency,—by virtue of sensation. It is agreeable to me to deny my brain is constructed in that way—and that's enough! Why do I like chemistry? Why dost thou like apples?—also by virtue of the sensation. All that is identical. Deeper than that, men will never penetrate. Not every one will tell thee that, and I shall not tell thee that again."

"What? and is honour also a sensation?"

"I should say so!"

"Evgény!"—began Arkády in a sad voice.

"Ah? What? Is n't it to thy taste?"—interrupted Bazároff.—"No, brother! If thou hast made up thy mind to mow down everything—lay thyself by the heels also! . . . . But we have philosophised enough. 'Nature incites to the silence of slumber,' says Púshkin."

"He never said anything of the sort,"—said Arkády.

"Well, if he did n't say it, he might and should have said it in his quality of a poet. By the way, he must have been in the military service."

"Púshkin never was a military man."

"Upon my word, he shows it on every page:—'To battle, to battle! For the honour of Russia!'"

"What fables thou dost invent! Why, that is downright calumny."

"Calumny? Much I care about that! He has undertaken to scare me with a word! Whatever

calumny you impute to a man he really deserves something twenty times worse."

"We 'd better go to sleep,"—said Arkády with vexation.

"With the greatest pleasure,"—replied Bazároff. But neither of them got to sleep. A certain almost hostile feeling had seized possession of the hearts of both young men. Five minutes later they opened their eyes and exchanged a glance in silence.

"Look,"—said Arkády at last,—"a dry maple-leaf has broken loose and falls to the ground; its movement is exactly like that of a butterfly. Is n't it strange? The most melancholy and dead resembles the most merry and lively."

"Oh, my friend, Arkády Nikoláitch!"—cried Bazároff,—"I make one request of thee: don't use fine language."

"I talk as I can. . . And this is despotism, in short. An idea has come into my head: why not utter it?"

"Precisely; but why should not I utter my thought also? I think that to use fine language is improper."

"What is proper then? To swear?"

"Eh, eh! But I perceive that thou really art bent upon following in the footsteps of thy uncle. How that idiot would rejoice if he could hear thee!"

"What was that thou didst call Pável Petróvitch?"

"I called him what he deserves—an idiot."

"But this is unbearable!" exclaimed Arkády.

"Aha! the sentiment of consanguinuity has spoken,"—remarked Bazároff tranquilly.—"I have noticed that it stands its ground very persistently in people. A man is ready to reject everything, he will part with every prejudice; but to admit that his brother, who steals other people's handkerchiefs is a thief—is beyond his strength. Yes, and in fact: *my* brother, *mine* is not a genius . . . is that possible?"

"What spoke in me was the simple sentiment of justice, and not that of consanguinuity at all,"—retorted Arkády vehemently.—"But since thou hast not that *sensation*, thou canst not judge of it."

"In other words, Arkády Kirsánoff is too lofty for my comprehension; I bow my head and hold my tongue."

"Please stop, Evgény; we shall end by quarrelling."

"Akh, Arkády! do me that favour: let us have a good quarrel for once—to the point of peeling off our coats to extermination."

"Well, if we go on like this, probably we shall wind up by . . . ."

"By fighting?"—interpolated Bazároff.—"What of that? Here on the hay, in such idyllic

surroundings, far from the world and the gaze of men—it does n't matter. But thou wilt not get the better of me. I shall instantly clutch thee by the throat. . . . ."

Bazároff spread wide his long, tough fingers. . . Arkády turned over and made ready, as though in jest, to offer resistance. . . . But his friend's face struck him as so malevolent, there seemed to him to be something so far from a jest in the wry smile on his lips, in his blazing eyes,—that he felt an involuntary timidity. . . .

"Ah! so this is where you 've got to!"—rang out Vasíly Iványitch's voice at that moment, and the old regimental staff-surgeon stood before the young men, clad in a home-made linen pea-jacket and with a straw hat, also of domestic manufacture, on his head.—"I have been hunting and hunting for you. . . But you have chosen a capital place and are devoting yourselves to a very fine occupation. Lying on the 'earth' to gaze at 'heaven.' . . Do you know, there is a certain special significance in that!"

"I gaze at heaven only when I want to sneeze,"—growled Bazároff, and, turning to Arkády, he added, in an undertone: "It 's a pity he has disturbed us."

"Come, enough of that,"—whispered Arkády, and stealthily pressed his friend's hand. But no friendship can long withstand such clashes.

"I look at you, my young companions,"—

Vasíly Iványitch was saying in the meantime, as he shook his head and rested his clasped hands on an artfully twisted cane of his own manufacture, with the figure of a Turk in place of a knob,—"I look and cannot sufficiently admire you. How much strength and the most vigorous youth, capacities, talents, you have! 'T is simply . . . . Castor and Pollux!"

"See now—he makes pretensions to knowing mythology!"—remarked Bazároff. "'T is immediately evident that he was strong on Latin in his day! I think I remember that thou wert given the silver medal for composition—hey?"

"The Dioscuri, the Dioscuri!"—repeated Vasíly Iványitch.

"Come, father, have done with that,—don't get sentimental."

"It is permissible once in a way,"—stammered the old man.—"But I have not hunted you up, gentlemen, for the purpose of paying you compliments, but with the object, in the first place, of informing you that we are to dine soon; and, in the second place,—I wanted to warn thee, Evgény. . . . Thou art a sensible man, thou knowest men and thou knowest women, and, consequently, thou wilt pardon me. . . . Thy mother wished to have a prayer-service celebrated in honour of thy arrival. Don't imagine that I am summoning thee to be present at that prayer-service: it is already finished; but Father Alexyéi . . . ."

"The pope?"

"Well, yes, the priest; he is going to dine with us. . . . I had not expected it, and even advised against it . . . but somehow it turned out that way . . . . he did not understand me. . . . . Moreover, he is a very good and sagacious man."

"He won't eat my portion at dinner, will he?" —asked Bazároff.

Vasíly Iványitch laughed—"Good gracious, what dost thou mean?"

"I demand nothing more. I am ready to sit down at table with any sort of man."

Vasíly Iványitch adjusted his hat.—"I was convinced in advance,"—he said,—"that thou art above all prejudices. As for that, I am an old man: I have lived for sixty years, and I have none." (Vasíly Iványitch did not dare to confess that he himself had desired to have the prayer-service. . . . He was no less devout than his wife.) "And Father Alexyéi was very anxious to make thy acquaintance. Thou wilt like him, as thou wilt see. He is not averse to a game of cards either, and even . . . . but that is between ourselves . . . he smokes a pipe."

"You don't say so? After dinner we 'll sit down to whist and I 'll beat him."

"Ha—ha—ha, we shall see! That 's the question."

"What 's that? Art thou going to recall the

pleasures of youth?"—said Bazároff, with peculiar emphasis.

Vasíly Iványitch's bronzed cheeks crimsoned with confusion.

"Art not thou ashamed of thyself, Evgény?—What 's past is past. Well, and I am ready to confess in *his* presence that I had that passion in my youth—as a matter of fact; and I have paid well for it, too!—But how hot it is. Allow me to sit down beside you. I 'm not in the way, am I?"

"Not in the least,"—replied Arkády.

Vasíly Iványitch dropped down on the hay with a grunt.—"Your present couch, gentlemen,"—he began,—"reminds me of my military, bivouac life, field hospitals, also somewhere close to a haystack, thank God for that."—He sighed.—"I have gone through a great deal—a great deal, in my time. Now, for instance, if you will permit me, I will tell you a curious episode of the plague in Bessarabia."

"For which you received the Order of St. Vladímir?"—interpolated Bazároff. "We know about it—we know about it. . . . By the way, why dost not thou wear it?"

"Why, I have told thee that I have no prejudices,"—stammered Vasíly Iványitch (only the day before he had commanded that the red ribbon should be ripped off his coat), and he began to narrate the episode of the plague.—"Why, he has fallen asleep,"—he suddenly

whispered to Arkády, pointing at Bazároff, and he winked good-humouredly.—"Evgény! get up!"—he added aloud.—"Come to dinner. . . ."

Father Alexyéi, a stout and stately man, with thick, carefully brushed hair, and an embroidered belt over his lilac cassock, proved to be a very adroit and ready-witted person. He hastened to shake hands with Arkády and Bazároff, as though he understood beforehand that they did not need his blessing,[1] and altogether he bore himself without constraint. He neither lowered his own dignity, nor gave offence to others; he laughed opportunely at seminary Latin and stood up for his Bishop; he drank two glasses of wine, but refused a third; he accepted a cigar from Arkády, but did not smoke it, saying that he would carry it home. The only thing about him that was not thoroughly agreeable was that he kept slowly and cautiously lifting his hand to catch flies on his face, and in so doing he sometimes crushed them. He seated himself at the card-table with a moderate show of satisfaction, and ended by winning two rubles and a half from Bazároff in bills; in Arína Vlásievna's house no one had the least conception of reckoning in silver money. . .[2] As before, she sat beside her son (she did not play

[1] It is customary for priests and the higher ecclesiastics to bestow their blessing upon laymen, and have their hand kissed in return, instead of shaking hands.—TRANSLATOR.

[2] At the epoch referred to, silver was considerably more valuable than bills.—TRANSLATOR.

cards), as before she propped her cheek on her fist, and only rose for the purpose of giving orders to serve some fresh viand. She was afraid to caress Bazároff, and he did not encourage her, did not challenge her to caresses, and, in addition, Vasíly Iványitch had advised her not to "bother" him too much.—"Young men don't like it,"—he had inculcated upon her; (it is unnecessary to say what the dinner was like that day: Timoféitch had galloped off in person at early dawn for some special Tcherkessian beef; the overseer had gone in another direction for burbot, perch and crawfish; for mushrooms alone the peasant women had been paid forty-two kopéks in copper money); but Arína Vlásievna's eyes, immovably fastened upon Bazároff, expressed not alone devotion and tenderness: in them there was visible also sadness mingled with curiosity and terror: there was visible a sort of submissive reproach.

But Bazároff was in no mood to decipher precisely what his mother's eyes expressed; he rarely addressed her, and then only with a curt question. Once he asked her for her hand "for luck"; she gently laid her soft little hand on his hard, broad palm.

"Well,"—she inquired, after waiting a while,—"did n't it help?"

"Things went still worse,"—he replied with a careless smile.

"They are taking great risks,"—articulated

Father Alexyéi, as though with compassion, and stroked his handsome beard.

"Napoleon's rule, my good father, Napoleon's rule,"—interpolated Vasíly Iványitch,—and led an ace.

"And it led him to the island of St. Helena,"—remarked Father Alexyéi, and trumped with the ace.

"Wouldst not thou like some raspberry water, Eniúshenka?"—asked Arína Vlásievna.

Bazároff merely shrugged his shoulders.

"No!"—he said to Arkády on the following day,—"I 'm going away to-morrow. It 's tiresome; I want to work and it 's impossible here. I 'll go back to the country with thee; I have left all my preparations there. In thy house at least one can lock himself up. But here my father keeps repeating to me: 'my study is at thy service—no one will disturb thee,'—and he himself never goes a step from me. And somehow, too, I 'm ashamed to lock him out. And it 's the same with my mother. I hear her sighing on the other side of the wall, but if I go to her I have nothing to say."

"She is greatly afflicted,"—said Arkády,—"and so is he."

"I 'll return to them."

"When?"

"Why, on my way to Petersburg."

"I am particularly sorry for thy mother."

"Why so? Has she been treating thee to berries?"

Arkády dropped his eyes.—"Thou dost not know thy mother, Evgény. She is not only an excellent woman, she is very clever, really. This morning she talked to me for half an hour—so practically, so interesting."

"She probably dilated upon me the whole time?"

"The conversation was not about thee alone."

"Possibly; things are more visible to thee as an outsider. If a woman can maintain a half-hour's conversation, that is a good sign. But I 'm going away, nevertheless."

"Thou wilt not find it easy to impart that information to them. They are both discussing what we are to do a fortnight hence."

"It is not easy. The devil prompted me today to annoy my father: the other day he gave orders that one of his serfs who pays him quit-rent should be flogged—and he did quite right; yes, yes, don't stare at me in such horror,—he did quite right, because the man is the most frightful thief and drunkard; only my father did not in the least expect that I should get wind of the affair, as the expression is. He was very much disconcerted, and now I must grieve him to boot. . . Never mind! It won't kill him!"

Bazároff said, "Never mind!" but a whole day elapsed before he could bring himself to inform

Vasíly Iványitch of his intention. At last, as he was bidding him good-night in the study, he said, with a forced yawn:

"Yes. . . I came near forgetting to tell thee. . . Please order our horses to be sent on to Feodót to-morrow for the relay."

Vasíly Iványitch was astounded.—"Is Mr. Kirsánoff going away from us?"

"Yes; and I am going with him."

Vasíly Iványitch whirled round where he stood. —"Thou art going away?"

"Yes . . . I must. Please make arrangements about the horses."

"Very well . . ." stammered the old man:—"for the relay . . very good . . . . only . . . . only . . . . What does it mean?"

"I must go to his house for a short time. Then I will come back here."

"Yes! For a short time. . . Very good."—Vasíly Iványitch pulled out his handkerchief, and as he blew his nose he bent over almost to the floor. . "Very well . . . all shall be done. I was thinking that thou wouldst stay with us . . . . longer. Three days. . . . That . . that . . is very little, after three years; it is very little, Evgény!"

"But I tell thee I am coming back soon. It is indispensable that I should go."

"Indispensable. . . . What then? One must do one's duty first of all. . . . So I am to des-

patch the horses? Very good. Of course Arína and I did not expect this. She has begged some flowers from a neighbour; she meant to embellish thy room." (Vasíly Iványitch made no mention of the fact that very morning, as soon as it was light, standing barefooted in his slippers, he had taken counsel with Timoféitch, and drawing forth, with trembling fingers, one bank-note after another, had commissioned him to make divers purchases, having special reference to victuals and to claret, which, so far as he had been able to observe, the young men greatly liked.) "The main thing is freedom;—that is my rule . . . one must not impede . . . not . . ."

He suddenly relapsed into silence and went toward the door.

"We shall see each other again soon, father, really."

But Vasíly Iványitch, without turning round, merely waved his hand and left the room. On reaching his bedroom he found his wife in bed, and began to pray in a whisper, in order not to waken her. But she awoke, nevertheless.—"Is it thou, Vasíly Iványitch?"—she asked.

"Yes, dear little mother."

"Comest thou from Eniúsha? Dost thou know I am afraid: he does not sleep comfortably on the couch. I ordered Anfísushka to give him thy camp mattress and new pillows; I would have

given him our feather-bed, but I remember that he does not like a soft bed."

"Never mind, dear little mother, don't worry. He 's all right. O Lord, have mercy upon us sinners,"—he continued his prayer in a low voice. Vasíly Iványitch was sorry for his old woman; he did not like to tell her overnight what a sorrow was in store for her.

Bazároff and Arkády went away on the following day. From early morning everything in the house grew melancholy; the dishes tumbled out of Anfísushka's hands; even Fédka was surprised, and ended by pulling off his boots. Vasíly Iványitch bustled about more than ever: he was evidently keeping up his courage; he talked in a loud voice and clumped with his feet, but his face was haggard and his glances constantly slipped past his son. Arína Vlásievna wept quietly; she was thoroughly distraught, and would not have been able to control herself if her husband had not argued with her for two whole hours early in the morning. But when Bazároff, after repeated promises to return not later than a month hence, tore himself at last from the restraining embraces, and took his seat in the tarantás; when the horses started and the bell began to jingle and the wheels began to revolve,—and there was no longer any use in staring after him, and the dust had subsided, and Timoféitch, all bowed and reeling as he walked, dragged himself back to his kennel;

when the old folks were left alone in their house, which also seemed suddenly to have shrunk together and grown decrepit: Vasíly Iványitch, who only a few moments before had been bravely waving his handkerchief from the porch, dropped into a chair and drooped his head upon his breast. "He has abandoned, abandoned us,"—he stammered,—"abandoned us; he found it tiresome with us. Alone, solitary as a finger now, alone!" he repeated several times, and every time he thrust out his hand in front of him with the forefinger standing apart. Then Arína Vlásievna went up to him, and leaning her grey head against his grey head, she said: "What is to be done, Vásya? A son is a slice cut off. He is like the falcon: when he would he flew hither, when he would he flew away; thou and I are like mushrooms on a hollow tree: we sit in a row and never stir from our places. Only I shall remain forever inalterable to thee, as thou wilt to me."

Vasíly Iványitch removed his hands from his face and embraced his wife, his friend, as closely as he had embraced her in their youth: she had comforted him in his grief.

XXII

In silence, only now and then exchanging insignificant words, our friends arrived at Feodót's. Bazároff was not wholly satisfied with himself. Arkády was displeased with him. Moreover, he felt in his heart that causeless melancholy which is known to very young people alone. The coachman transferred the harness to the fresh horses, and clambering to the box, inquired: "To the right, or to the left?"

Arkády shivered. The road to the right led to the town and thence home; the road to the left led to Madame Odíntzoff's.

He glanced at Bazároff.

"Evgény,"—he asked,—"to the left?"

Bazároff turned away.—"What folly is this?"—he muttered.

"I know that it is folly,"—replied Arkády.... "But where 's the harm in that? Would it be the first time we have perpetrated it?"

Bazároff pulled his cap down on his brow.—"As thou wilt,"—he said at last.

"Turn to the left,"—shouted Arkády.

The tarantás rolled on in the direction of Nikólskoe. But once having decided on the

folly, the friends maintained a more obstinate silence than ever, and even appeared to be angry.

From the very way in which the butler received them on the porch of Madame Odíntzoff's house the friends were enabled to divine that they had not acted wisely in yielding to the whim which had suddenly seized them. Evidently they were not expected. They sat waiting for a fairly long time, and with decidedly foolish faces, in the drawing-room. Madame Odíntzoff came at last. She greeted them with the graciousness which was peculiar to her, but was surprised at their speedy return, and, so far as could be judged from the deliberation of her movements and her speech, she was not over delighted by it. They hastened to explain that they had only dropped in on their way, and four hours later they went on to the town. She confined herself to a slight exclamation, requested Arkády to present her compliments to his father, and sent for her aunt. The Princess made her appearance in a very sleepy state, which imparted still greater malice to the expression of her wrinkled old face. Kátya was indisposed; she did not leave her room. Arkády suddenly became conscious of the fact that he was, at least, as desirous of seeing Kátya as Anna Sergyéevna herself. The four hours passed in insignificant chat about this and that; Anna Sergyéevna both listened and talked without a smile. Only just as they were

taking leave did her former friendliness seem to stir in her soul.

"I have a fit of spleen just at present,"—she said,—"but you must pay no heed to that, and come again—I am saying this to both of you,—after a while."

Both Bazároff and Arkády answered her by a silent bow, seated themselves in their carriage, and without halting again anywhere, drove off home to Márino, where they arrived in safety on the following day at evening. During the whole course of the journey neither of them so much as mentioned Madame Odíntzoff's name; Bazároff, in particular, hardly opened his mouth, and kept staring to one side away from the road with a certain obdurate intensity.

Every one at Márino was extremely glad to see them. The prolonged absence of his son had begun to trouble Nikolái Petróvitch. He cried out, flung his legs about and bounced about on the divan when Fénitchka ran into his room with beaming eyes and announced the arrival of "the young gentlemen"; even Pável Petróvitch felt a certain agreeable agitation, and smiled condescendingly as he shook hands with the returned wanderers. They began to talk and ask questions; Arkády did most of the talking, especially at supper, which lasted until long after midnight. Nikolái Petróvitch ordered several bottles of porter to be served, which had just been brought from

Moscow, and he himself indulged in dissipation to such an extent that his cheeks became deep crimson, and he laughed incessantly in a way which was not precisely childish nor yet precisely nervous. The general exhilaration extended to the servants also. Dunyásha ran back and forth like one possessed, and kept slamming the doors, and Piótr, even at two o'clock in the morning, was still trying to play a kazák waltz on the guitar. The strings resounded wailingly and pleasingly in the motionless air; but, with the exception of a little preliminary fioritura, the educated valet could get nothing out of his instrument: nature had denied him musical talent, as well as all other faculties.

Meanwhile, life did not arrange itself very comfortably at Márino, and poor Nikolái Petróvitch fared badly. His anxieties about the farm augmented with every passing day—cheerless, inexorable anxieties. His difficulties with his hired labourers became unendurable. Some demanded their pay or an increase, others went away after they had received their earnest-money; the horses fell ill; the harness wore out as though burned with fire; the work was heedlessly done; the threshing machine which had been ordered from Moscow turned out to be unsuitable, owing to its weight; another was ruined the first time it was used; half of the cattle-sheds burned down because a blind old woman, one of the house-serfs,

went in windy weather to fumigate her cow with a firebrand. . . . The catastrophe occurred, it is true, according to the assertion of that same old woman, because the master had taken it into his head to set up some unheard-of cheeses and dairy-products. The overseer suddenly grew lazy, and even began to grow fat, as every Russian man does grow fat when " free bread " falls to his lot. On catching sight from afar of Nikolái Petróvitch, in order to display his zeal, he would fling a chip at a sucking-pig which was running by, or menace a half-nude little boy; but the rest of the time he spent chiefly in sleeping. The peasants who had been placed on the quit-rent basis did not bring their money at the appointed time and stole wood in the forest; almost every night the watchmen found, and sometimes captured after a scrimmage, the peasants' horses in the meadows of the " farm." Nikolái Petróvitch tried the plan of inflicting a fine in money for the damage done by this grazing, but the affair usually ended by the horses being restored to their owners after they had been fed at his expense for a day or two. To crown all, the peasants began to quarrel among themselves; brothers demanded a division, their wives could not get along together in one house; all at once a brawl began to rage, and suddenly everything was in an uproar, as though at the word of command every one was rushing past the porch of the estate-office besieg-

ing the master, often with bruised faces, in an intoxicated condition, and demanding justice and chastisement; clamour arose, and roars, and the whimpering shrieks of women mingled with curses from the men. It became necessary to examine into the conflicting claims, to shout one's self hoarse, knowing in advance that it was impossible, nevertheless, to arrive at any correct decision. There were not hands enough for the reaping: a neighbouring peasant-proprietor, with the most ingratiating countenance, had contracted to furnish reapers at two rubles a desyatína, and had cheated in the most unconscionable manner; his peasant women demanded unheard-of prices, and, in the meantime, the grain was falling from the ear upon the ground, and while on the one hand the reaping could not be managed, on the other hand, the Council of Guardians was menacing and demanding immediate and full payment of interest on its loan. . . . . .

"It is beyond my strength!"—Nikoláï Petróvitch more than once exclaimed with despair.—"It is out of the question for me to fight myself, and my principles do not permit me to send for the chief of the rural police, and yet, without the fear of punishment, nothing can be accomplished!"

"*Du calme, du calme,*"—Pável Petróvitch replied to this, but he himself purred and frowned and tugged at his moustache.

Bazároff held himself aloof from all these "squabbles," and, moreover, as a guest it was not his place to meddle with other people's affairs. On the day after his arrival at Márino, he betook himself to his frogs, his infusoriæ, his chemical compounds, and busied himself exclusively with them. Arkády, on the contrary, regarded it as his duty, if not to aid his father, at least to display a mien of being ready to aid him. He listened patiently to him, and one day he offered some piece of advice, not with the object of having it followed, but for the sake of showing his sympathy. Farming matters did not arouse repugnance in him: he had even meditated with pleasure on agricultural activity; but at that period other thoughts were swarming in his brain. Arkády, to his own amazement, thought incessantly of Nikólskoe; formerly he would only have shrugged his shoulders if any one had told him that he could feel bored under the same roof with Bazároff, and under what roof to boot!—that of his father; but he really was bored and longed to get away. He took it into his head to walk until he was tired out, but this was of no avail. While chatting one day with his father he learned that Nikolái Petróvitch had several decidedly interesting letters written in former days by Madame Odíntzoff's mother to his dead wife, and he did not leave him in peace until he had got possession of these letters, in search of which

Nikolái Petróvitch was obliged to rummage in a score of different drawers and chests. On entering into possession of these half-decayed papers, Arkády seemed to calm down, just as though he perceived ahead of him the goal toward which it behooved him to advance. "I will tell you both about it," he kept constantly whispering,—adding to himself: "I will go, I will go, devil take it!" But he recalled his last visit, the cool reception and the former awkwardness, and was overcome with timidity. The "Perchance" of youth, a secret desire to taste his happiness, to test his powers all by himself, without the protection of any one whomsoever—finally won the victory. Ten days had not elapsed after his return to Márino before he again galloped off to the town, under the pretext of studying the mechanism of the Sunday-schools,[1] and thence to Nikólskoe. Incessantly urging the postilion to greater speed, he dashed thither like a young officer to a battle: he felt afraid and gay and suffocating with impatience. "The chief thing is not to think," he kept repeating to himself. He had chanced upon a wild postilion; the man drew up in front of every dram-shop, saying: "Have a drink?" or "Don't we want a drink?" but, on the other hand, when once he had got his drink he did not spare

[1] For the instruction in reading, writing, and the common branches, of those engaged in labor during the week: not schools for teaching religion exclusively, as that subject occupies a prominent place in all schools in Russia.—TRANSLATOR.

the horses. . . . "What am I doing?"—suddenly flashed through Arkády's head. "Well, I can't turn back, anyway!" The tróïka rolled briskly on; the postilion shouted and whistled. And now the little bridge rumbled under the hoofs and wheels—now the avenue of clipped firs made its appearance. . . . A woman's pink gown flashed amid the dark verdure, a young face peeped out from beneath the light fringe of a parasol. . . . . He recognised Kátya and she recognised him. Arkády ordered the postilion to stop the galloping horses, sprang out of the equipage, and went up to her. "So it is you!"—she said, and a rosy flush gradually overspread all her face:—"Let us go to my sister; she is yonder in the garden; she will be glad to see you."

Kátya led Arkády to the garden. His meeting with her seemed to him a peculiarly happy omen; she had been as delighted to see him as though he were a member of the family. Everything had turned out so capitally: neither butler nor announcement. At the turn of the path he caught sight of Anna Sergyéevna. She was standing with her back to him. On hearing footsteps she gently turned round.

Arkády was on the point of feeling disconcerted, but the first words she uttered immediately restored his composure. "Good-morning, fugitive!" she said in her even, gracious voice, and advanced to meet him, smiling and blinking

with the sun and the wind: "Where didst thou find him, Kátya?"

"I have brought you something,"—he began, —"Anna Sergyéevna, which you were not in the least expecting. . . . . "

"You have brought yourself; that is the best of all."

XXIII

After seeing Arkády off with mocking sympathy, and giving him to understand that he was not in the slightest degree deceived as to the real object of his journey, Bazároff definitively isolated himself: the fever of work had descended upon him. He no longer argued with Pável Petróvitch, the more so, as the latter in his presence assumed an extremely aristocratic mien and expressed his opinions more by sounds than by words. Only once did Pável Petróvitch enter into a controversy with the *nihilist* on the question which was then in fashion as to the rights of the nobility of the Baltic Provinces, but he suddenly checked himself, saying with cold courtesy: "However, we cannot understand each other; I, at least, have not the honour to understand you."

"I should think not!"—exclaimed Bazároff. —"A man is capable of understanding everything—the pulsation of the ether and what is going on in the sun; but how another man can blow his nose in any other way than he blows his own,—that he is not capable of understanding."

"Is that witty?"—said Pável Petróvitch inquiringly, and withdrew to one side. However,

he sometimes asked permission to be present at Bazároff's experiments, and once even he put his face, perfumed and washed with an excellent preparation, down to the microscope, in order to watch a transparent infusoria swallow a green particle and chew it up carefully with certain very agile little fists which it had in its throat. Nikolái Petróvitch visited Bazároff much more frequently than did his brother; he would gladly have come every day " to study," as he expressed it, had not the cares of his estate called him elsewhere. He did not disturb the young naturalist; he seated himself somewhere in a corner and watched attentively, rarely permitting himself a cautious question. During dinner and supper he endeavoured to turn the conversation on physics, geology or chemistry, as all other subjects, even those connected with farming, not to mention those connected with politics, might lead if not to collisions, at least to mutual dissatisfaction. Nikolái Petróvitch divined that his brother's hatred for Bazároff was not in the least diminished. One insignificant incident, among many others, confirmed him in his surmise. The cholera had begun to make its appearance here and there in the neighbourhood, and had even " culled " a couple of persons from Márino itself. One night Pável Petróvitch had a rather severe attack. He suffered agonies until morning, but did not have recourse to Bazároff's art—and when he saw him on the

following day, to his query: "Why had not he sent for him?"—he replied, still ghastly pale, but with his hair already well brushed and face carefully shaved:—"Why, I believe you said yourself that you did not believe in medicine." Thus the days passed on; Bazároff toiled stubbornly and gloomily . . . and meanwhile there was in Nikolái Petróvitch's house a being with whom he not only relieved his heart, but gladly conversed. . . That being was Fénitchka.

His interviews with her generally took place early in the morning in the garden or in the yard; he did not go to her room, and she never went but once to his door to ask him whether or not she ought to bathe Mítya? She not only trusted him, she not only did not fear him, but she bore herself in his presence with more freedom and ease than even with Nikolái Petróvitch himself. It is difficult to say whence this arose; perhaps from the fact that she unconsciously felt in Bazároff the absence of everything savouring of the gentry class, of all that loftiness which both attracts and intimidates. In her eyes he was a capital doctor and a simple man. Without feeling embarrassed by his presence, she busied herself with her baby; and one day, when her head suddenly began to reel and ache, she accepted a spoonful of medicine from his hand. Before Nikolái Petróvitch she seemed to shun Bazároff: she did this not out of craft, but from a certain sentiment of decorum.

Pável Petróvitch she feared more than ever; for some time past he had taken to watching her, and was wont suddenly to make his appearance, as though he had sprung out of the earth behind her back in his English suit, with keen, immovable face, and hands in his pockets.—"He fairly sends a chill down your back," Fénitchka complained to Dunyásha, and the latter in reply sighed and thought of another "unfeeling" man. Bazároff, without himself suspecting the fact, had become the *cruel tyrant* of her soul.

Fénitchka liked Bazároff and he also liked her. Even his face underwent a change when he talked with her: it assumed a clear, almost kindly expression, and a certain playful attentiveness became mingled with its wonted carelessness. Fénitchka grew handsomer with every passing day. There is a period in the life of young women when they suddenly begin to blossom out and unfold like summer roses; this period had arrived for Fénitchka. Everything contributed thereto, even the sultry July heat which then prevailed. Clad in a thin white gown, she herself seemed whiter and lighter: sunburn did not affect her, and the heat, from which she could not guard herself, communicated a faint rose tint to her cheeks and ears, and infusing a gentle lassitude into all her body, was reflected with dreamy languor in her beautiful eyes. She could hardly work at all; her hands simply fell into her lap. She hardly walked

at all and kept groaning and complaining with amusing weakness.

"Thou shouldst bathe more frequently,"—Nikolái Petróvitch said to her. He had built a large bath-house, covered with canvas, in that one of his ponds which had not already quite dried up.

"Okh, Nikolái Petróvitch! But one would die before getting to the pond, and to walk back would kill one. There 's no shade in the garden, you see."

"There is no shade, it is true,"—replied Nikolái Petróvitch, and mopped his brows.

One day, about seven o'clock in the morning, Bazároff, as he was returning from a stroll, found Fénitchka in the lilac arbour, long since out of bloom, but still green and thick. She was sitting on the bench with a white kerchief thrown over her head, according to her custom; beside her lay a whole sheaf of red and white roses, still wet with dew. He bade her good morning.

"Ah! Evgény Vasílitch!" she said, and raised the edge of her kerchief a little to look at him, in which operation her arm was bared to the elbow.

"What are you doing here?"—said Bazároff, seating himself by her side.—"Are you binding up a bouquet?"

"Yes; for the breakfast table. Nikolái Petróvitch likes it."

"But it is still a long time to breakfast. What a mass of flowers!"

"I picked them now because it will get hot, and it will be impossible to go out. It is only at this hour that one can breathe. I have lost all my strength with this heat. I 'm beginning to be afraid that I am falling ill."

"What a whimsical idea! Here, let me feel your pulse."—Bazároff took her hand, sought the evenly-beating artery, and did not even count its pulsations.—"You will live a hundred years,"—he said as he released her arm.

"Akh, God forbid!" she exclaimed.

"Why? Don't you want to live a long time?"

"Yes, but a hundred years! Our grandmother was eighty-five years old—and what a martyr she was! Black, deaf, bent, she coughed incessantly; she was only a burden to herself. What a life!"

"So it is better to be young?"

"Of course; why not?"

"But how is it better? Tell me."

"What do you mean by 'how'? Here I am young now, I can do everything,—I go and come, and fetch and carry, and I am not obliged to ask any one. . . What can be better?"

"Why, it 's all the same to me whether I am young or old."

"What is it you say—that it is all the same? What you say is impossible."

"Come, judge for yourself, Fedósya Nikoláevna; of what use to me is my youth? I live alone, a poor, wretched fellow. . . . . ."

"That always depends on you."

"That 's precisely the point, that it does not depend on me! I wish somebody would take pity on me."

Fénitchka gazed askance at Bazároff, but said nothing.—"What book have you there?"—she asked after a pause.

"This? It is a learned, wise book."

"And you are always studying? Does n't it bore you? I think you must know everything by this time."

"Evidently, I don't know everything. Try to read a little of this."

"But I shall not understand anything. Is it in Russian?"—asked Fénitchka, grasping the heavily bound book with both hands.—"How thick it is!"

"Yes, it is in Russian."

"That makes no difference; I shall not understand anything."

"But I am not giving it to you with the object of having you understand it. I want to watch you while you read. When you read, the tip of your little nose moves very prettily."

Fénitchka, who was beginning to decipher in an undertone the first article which came to hand "about creosote," broke out laughing, and threw aside the book . . . it slid from the bench to the ground.

"I am also fond of seeing you laugh,"—said Bazároff.

"Do stop!"

"I love to hear you talk. It is like the babbling of a brook."

Fénitchka turned away her head.—"What a queer man you are!"—she said, her fingers straying among the flowers.—"And why should you care to listen to me? You have had conversation with such clever folks."

"Ekh, Fedósya Nikoláevna! believe me: all the clever ladies in the world are not worth your elbow."

"Come, now, you have invented something else!"—whispered Fénitchka, and folded her arms.

Bazároff picked the book up from the ground.—"This is a medical book: why do you fling it away?"

"A medical book?"—repeated Fénitchka, and turned toward him.—"But do you know what? Ever since you gave me those drops—you remember?—Mítya has slept so well! I can't think how to thank you; you are so kind, really."

"Well, as a matter of fact, one should pay the doctor,"—remarked Bazároff with a grin.—"Doctors are greedy fellows, you know."

Fénitchka raised her eyes to Bazároff, and they seemed still darker than usual, owing to the whit-

ish reflection which fell upon the upper part of her face. She did not know whether he was jesting or not.

"If you like, we will pay you, with pleasure.... I must ask Nikolái Petróvitch. . ."

"But do you think I want money?"—Bazároff interrupted her.—"No, I want no money from you."

"What then?"—said Fénitchka.

"What?"—repeated Bazároff.—"Guess."

"I never can guess anything!"

"Then I will tell you; I want .... one of these roses."

Again Fénitchka burst out laughing and even clasped her hands, so amusing did Bazároff's desire seem to her. She laughed, and at the same time she felt flattered. Bazároff gazed intently at her.

"Very well, very well,"—she said at last, and bending toward the bench she began to sort over the roses.—"Which would you like—a red or a white one?"

"A red one, but not too large."

She straightened herself up.—"Here, take it,"—she said, but immediately drew back her outstretched hand, and biting her lip, cast a glance at the entrance to the arbour—then began to listen.

"What 's the matter?"—inquired Bazároff.—"Nikolái Petróvitch?"

"No. . . . He has gone to the fields . . . and I 'm not afraid of him . . . . but as for Pável Petróvitch. . . . . It seemed to me . . . . ."

"What?"

"It seemed to me that *he* was walking there. No . . . there is no one. Take it."—Fénitchka gave Bazároff a rose.

"What makes you afraid of Pável Petróvitch?"

"He always frightens me. Whether he says anything or not, he looks queer. And certainly you don't like him either. You remember you used to be forever disputing with him. I don't know what you were disputing about, but I could see that you twisted him about so and so. . . ."

Fénitchka demonstrated with her hands how, in her opinion, Bazároff had twisted Pável Petróvitch about.

Bazároff smiled.—"And if there had been any danger of his vanquishing me you would have stood up for me?"—he inquired.

"How should I have stood up for you? Why, no one can overcome you."

"Do you think so? But I know a hand which, if it wished, could knock me over with one finger."

"What hand is that?"

"Is it possible that you do not know?—Smell and see how splendid is the perfume of the rose you have given me."

Fénitchka stretched out her neck and put her

face close to the flower. . . The kerchief slipped from her head to her shoulders; a soft mass of shining black hair, slightly dishevelled, was revealed to view.

"Wait; I want to smell it with you,"—said Bazároff, and he bent over and kissed her firmly on her parted lips.

She shuddered, and repelled him with both hands against his breast, but her resistance was weak, and he was able to repeat and prolong his kisses.

A dry cough resounded behind the lilacs. Fénitchka instantly moved to the other end of the bench. Pável Petróvitch made his appearance, made a slight bow, and saying, with a sort of malicious dejection—"Are you here?"—withdrew.

Fénitchka immediately gathered up all her roses and went out of the arbour. "Shame on you, Evgény Vasílievitch,"—she whispered as she went. Unfeigned reproach was audible in her whisper.

Bazároff suddenly recalled another scene of recent occurrence, and felt conscience-stricken and scornfully vexed with himself. But he immediately shook his head, ironically congratulated himself on his "formal entrance on the career of a Lovelace," and went off to his chamber.

But Pável Petróvitch quitted the garden, and strolling slowly, reached the forest. He remained

there for a rather long time, and when he returned to breakfast Nikolái Petróvitch asked him with anxiety whether he was well—so dark had his face grown.

"As thou knowest, I sometimes suffer from an overflow of bile," Pável Petróvitch answered him with composure.

XXIV

Two hours later he knocked at Bazároff's door.

"I must make my excuses for disturbing you in your learned occupations," he began, as he seated himself on a chair near the window and rested both hands on a handsome cane with an ivory handle—(he generally walked without a cane),—"but I am compelled to request that you will bestow upon me five minutes of your time—no more."

"All my time is at your disposal,"—replied Bazároff, over whose face something had flitted as soon as Pável Petróvitch crossed the threshold of the door.

"Five minutes will suffice for me. I have come to propound one question to you."

"A question? What is it about?"

"Be so good as to hear me out. At the beginning of your sojourn in my brother's house, when as yet I had not denied myself the pleasure of conversing with you, I chanced to hear you express your views on many subjects; but so far as my memory serves me, neither between us nor in my presence did the conversation turn upon the subject of duels or of duelling in general. Per-

mit me to inquire, what is your opinion on that point?"

Bazároff, who had risen at Pável Petróvitch's entrance, seated himself on the edge of a chair and folded his arms.

"This is my opinion,"—said he: —"From the theoretical point of view a duel is a piece of folly; but from the practical point of view,—it is quite another matter."

"That is, you mean to say, if I have understood you aright, that whatever may be your theoretical views as to duelling in practice, you would not allow yourself to be insulted without demanding satisfaction."

"You have perfectly divined my thought."

"Very good, sir. I am very much pleased to hear this from you. Your words free me from uncertainty. . . ."

"From indecision, you mean to say."

"That is the same thing, sir; I am expressing myself in this manner so that I may be understood; I 'm no seminary rat. Your words release me from a certain sad necessity. I have made up my mind to fight with you."

Bazároff opened his eyes wide.—"With me?"

"Yes, without fail."

"But what for? good gracious."

"I might explain the cause to you,"—began Pável Petróvitch:—"but I prefer to remain silent on that point. To my taste you are super-

fluous here; I cannot endure you, I despise you, and if that is not enough for you . . . ."

Pável Petróvitch's eyes flashed. . . Bazároff's began to flame also.

"Very good, sir,"—said he.—"Further explanations are unnecessary. The fancy has seized you to make a trial of your chivalrous spirit on me. I might refuse you that satisfaction; but let that pass."

"I am intensely indebted to you,"—repiled Pável Petróvitch,—"and can now hope that you will accept my challenge without forcing me to have recourse to violent measures."

"That is, speaking without allegories, to that cane?"—remarked Bazároff coolly.—"That is quite correct. There is no necessity whatever for your insulting me. And it is not entirely devoid of danger. You can remain a gentleman. . . . I accept your challenge, also in a gentlemanly manner."

"Very good indeed,"—said Pável Petróvitch, and placed his cane in a corner.—"We will immediately say a few words about the conditions of our duel; but first I should like to understand whether you consider it indispensable to resort to the formality of a small preliminary quarrel, which might serve as the pretext for my challenge?"

"No. It is better without any formalities."

"I think so myself. I also assume that it is in-

opportune to enter into the genuine causes of our conflict. We cannot endure each other. What more is needed?"

"What more is needed?"—repeated Bazároff ironically.

"As regards the conditions themselves of the duel, as we shall have no seconds,—for where are we to get them?"

"Precisely; where are we to get them?"

"I have the honour to propose to you the following: That we shall fight to-morrow morning early, let us say at six o'clock, behind the grove, with pistols; the barrier at ten paces. . . ."

"Ten paces? that 's so; we hate each other at that distance."

"We might make it eight,"—remarked Pável Petróvitch.

"We might; why not?"

"We will fire twice; and each of us will put a note in his pocket—in case of accidents—in which he will cast the blame for his death upon himself."

"On that point I am not quite in accord with you,"—said Bazároff.—"It smacks somewhat of a French romance,—it lacks probability."

"Possibly. But you must admit that it would be unpleasant to subject one's self to the suspicion of having committed murder."

"I do admit that. But there is a means of avoiding that sad reproach. We shall have no seconds, but we may have a witness."

"Who, precisely, permit me to ask?"

"Why, Piótr."

"What Piótr?"

"Your brother's valet. He is a man who stands on the crest of contemporary civilisation and will play his part with all the *comme il faut* indispensable in such cases."

"It strikes me that you are jesting, my dear sir."

"Not in the least. If you will consider my proposition, you will become convinced that it is full of common sense and simplicity. You cannot hide an awl in a bag, and I take it upon myself to prepare Piótr in the proper manner, and bring him to the field of battle."

"You persist in jesting,"—ejaculated Pável Petróvitch, rising from his seat.—"But after the amiable readiness which you have displayed I have no right to be too exacting with you. . . . And so everything is arranged. . . . By the way, you have no pistols?"

"Where should I get any pistols, Pável Petróvitch? I am not a warrior."

"In that case, I offer you mine. You may feel assured that it is five years since I have fired them."

"That is a very comforting piece of news."

Pável Petróvitch got his cane. . . . "And now, my dear sir, it only remains for me to thank you and surrender you to your occupa-

tions again. I have the honour to bid you good morning."

"Farewell until our agreeable meeting, my dear sir,"—said Bazároff, as he escorted his guest to the door.

Pável Petróvitch departed, but Bazároff stood still in front of the door, and suddenly exclaimed: "Whew! the devil! how fine and how stupid! A pretty comedy we have undertaken to play! That 's the way trained dogs dance on their hind legs. But it was impossible to refuse; for I think he would have struck me, and then . . ." (Bazároff turned pale at the mere thought; all his pride rose up in arms.) "Then I should have been obliged to strangle him like a kitten." He returned to his microscope, but his heart was aroused, and the composure which was indispensable for his observations had vanished.—"He saw us to-day,"—he thought, "but can it be that he is standing up for his brother? But of what importance is a kiss? There 's something else here. Ba! is n't he in love himself? Of course he is; that is as clear as the day. What a complicated mess, when you come to think of it! . . . It 's a bad business!"—he decided at last:—"it 's a bad business, look at it from whichever side you will. In the first place, I must risk my life, and, in any case, go away; and there 's Arkády . . . and that lady-bug, Nikolái Petróvitch. 'T is a bad, bad business."

The day passed somehow in a peculiarly quiet and languid manner. It was as though Fénitchka did not exist in the world; she sat in her little room like a mouse in its hole. Nikoláï Petróvitch had a careworn aspect. He had been informed that rust had made its appearance in his wheat, on which he had set special hopes. Pável Petróvitch crushed every one, even Prokófitch, with his icy politeness. Bazároff began a letter to his father, but tore it up and flung it under the table. "If I die,"—he thought, "they will hear of it: but I shall not die. No, I shall live on from hand to mouth in this world for a long time to come." —He ordered Piótr to come to him at daybreak on the following morning for an important affair; Piótr imagined that he wished to take him with him to Petersburg. Bazároff went to bed late, and incoherent dreams tormented him all night long. . . . Madame Odíntzoff hovered before him, but she was his mother, and a kitten with black whiskers followed her, and that kitten was Fénitchka; but Pável Petróvitch presented himself to him as a huge forest, with which, nevertheless, he was compelled to fight. Piótr waked him at four o'clock; he immediately dressed and went out with him.

It was a splendid, cool morning; tiny, motley cloudlets hung like snipe in the clear, pale azure; a fine dew was sprinkled on the leaves and grass, and glistened like silver on the spiders' webs; the

moist dark earth seemed still to retain the rosy traces of the dawn; the songs of larks showered down from all over the sky. Bazároff walked to the grove, seated himself in the shadow at the edge of it, and only then did he reveal to Piótr what service he expected from him. The educated lackey was frightened to death; but Bazároff soothed him with the assurance that he would have nothing to do except stand at a distance and look on, and that he was assuming no responsibility whatever.—"And meanwhile,"—he added,—"think what an important part awaits thee!"—Piótr flung his hands apart, dropped his eyes, and leaned back, all green, against a birch tree.

The road from Márino wound round the grove; a light dust lay upon it, as yet untouched since the preceding day by either wheel or foot. Bazároff involuntarily gazed along the road, plucked and chewed a blade of grass, and kept repeating to himself: "What a piece of stupidity!" The matutinal chill made him shiver once or twice. . . . Piótr stared dejectedly at him, but Bazároff only grinned: he was not afraid.

The sound of a horse's hoofs rang out on the road. . . A peasant made his appearance from behind the trees. He was driving two hobbled horses in front of him, and, as he passed Bazároff, he looked at him rather strangely, without doffing his cap, which obviously disconcerted Piótr as an evil omen. "Here's another fellow who has

risen early,"—thought Bazároff; "but for business, at all events, while we . . . . ."

"I think he 's coming, sir," whispered Piótr suddenly.

Bazároff raised his head and perceived Pável Petróvitch. Clad in a light checked sack-coat and snow-white trousers, he was walking briskly down the road; under his arm he carried a box wrapped up in green cloth.

"Pardon me, I seem to have made you wait," —he said, bowing first to Bazároff and then to Piótr, in whom he at that moment respected something in the nature of a second.—"I did not wish to rouse my valet."

"It is of no consequence, sir,"—replied Bazároff,—"we have only just arrived ourselves."

"Ah! so much the better!"—Pável Petróvitch cast a glance around him.—"There is no one in sight, no one will interfere. . . . ."

"Let us begin."

"You demand no fresh explanations, I suppose?"

"I do not."

"Would you like to load?"—inquired Pável Petróvitch, taking the pistols from their case.

"No; do you load, and I will measure off the paces. My feet are the longer,"—added Bazároff with a sneer.—"One, two, three . . . ."

"Evgény Vasílievitch,"—stammered Piótr with difficulty (he was shaking as though in a

fever),—"I don't care what you say, but I am going away."

"Four . . . . five. . . . Go, my dear fellow, go: thou mayest even stand behind a tree and stop up thine ears, only don't shut thine eyes; and if any one falls run and lift him up. Six . . . seven . . . eight. . . . ." Bazároff paused.—"Is this enough?"—he said, addressing Pável Petróvitch;—"or shall I add a couple of paces more?"

"As you like,"—said the latter, ramming in the second bullet.

"Well, let 's add a couple of paces more.—Bazároff drew a line on the ground with the toe of his boot.—"Here 's the barrier. Oh, by the way: how many paces is each of us to go from the barrier? That also is an important question. We did not discuss that yesterday. ."

"Ten, I suppose,"—replied Pável Petróvitch, handing Bazároff both pistols. "Be so good as to make your choice."

"I will. But you must admit, Pável Petróvitch, that our duel is unusual to the point of absurdity. Just look at the face of our second!"

"You always want to jest,"—replied Pável Petróvitch.—"I do not deny the strangeness of our duel, but I considered it my duty to warn you that I intend to fight seriously. *À bon entendeur, salut!*"

"Oh! I do not doubt that we intend to exterminate each other; but why not laugh and com-

bine *utile dulci?* So be it: you talk to me in French, and I 'll talk to you in Latin."

"I shall fight seriously,"—repeated Pável Petróvitch, and went to his post. Bazároff, on his side, counted off ten paces from the barrier, and halted.

"Are you ready?"—asked Pável Petróvitch.

"Perfectly."

"We can advance."

Bazároff moved slowly forward, and Pável Petróvitch followed his example, thrusting his left hand into his pocket, and gradually raising the barrel of his pistol. . . . "He is aiming straight at my nose,"—thought Bazároff, "and how carefully he is narrowing his eyelids, the bandit! But this is an unpleasant sensation; I will look at his watch-chain. . . ." Something whizzed sharply close to Bazároff's ear, and at that moment the sound of a shot rang out.—"I heard it, consequently I 'm all right," flashed through his head. He advanced another step, and, without taking aim, pressed the trigger.

Pável Petróvitch gave a slight start and clapped his hand to his hip.—A stream of blood flowed down his white trousers.

Bazároff flung aside his pistol and approached his adversary.—"You are wounded!"—he said.

"You had the right to call me to the barrier,"—returned Pável Petróvitch:—"but that is

a mere trifle. According to the agreement, each of us has another shot."

"Well, excuse me, that will do for another time,"—replied Bazároff, and caught Pável Petróvitch, who was beginning to turn pale, in his arms.—"I 'm not a duellist now, but a doctor; and, first of all, I must inspect your wound. Piótr! come here, Piótr! where art thou hiding thyself?"

"All this is nonsense. . . . I need assistance from no one,"—faltered Pável Petróvitch,—"and . . . we must . . . fire . . again. . ." He tried to twirl his moustache, but his hand weakened, his eyes rolled up, and he lost consciousness.

"Here 's a pretty state of things! A swoon! What 's the cause of this!"—involuntarily exclaimed Bazároff, as he laid Pável Petróvitch down on the grass.—"Let 's see what sort of a performance this is."—He pulled out his handkerchief, wiped away the blood, and felt of the wound. . . . "The bone is uninjured,"—he muttered between his teeth,—"the bullet passed through not far below the skin; one muscle, the *vastus externus,* is hurt. He can dance, if he likes, three weeks hence! . . . But a swoon! Okh, these nervous people! Just see how thin his skin is!"

"Is he killed?"—rustled Piótr's quaking voice behind his back.

Bazároff glanced round.—"Run for water as quickly as possible, my good fellow, and he will outlive you and me."

But the perfected servant appeared not to understand his words, and did not stir from the spot. Pável Petróvitch slowly opened his eyes. "He is dying!" whispered Piótr, and began to cross himself.

"You are right. . . What a stupid physiognomy!"—said the wounded gentleman, with a forced smile.

"Come, now, run for water, you devil!"—shouted Bazároff.

"It is not necessary. . . It was only a momentary *vertige*. . . . Help me to sit up . . . there, that 's it. . . . All that is needed is to bind up this scratch with something, and then I will walk home, or a drozhky can be sent for me. The duel need not be renewed, if that suits you. You have behaved nobly . . . . to-day—to-day, pray observe."

"It is not worth while to revert to the past,"—returned Bazároff,—"and as for the future, it is not worth while to bother our heads about that either, because I intend to decamp without delay. Now let me bandage your leg; your wound is not dangerous, but it will be better, in any case, to stop the flow of blood. But first it is indispensable that this mortal should be brought to consciousness."

Bazároff shook Piótr by the collar and sent him for a drozhky.

"See to it that thou dost not alarm my brother,"—Pável Petróvitch said to him.—"Don't dare to announce it to him."

Piótr flew off at headlong speed; and while he was running for the drozhky the two adversaries sat on the ground and held their peace. Pável Petróvitch tried not to look at Bazároff; nevertheless, he was not willing to be reconciled to him; he was ashamed of his own arrogance, of his lack of success: he was ashamed of this whole affair which he had instigated, although he also felt that it could not have ended in a more favourable manner. "He will not hang on here any longer, at all events,"—he soothed himself:—"and for that, thanks." The silence continued, awkward and oppressive. Neither of them was comfortable. Each of them recognised the fact that the other understood him. This consciousness is agreeable to friends and extremely disagreeable to enemies, especially when it is impossible for them either to explain themselves or to separate.

"Have n't I bandaged your leg too tightly?"—asked Bazároff at last.

"No, never mind, it is very well done,"—replied Pável Petróvitch, and after a brief pause, he added:—"it will not be possible to deceive my brother; we shall have to tell him that we quarrelled over politics."

"Very good,"—said Bazároff.—"You can say that I abused all anglomaniacs."

"Capital. What do you suppose that man is thinking about us now?"—went on Pável Petróvitch, pointing at that same peasant who, a few minutes previous to the duel, had driven past Bazároff the hobbled horses, and on returning along the road had "turned out," and had pulled off his cap at the sight of "the gentry."

"Who knows!"—replied Bazároff:—"the most likely thing of all is that he thinks nothing.—The Russian peasant is that same mysterious stranger of whom Mrs. Radcliffe used to prate so much. Who can understand him? He does not understand himself."

"Ah! There you go again!"—Pável Petróvitch was beginning, then suddenly exclaimed:—"See what our fool of a Piótr has done! There 's my brother galloping hither!"

Bazároff turned round and perceived the pale face of Nikolái Petróvitch, who was seated in the drozhky. He sprang out before it came to a halt and flew to his brother.—"What 's the meaning of this?"—he said in an agitated voice:—"Evgény Vasílitch, for heaven's sake, what is this?"

"Never mind,"—replied Pável Petróvitch:—"there was no necessity for disquieting you. Mr. Bazároff and I have had a little quarrel, and I have paid for it a bit."

"But for God's sake, what was the cause of all this?"

"How can I explain it to thee? Bazároff expressed himself disrespectfully about Sir Robert Peel. I hasten to add that I alone am to blame for all this, and Mr. Bazároff has behaved excellently. I challenged him."

"But thou art bleeding, good gracious!"

"And didst thou suppose that I had water in my veins? But this bloodletting is really advantageous for me. Is n't that so, doctor? Help me to get into the drozhky, and don't yield to melancholy. To-morrow I shall be well. There, that 's right; very good indeed. Drive on, coachman."

Nikoláï Petróvitch walked after the drozhky. Bazároff made a motion to remain behind. . . . .

"I must request you to attend to my brother," —Nikoláï Petróvitch said to him,—"until we get another physician from the town."

Bazároff bowed in silence.

An hour later Pável Petróvitch was lying in bed, with his leg skilfully bandaged. The whole house was in a commotion: Fénitchka swooned. Nikoláï Petróvitch quietly wrung his hands, but Pável Petróvitch laughed and jested, especially with Bazároff; he had donned a fine batiste shirt, a dandified morning jacket, and a fez; he would not allow them to draw down the shades at the windows, and lamented amusingly about the necessity of abstaining from food.

But toward nightfall, he became feverish; his head began to ache. The doctor from the town made his appearance. (Nikolái Petróvitch had not obeyed his brother, and Bazároff himself had not wished it; he had sat in his own room all day long, all sallow and cross, and had only run in to see the invalid for the very briefest space; twice he had chanced to encounter Fénitchka, but she had jumped away from him in horror.) The new doctor advised cooling beverages, but otherwise confirmed Bazároff's assertions that no danger was to be apprehended. Nikolái Petróvitch told him that his brother had wounded himself through heedlessness, to which the doctor replied: "H'm!" —but on receiving upon the spot twenty-five rubles, silver, in hand, he said: "You don't say so! that often happens, really."

No one in the house went to bed or undressed. Nikolái Petróvitch kept stealing into his brother's room on tiptoe and stealing out again on tiptoe: the latter dozed, groaned softly, said to him in French: "*Couchez-vous,*"—and asked for a drink. Once Nikolái Petróvitch made Fénitchka bring him a glass of lemonade; Pável Petróvitch regarded her intently, and drank the glass to the bottom. Toward morning the fever increased somewhat, a slight delirium made its appearance. At first Pável Petróvitch uttered incoherent words; then he suddenly opened his eyes, and perceiving his brother at his bedside bending anx-

iously over him, he said:—"Fénitchka has something in common with Nelly, has n't she, Nikolái?"

"With what Nelly, Pásha?"

"How canst thou ask? With Princess R. . . . Especially in the upper part of the face. *C'est de la même famille.*"

Nikoláï Petróvitch made no reply, but marvelled within himself at the vitality of old feelings in a man. "It 's coming to the surface," he thought.

"Akh, how I love that vain creature!"—moaned Pável Petróvitch, sadly flinging his arms above his head.—"I cannot endure it when some audacious fellow dares to touch . . . ." he stammered a few moments later.

Nikoláï Petróvitch merely sighed; he did not suspect to whom those words applied.

Bazároff presented himself to him at eight o'clock on the following morning. He had already managed to pack, and to set at liberty all his frogs, insects, and birds.

"You have come to bid me farewell?"—said Nikoláï Petróvitch, rising to greet him.

"Exactly so, sir."

"I understand you, and I fully approve of your course. My poor brother, of course, is to blame: and he has been punished. He told me himself that he had placed you in such a position that it was impossible for you to refuse. I believe

that you could not have avoided this duel, which . . . which, to a certain extent, is accounted for merely by the constant antagonism of your mutual views." (Nikolái Petróvitch had got entangled in his words.) "My brother is a man of the old stamp, irascible and morose. . . . Thank God that it has ended thus. I have taken all necessary measures to avoid publicity. . . ."

"I will leave you my address, in case any unpleasantness arises,"—remarked Bazároff carelessly.

"I hope that no unpleasantness will arise, Evgény Vasílitch. . . . I am very sorry that your sojourn in my house should have had such . . . such an ending. I am the more distressed because Arkády . . . . ."

"I shall certainly see him again,"—returned Bazároff, in whom every sort of "explanation" and "declaration" always aroused a sentiment of impatience;—"if I do not, I beg that you will give him my regards and accept the expression of my regret."

"And I beg . . ." replied Nikolái Petróvitch, with a bow. But Bazároff did not await the end of his phrase, and left the room.

On hearing that Bazároff was about to depart, Pável Petróvitch expressed a wish to see him and to shake hands with him. But here also Bazároff remained as cold as ice; he comprehended that Pável Petróvitch wished to appear magnanimous.

He did not succeed in bidding Fénitchka good-bye: he merely exchanged a glance with her through a window. Her face seemed sad to him. "She 'll go to destruction probably!"—he said to himself. . . . "Well, she 'll extricate herself, somehow or other!"

On the other hand, Piótr was so overcome with emotion that he wept on his shoulder, until Bazároff froze him with the question: "Was n't he a cry-baby?" while Dunyásha was compelled to flee to the grove to conceal her agitation. The cause of all this woe clambered into the peasant cart, lighted a cigar, and when, at the fourth verst, at a turn of the road, the Kirsánoff farm, with its new manor-house, presented itself, all spread out in a line to his eyes for the last time, he merely spat, and muttering: "Cursed stuck-up gentry!" wrapped himself more closely in his cloak.

Pável Petróvitch soon improved; but he was obliged to keep his bed for about a week. He bore his *captivity*, as he expressed it, with considerable patience, only he made a great fuss over his toilet, and kept giving orders that they should fumigate with eau de cologne. Nikolái Petróvitch read the newspapers to him; Fénitchka waited on him as of yore, brought his bouillon, lemonade, soft-boiled eggs, tea; but a secret terror took possession of her every time she entered his chamber. Pável Petróvitch's unexpected be-

haviour had frightened all the people in the house, and her most of all; Prokófitch alone remained unperturbed, and explained that the gentry were wont, in his time, to fight "only noble gentlemen, among themselves, but loafers they would have ordered to be thrashed in the stables for their insolence."

Fénitchka's conscience hardly reproached her at all; but the thought of the real cause of the quarrel tortured her at times; and, moreover, Pável Petróvitch gazed at her in such a strange way . . . . in such a way, that even when she had her back turned toward him she felt his eyes upon her. She grew thin from incessant inward perturbation, and, as is usual, became prettier than ever.

One day—it happened in the morning,—Pável Petróvitch felt well, and had transferred himself from the bed to the divan, and Nikolái Petróvitch, after inquiring about his health, had betaken himself to the threshing-floor. Fénitchka brought a cup of tea, and, placing it on a small table, was on the point of withdrawing. Pável Petróvitch detained her.

"Whither away in such haste, Fedósya Nikoláevna,"—he began:—"have you something to do?"

"No, sir . . . I must pour out the tea."

"Dunyásha can do that without you; sit a while with the sick man. By the way, I must have a talk with you."

Fénitchka silently seated herself on the edge of an arm-chair.

"Listen,"—said Pável Petróvitch, and tugged at his moustache,—"I have long wished to ask you: you seem to be afraid of me?"

"I, sir? . . ."

"Yes, you. You never look at me, just as though your conscience were not clear."

Fénitchka blushed, but glanced at Pável Petróvitch. He struck her as rather strange, and her heart quivered softly.

"Your conscience is clear, is n't it?"—he asked her.

"Why should n't it be clear?"—she whispered.

"As if there were not cause?—However, before whom should you be guilty? Before me? That is not probable. Before other persons here in the house? That also is an impossibility. Before my brother, perchance? But surely you love him?"

"I do."

"With all your soul, with all your heart?"

"I love Nikolái Petróvitch with all my heart."

"Really? Look at me, Fénitchka" (he called her this for the first time) . . . . "You know it is a great sin to lie!"

"I am not lying, Pável Petróvitch. If I did not love Nikolái Petróvitch, I should not want to live any longer."

"And you would not betray him for any one?"

"For whom should I betray him?"

"As if there were no one! Why, for example, for that gentleman who went away from here."

Fénitchka rose to her feet.—"O Lord, my God, Pável Petróvitch, why do you torture me? What have I done to you? How is it possible to talk like that? . . . ."

"Fénitchka,"—said Pável Petróvitch in a melancholy voice,—"you know I saw . . . . ."

"What did you see, sir?"

"Why, yonder . . . in the arbour."

Fénitchka turned all crimson, to her very hair and her ears.—"And how am I to blame for that?"—she articulated with difficulty.

Pável Petróvitch half rose.—"You are not to blame? No? Not in the least?"

"I love no one in the world but Nikolái Petróvitch, and I shall love him forever!"—said Fénitchka, with sudden force, while sobs swelled her throat. "And as for what you saw, I shall say, at the Last Judgment, that I am not and was not to blame for that; and I would rather die at once, if I am to be suspected of such a thing, as that . . . . . toward my benefactor Nikolái Petróvitch. . . . I . . . ."

But here her voice failed her, and, at the same time, she felt Pável Petróvitch grasp and squeeze her hand. . . . She looked at him and was fairly petrified. He had become more pallid than before; his eyes were shining, and, what was most

wonderful of all, a heavy, isolated tear was rolling down his cheek.

"Fénitchka!"—he said, in a queer sort of whisper:—"love, love my brother! He is such a kind, good man! Do not betray him for any one in the world, do not listen to anybody's speeches! Think, what can be more dreadful than to love and not be beloved! Never abandon my poor Nikolái!"

Fénitchka's eyes grew dry, and her terror passed off,—so great was her amazement. But what was her state of mind when Pável Petróvitch—Pável Petróvitch himself—pressed her hand to his lips, and fairly hung over it, not kissing it, and only sighing from time to time in a convulsive manner. . . .

"O Lord,"—she thought,—"can it be that he has a fit? . . ."

But at that moment his whole ruined life was throbbing within him.

The stairs creaked under swift footsteps. . . . He thrust her away from him, and threw his head back on his pillow. The door opened,—and Nikolái Petróvitch made his appearance, merry, fresh, rosy-cheeked. Mítya, as fresh and rosy as his father, clad only in his little shirt, was jumping about on his breast, clutching with his little bare feet at the big buttons of his rustic coat.

Fénitchka fairly flew to him, and throwing her arms around both him and her son, dropped her head on his shoulder. Nikolái Petróvitch was as-

tonished; Fénitchka, reserved and modest, had never caressed him in the presence of a third person.

"What is the matter with thee?"—he said, and glancing at his brother, he transferred Mítya to her.—"Thou dost not feel worse?"—he asked, approaching Pável Petróvitch.

The latter had buried his face in a batiste handkerchief.—"No . . . it is just . . . . . never mind. . . . . On the contrary, I am much better."

"Thou wert in too much of a hurry to get to the divan. Whither art thou going?"—added Nikolái Petróvitch, turning to Fénitchka; but she had already banged the door behind her.—"I had brought my sturdy young warrior to show thee; he was longing for his uncle. Why has she taken him away? But what ails thee? Has anything happened between you two?"

"Brother!"—said Pável Petróvitch solemnly.

Nikolái Petróvitch quaked. Dread fell upon him—he himself did not know why.

"Brother,"—repeated Pável Petróvitch,—"give me thy word to fulfil my request."

"What request? Speak."

"It is very important; in my opinion, the entire happiness of thy life depends upon it. All this time I have been meditating a great deal about what I am now going to say to thee. . . . Brother, fulfil thy duty, the duty of an honest and noble man; put an end to the scandal and bad

example which is caused by thee, the best of men!"

"What is it thou meanest to say, Pável?"

"Marry Fénitchka. . . . She loves thee. She is the mother of thy son."

Nikolái Petróvitch retreated a pace and clasped his hands.—"Is it thou who sayest this, Pável? —thou whom I have always regarded as the most inexorable antagonist of such marriages! Thou sayest this! But can it be that thou dost not know that it was solely out of respect for thee that I have not fulfilled that which thou hast rightly designated as my duty?"

"It was a mistake for thee to respect me in this instance,"—returned Pável Petróvitch with a melancholy smile.—"I am beginning to think that Bazároff was right when he reproached me with being aristocratic. No, my dear brother, it is time for us to cease putting on airs, and think of the world: we are already old and peaceable men; it is time for us to lay aside all vanity. We will, as thou sayest, fulfil our duty; and, lo, we shall also receive happiness into the bargain."

Nikolái Petróvitch flew to embrace his brother.

"Thou hast finally opened my eyes!"—he cried.—"Not in vain have I always maintained that thou art the kindest and wisest man in the world; but now I see that thou art as sagacious as thou art magnanimous."

"Softly, softly,"—Pável Petróvitch inter-

rupted him.—"Do not irritate the leg of thy sagacious brother, who, at the age of fifty, has fought a duel like an ensign. So that affair is settled: Fénitchka is to be my . . . . *belle-sœur.*"

"My dear Pável! But what will Arkády say?"

"Arkády? He will go into raptures, take my word for it! Marriage is not among his principles, but the sentiment of equality in him will be flattered. And, in fact, what are castes *au dix-neuvième siècle?*"

"Akh, Pável, Pável! let me kiss thee again. Don't be afraid, I will be cautious."

The brothers embraced.

"What dost thou think,—would it not be well for thee to announce thine intention to her at once?"—asked Pável Petróvitch.

"What need is there of haste?"—returned Nikoláï Petróvitch.—"Did you discuss it?"

"Did we discuss it? *Quelle idée!*"

"Well, very good. First of all, get well, and that will not escape us; we must think it over thoroughly, consider . . . ."

"But I thought thou hadst made up thy mind?"

"Of course I have; and I thank thee from my soul. Now I will leave thee; thou must rest; all agitation is injurious to thee. . . . But we will discuss it again. Go to sleep, my dear soul, and God give thee health!"

"Why does he thank me so?" thought Pável

Petróvitch, when he was left alone. "As if it did not depend on him! And I, as soon as he is married, will go away somewhere, as far as possible, to Dresden or Florence, and I will live there until I die."

Pável Petróvitch moistened his brow with eau de cologne, and closed his eyes. Illuminated by the brilliant daylight, his handsome, emaciated head lay on the white pillow like the head of a corpse. . . And he was a corpse.

XXV

At Nikólskoe, in the garden, under the shadow of a lofty ash-tree, Kátya and Arkády were sitting on a turf bench; on the ground beside them Fifi had established himself, imparting to his long body that elegant curve which is known to sportsmen as "the grey-hare pose." Both Arkády and Kátya were silent; he held in his hands a half-opened book, while she was collecting from a basket the crumbs of white bread which still remained in it, and tossing them to a small family of sparrows, which, with the pusillanimous audacity peculiar to their kind, were hopping and chirping around her very feet. A faint breeze, rustling the leaves of the ash, shifted softly to and fro along the dark path and Fifi's yellow back, pale-golden patches of light; a level shade encompassed Arkády and Kátya; only from time to time did a brilliant streak kindle in her hair. Both maintained silence; but precisely the manner in which they were silent, in which they sat side by side, expressed trusting intimacy: neither of them seemed to be thinking of his neighbour, yet each was secretly glad of the other's proximity. Their faces also have undergone a change since

we last beheld them: Arkády seems more composed, Kátya more animated, more self-possessed.

"Don't you think,"—began Arkády,—"that the ash-tree bears a very appropriate name in Russian:[1] no other tree pierces the air so lightly and *clearly* as it does."

Kátya raised her eyes aloft, and said, "Yes," and Arkády thought: "This one does not reproach me for expressing myself in *fine language.*"

"I don't like Heine,"—began Kátya, indicating with her eyes the book which Arkády held in his hands:—"either when he laughs or when he weeps; I love him when he is thoughtful and sad."

"But he pleases me when he laughs,"—remarked Arkády.

"Those are the old traces in you of your satirical tendency. . ."("Old traces!"—thought Arkády;—"if Bazároff were to hear that!") "Wait, we will make you over."

"Who will make me over? You?"

"Who?—my sister; Porfíry Platónovitch, with whom you no longer quarrel; aunty, whom you escorted to church the day before yesterday."

"I could n't refuse! And as for Anna Sergyéevna, she herself, you remember, agreed with Evgény on many points."

[1] *Yasen*, "ash tree;" *yasno*, "clearly."—TRANSLATOR.

"My sister was under his influence then, just as you were."

"Just as I was? Do you mean to say that you notice that I have already freed myself from his influence?"

Kátya made no reply.

"I know,"—pursued Arkády,—"that you never did like him."

"I cannot judge of him."

"Do you know what, Katerína Sergyéevna? Every time I hear that answer I do not believe in it. . . . There is no man as to whom any one of us cannot pronounce judgment! That is simply an evasion."

"Well, then I will tell you that I . . . . do not exactly dislike him, but I feel that he is a stranger to me, and I have nothing in common with him . . . . . and neither have you."

"Why so?"

"How can I tell you? . . . He is a bird of prey, while you and I are tame."

"And am I tame also?"

Kátya nodded.

Arkády scratched behind his ear.—"See here, Katerína Sergyéevna, you know that is really insulting."

"Would you really like to be a bird of prey?"

"A bird of prey—no, but strong, energetic."

"That cannot be had by wishing. . . There 's your friend—he does not wish it, but it is in him."

"H'm! So you think he had great influence on Anna Sergyéevna?"

"Yes. But no one can keep the upper hand of her for long,"—added Kátya, in an undertone.

"Why do you think that?"

"She is very proud. . . . I did not mean to say that . . . . she sets a high value on her independence."

"And who does not?"—asked Arkády, and through his mind there flashed: "What good does it do her?"—"What good does it do her?" also flashed through Kátya's mind. When young people meet often on friendly terms, the same thoughts are constantly occurring to them.

Arkády smiled, and moving a little closer to Kátya, said in a whisper:—"Confess that you are a little afraid of her."

"Of whom?"

"Of *her*,"—repeated Arkády significantly.

"And you?"—questioned Kátya, in her turn.

"And I also; observe, I say: *and* I *also*."

Kátya shook her finger at him.—"I am surprised,"—she began:—"my sister has never been so favourably disposed toward you as at precisely the present moment; much more so than during your first visit."

"Here 's news!"

"But have n't you noticed it? Are n't you pleased?"

Arkády meditated.

"How have I won Anna Sergyéevna's good will? Must it not have been because I brought her your mother's letter?"

"For that reason, and there are other causes, which I will not mention."

"Why not?"

"I won't tell."

"Oh! I know: you are very stubborn."

"I am."

"And observing."

Kátya shot a sidelong glance at Arkády.—"Perhaps that enrages you? What are you thinking about?"

"I am thinking where you could have got that observation which you really do possess. You are so timorous, distrustful; you are afraid of everybody. . . ."

"I have lived much alone; one begins, involuntarily, to think a great deal under such circumstances. But am I really afraid of everybody?"

Arkády threw a penetrating glance at Kátya.

"All this is very fine,"—he went on,—"but people in your position—I mean to say, with your means—rarely possess that gift; it is difficult for the truth to make its way to them, as it is to kings."

"But I 'm not rich, you know."

Arkády was surprised, and did not at once understand Kátya. "And, in fact, all the property

does belong to her sister!" occurred to his mind; this thought was not unpleasant to him.—"How well you said that!" he said.

"What?"

"You spoke well; simply without confusion or affectation. By the way: I imagine that there must be something peculiar—a sort of ostentation—in the feeling of a person who knows and says that he is poor."

"I have experienced nothing of the sort, thanks to my sister; I mentioned my position simply because the words slipped off my tongue."

"Exactly. But confess that there is in you a little bit of that ostentation of which I just spoke."

"For example?"

"For example, of course,—pardon my question,—you would not marry a wealthy man."

"If I loved him very much. . . No, I think I would not marry him even then."

"Ah! there, you see!"—exclaimed Arkády, and, after a brief pause, he added:—"But why would n't you marry him?"

"Because they sing in the ballad about inequality."

"Perhaps you want to rule, or . . . ."

"Oh, no! Why should I? On the contrary, I am ready to submit; only inequality is oppressive. But I do understand respecting one's self and submitting; that is happiness; but not an ex-

istence of subjugation. . . No, I am satisfied as I am."

"Satisfied as you are,"—repeated Arkády after Kátya.—"Yes, yes,"—he went on;—"it is not for nothing that you are of one blood with Anna Sergyéevna; you are as independent as she is; but you are more secretive. I am convinced that on no account would you be the first to express your feelings, no matter how powerful and sacred they might be. . . ."

"But how could it be otherwise?"—inquired Kátya.

"You are equally clever; you have as much character as she has, if not more. . . ."

"Do not compare me with my sister, please,"—interposed Kátya hurriedly,—"it is too disadvantageous to me. You appear to have forgotten that my sister is a beauty and a wit, and . . . you, in particular, Arkády Nikoláitch, ought not to utter such words, and with such a serious countenance into the bargain."

"What does this mean, 'You in particular?'—and from what do you conclude that I am jesting?"

"Of course you are jesting."

"Do you think so? But what if I am convinced of what I am saying? What if I am of the opinion that I have not even yet expressed myself with sufficient force?"

"I don't understand you."

"Really? Well, now I see: I really have exaggerated your power of observation."

"What?"

Arkády made no reply and turned away, while Kátya rummaged out a few more crumbs in her basket, and began to toss them to the sparrows; but the sweep of her hand was too vigorous, and the birds flew away without managing to peck.

"Katerína Sergyéevna!" — began Arkády suddenly:—"it makes no difference to you, probably; but you must know that I would not exchange you not only for your sister, but for any one in the world."

He rose and walked swiftly away, as though frightened at the words which had dropped from his tongue.

And Kátya dropped both her hands, together with the basket, on her lap, and bowing her head, gazed after Arkády. Little by little, a scarlet flush faintly tinged her cheeks; but her lips did not smile, and her dark eyes expressed surprise, and some other, as yet nameless, feeling.

"Art thou alone?"—Anna Sergyéevna's voice resounded near her.—"I thought thou hadst gone into the garden with Arkády."

Kátya, without haste, turned her eyes on her sister (elegantly, even exquisitely attired, she was standing on the path, and tickling Fifi's ears with the tip of her open parasol), and said, also without haste:—"I am alone."

"I perceive that,"—replied the other, with a laugh:—"he must have gone off to his own room."

"Yes."

"Have you been reading together?"

"Yes."

Anna Sergyéevna took Kátya by the chin and raised her face.

"You have not quarrelled, I hope?"

"No,"—said Kátya, and gently put aside her sister's hand.

"How solemnly thou answerest! I thought I should find him here, and would suggest to him that he take a stroll with me. He is always begging me to do that. Thy shoes have been brought from town; go and try them on: I noticed yesterday that those thou art now wearing are quite worn out. In general, thou dost not pay sufficient attention to that point, yet thou hast such charming little feet! And thy hands are good . . . only large; so thou must captivate with the tiny feet. But thou art not a coquette."

Anna Sergyéevna went her way along the path, her handsome gown rustling faintly; Kátya rose from the bench, and taking with her Heine, went away also—only not to try on her shoes.

"Charming little feet,"—she thought, as she walked slowly and lightly up the stone steps of

the terrace, which were red-hot with the sun;—" charming little feet, you say. . . . Well, and he shall be at them."

But she immediately felt ashamed, and ran nimbly up-stairs.

Arkády walked along the corridor to his room; the butler overtook him, and announced that Mr. Bazároff was sitting in his chamber.

"Evgény!"—muttered Arkády, almost in terror.

"He has just this moment come, and gave orders that his arrival should not be announced to Anna Sergyéevna, and bade me conduct him straight to you."

"Can a catastrophe have happened at our house?"—thought Arkády, and running hastily up-stairs to his room, he flung open the door. Bazároff's aspect instantaneously calmed him, although a more experienced eye probably would have detected in the figure of the unexpected visitor, energetic as of yore but haggard, the tokens of inward agitation. With his dusty cloak on his shoulders, and his cap on his head, he was sitting on the window-sill; he did not rise, even when Arkády flung himself upon his neck, with noisy exclamations.

"What a surprise! How does it happen!"—he kept repeating, as he bustled about the room like a man who imagines, and is trying to demonstrate, that he is delighted.—"Everything is all

right at our house, of course; they are all well, are n't they?"

"Everything at thy home is all right, but all are not well,"—said Bazároff.—"But don't jabber: order them to bring me some kvas; sit down and listen to what I will impart to thee in a few, but, I hope, fairly forcible phrases."

Arkády grew mute, and Bazároff narrated to him the story of his duel with Pável Petróvitch. Arkády was greatly amazed, and even grieved; but he did not consider it necessary to say so; he merely asked whether his uncle's wound were really not dangerous, and, on receiving the reply, —that it was extremely interesting, only not in a medical sense,—he smiled in a constrained way, and dread fell upon his heart, and he felt somewhat ashamed. Bazároff seemed to understand him.

"Yes, brother,"—he said,—"that 's what it means to live with feudal lords. Thou wilt fall into feudal ways, and take part in knightly tourneys. Well, sir, so I took myself off to 'the fathers,'"—Bazároff wound up,—"and on the way I dropped in here . . . . . in order to inform thee of all this, I would have said, if I did not regard a useless lie as a piece of stupidity. No, I dropped in here—the devil knows why. You see, it is useful for a man, once in a while, to grab himself by the topknot and pluck himself out, like a radish from a garden-bed; I performed that feat

recently. . . But I wanted to take just one more look at that from which I had parted—at that bed where I was planted."

"I hope that these words do not refer to me,"—returned Arkády, with perturbation.—"I hope that thou art not thinking of parting from *me*."

Bazároff cast an intent, almost piercing glance at him.

"Does that really pain thee so? It strikes me that *thou* hast already parted from me. Thou art so fresh and pure . . . . . thy affairs with Anna Sergyéevna must be progressing well."

"What affairs of mine with Anna Sergyéevna?"

"Why, didst not thou come hither from the town, my child? By the way, how are the Sunday-schools getting on there? Art not thou enamoured of her? Or has the time arrived for thee to be discreet?"

"Evgény, thou knowest I have always been frank with thee; I can assure thee, I swear to thee, that thou art in error."

"H'm! a new word,"—commented Bazároff.—"But there 's no need for thee to wax warm over it, for as thou seest, it is a matter of perfect indifference to me. A romanticist would have said: 'I feel that our paths are beginning to diverge,' but I simply say that we have got disgusted with each other."

"Evgény! . . ."

"My dear soul, that's no calamity; one gets disgusted with plenty of things in this world! But now I am thinking whether it is n't time for us to say farewell? Ever since I came hither I have felt most abominably, as though I had been reading too much of Gógol's letters to the wife of the Governor of Kalúga. By the way, I did not order the horses unharnessed."

"Upon my word, this is impossible!"

"But why?"

"I am not speaking of myself; but this will be in the highest degree discourteous to Anna Sergyéevna, who is extremely anxious to see thee."

"Well, as to that, thou art mistaken."

"On the contrary, I am convinced that I am right,"—retorted Arkády.—"And why dost thou dissimulate? When it comes to that, dost thou mean to say that thou didst not come hither on her account thyself?"

"Perhaps that is correct, but thou art mistaken, nevertheless."

But Arkády was right. Anna Sergyéevna did wish to see Bazároff, and sent him an invitation, through the butler, to come to her. Bazároff changed his clothes before he went to her: it turned out that he had packed his new suit in such a way that it was at hand.

Madame Odíntzoff did not receive him in the room where he had so unexpectedly made his declaration of love, but in the drawing-room. She

graciously offered him the tips of her fingers, but her face expressed involuntary constraint.

"Anna Sergyéevna,"—Bazároff made haste to say,—"first of all, I must reassure you. You see before you a mortal who has long since recovered his senses, and who hopes that others also have forgotten his folly. I am going away for a long time, and you must admit that, although I am not a soft person, yet it would be far from a cheerful thing for me to carry away the thought that you remember me with loathing."

Anna Sergyéevna heaved a deep sigh, like a person who has just climbed to the top of a lofty mountain, and her face became enlivened with a smile. She offered her hand to Bazároff for the second time, and reciprocated his pressure.

"Let sleeping dogs lie,"—she said,—"the more so as, to speak candidly, I also sinned at that time —if not through coquetry, by something else. In a word, let us be friends as before. It was a dream, was it not? And who remembers dreams?"

"Who remembers them? And, moreover, love . . . is an imaginary feeling, you know."

"Really? I am very glad to hear it."

Thus did Anna Sergyéevna express herself, and thus did Bazároff express himself; they both thought that they were speaking the truth. Did their words contain the truth, the whole truth? They themselves did not know, much less does the

author. But they entered upon the sort of conversation which seemed to indicate that they thoroughly believed each other.

Anna Sergyéevna asked Bazároff, among other things, what he had been doing at the Kirsánoffs'. He came near telling her about his duel with Pável Petróvitch, but restrained himself at the reflection that she might imagine that he was trying to make himself interesting, and answered her that he had been working all that time.

"And I,"—said Anna Sergyéevna,—"first moped—God knows why; I even prepared to go abroad; just fancy! . . . . Then it passed off, your friend Arkády Nikoláitch arrived, and I fell back into my rut, into my genuine rôle."

"Into what rôle, permit me to inquire?"

"The rôle of aunt, preceptress, mother, whatever you please to call it. By the way, do you know, that formerly I did not quite understand your intimate friendship with Arkády Nikoláitch! I considered him decidedly insignificant. But now I have come to know him better, and have convinced myself that he is clever. . . And the chief point, he is young, young . . . . not like you and me, Evgény Vasílitch."

"Is he still as timid as ever in your presence?" inquired Bazároff.

"But is it possible . . . . ." began Anna Sergyéevna, and, after reflecting a little, she added: —"Now he has become more confiding, he talks

with me. Formerly he avoided me. However, I did not seek his society. He and Kátya are great friends."

Bazároff felt vexed.—"It is impossible for a woman not to be crafty!"—he thought. "You say that he avoided you,"—he articulated, with a cold sneer,—"but, probably, it was no secret to you that he was in love with you?"

"What? He too?"—broke from Anna Sergyéevna.

"He too,"—repeated Bazároff, with a submissive bow.—"Is it possible that you did not know it, and that I have been telling you news?"

Anna Sergyéevna dropped her eyes.—"You are in error, Evgény Vasiliteh."

"I think not. But perhaps I ought not to allude to that.—And don't you be sly henceforth," he added to himself.

"Why should not you allude to it? But I think that you are ascribing too much importance to a momentary impression. I begin to suspect that you are inclined to exaggeration."

"It is better for us not to talk about that, Anna Sergyéevna."

"Why?"—she retorted, but she herself turned the conversation on another subject. Nevertheless, she felt awkward with Bazároff, although she had told him, and had assured herself, that everything was forgotten. As she exchanged simple phrases with him, she felt the slight con-

straint of terror. Thus do people on a steamer, at sea, chat and laugh, care-free, exactly as though they were on solid land; but let the slightest halt take place, let the smallest sign of anything unusual present itself, and instantly there starts forth upon all countenances an expression of peculiar alarm, which bears witness to the constant consciousness of danger.

Anna Sergyéevna's conversation with Bazároff did not last long. She began to grow thoughtful, to return abstracted replies, and, at last, proposed to him that they should go into the hall, where they found the Princess and Kátya. "But where is Arkády Nikoláeviteh?"—inquired the hostess; and on learning that he had not shown himself for more than an hour past, she sent for him. He was not soon found: he had ensconced himself in the very depths of the garden, and with his chin propped upon his clasped hands, he was sitting absorbed in thought. His thoughts were profound and important, but not sad. He knew that Anna Sergyéevna was sitting alone with Bazároff, and he felt no jealousy, as formerly; on the contrary, his face beamed gently; he seemed to be surprised at something, and to be rejoicing, and making up his mind to something.

XXVI

THE deceased Mr. Odíntzoff had not liked novelties, but he had permitted "a certain play of ennobled taste," and, in consequence thereof, he had erected in his garden, between the hot-house and the pond, a building in the nature of a Greek portico of Russian brick. In the rear, blind wall of this portico, or gallery, six niches had been let in for statues, which Odíntzoff had intended to import from Italy. These statues were intended to represent Solitude, Silence, Meditation, Melancholy, Modesty, and Sentiment. One of them, the Goddess of Silence, with her finger on her lips, had been brought and set in place; but that very same day the naughty little boys of the house-serfs had broken off her nose, and although a neighbouring plasterer had undertaken to attach a nose to her "twice as good as the former," Odíntzoff had ordered her to be taken away, and she was placed in a corner of the threshing-shed, where she stood for long years, arousing the superstitious fears of the peasant women. The front side of the portico had long since become overgrown with thick brushwood; only the capitals of the columns were visible above the dense verdure. In the portico itself, even at noonday,

it was cool. Anna Sergyéevna had not been fond of visiting this spot since she had seen an adder there, but Kátya often came to sit on a big stone bench which had been constructed beneath one of the niches. Surrounded by coolness and shade, she read, worked, or surrendered herself to that sensation of complete tranquillity which is probably known to every one, and whose charm consists in a barely-conscious, mute contemplation of the broad stream of life, which incessantly rolls both around us and in us.

On the day following Bazároff's arrival, Kátya was sitting on her favourite bench, and beside her again sat Arkády. He had begged her to come with him to the "portico."

About an hour remained before breakfast-time; the dewy morning had already changed into a hot day. Arkády's countenance preserved its expression of the day before; Kátya wore a troubled aspect. Her sister, immediately after tea, had called her to her in her boudoir, and having first caressed her, which always rather terrified Kátya, she had advised her to be cautious in her behaviour toward Arkády, and, in particular, to shun solitary conversations with him, which, it seemed, had been commented upon by her aunt, and by all the household. In addition to this, on the previous evening, Anna Sergyéevna had been out of sorts; and Kátya herself had felt agitated, as though she recognised that she had done wrong. In yield-

ing to Arkády's plea, she had told herself that it was for the last time.

"Katerína Sergyéevna,"—he began, with a certain bashful ease,—"since I have had the happiness of living in your house, I have talked over many things with you, and yet there is one . . . . . question . . . . which is very important for me that I have not yet touched upon. You remarked yesterday that I have been made over here,"—he added, both seeking and avoiding Kátya's gaze, fixed questioningly upon him.—"As a matter of fact, I have undergone a change in many respects, and you know that better than any one else,—you, to whom, in reality, I am indebted for this change."

"I? . . . To me? . . . ." said Kátya.

"Now I am no longer that arrogant boy that I was when I came hither,"—pursued Arkády;—"not in vain have I passed my twenty-third year; as before, I desire to be of use, I desire to consecrate all my powers to the truth; but I no longer seek my ideals where I formerly sought them; they present themselves to me . . . much closer at hand. Hitherto, I have not understood myself; I have set myself tasks that were beyond my strength. . . . . My eyes have recently been opened, thanks to a certain feeling. . . . I do not express myself quite clearly, but I hope you understand me. . . . ."

Kátya made no reply, but ceased to look at Arkády.

"I assume,"—he went on again, in a more agitated voice, and a chaffinch above his head, in the foliage of a birch-tree, unconcernedly carolled his song,—"I assume that it is the duty of every honest man to be perfectly frank with those . . . . those persons who . . . . in a word, with the persons who are near to his heart, and, therefore, I . . . . I intend . . . ."

But here Arkády's eloquence failed him; he became confused, stammered, and was forced to pause for a while; still Kátya did not raise her eyes. Apparently, she did not understand what all this was leading up to, and was waiting for something.

"I foresee that I shall surprise you,"—began Arkády, collecting his forces afresh,—"the more so as this feeling relates, in a certain way . . . in a certain way, observe,—to you. I remember that you reproached me yesterday with a lack of seriousness,"—went on Arkády, with the aspect of a man who has walked into a morass, feels that with every step he is sinking deeper and deeper, and, nevertheless, strides onward, in the hope of traversing it as speedily as possible:—"that reproach is often directed . . . . falls . . . on young people, even when they have ceased to merit it; and if I had more self-confidence . . . . ."

("Come, help me, help me!" thought Arkády, in

despair, but Kátya, as before, did not turn her head.)—"If I could hope . . . ."

"If I could feel convinced of what you say,"—rang out Anna Sergyéevna's clear voice at that moment.

Arkády instantly became dumb, and Kátya turned pale. A path ran past the bushes which screened the portico. Anna Sergyéevna was walking along it, in company with Bazároff. Kátya and Arkády could not see them, but they heard every word, the rustling of her gown, her very breath. They advanced a few paces and halted, as though with deliberate intent, directly in front of the portico.

"You see,"—pursued Anna Sergyéevna,—"you and I have made a mistake; neither of us is in his first youth, especially I; we have lived, we are weary; why should we both stand on ceremony?—we are clever: at first, we interested each other, our curiosity was aroused . . . . . , and then . . . . ."

"And then I grew insipid,"—put in Bazároff.

"You know that that was not the cause of our falling out. But, at any rate, we did not need each other; that is the principal point: there was too much in us that was . . . . how shall I express it? . . . identical. We did not comprehend that at first. On the contrary, Arkády . . . ."

"Do you need him?"—inquired Bazároff.

"That will do, Evgény Vasílievitch. You say

that he is not indifferent to me, and it always has seemed to me that he liked me. I know that I am fit to be his aunt, but I will not conceal from you that I have begun to think more frequently of him. There is a certain charm in that young, fresh feeling. . . . ."

"The word *fascination* is more used in such cases,"—interposed Bazároff; seething bitterness was audible in his calm, but dull voice.—"Arkády seemed to be mysterious with me yesterday; he did not mention either you or your sister. . . That is an important symptom."

"He is exactly like a brother with Kátya,"—said Anna Sergyéevna,—"and I like that in him, although possibly I ought not to allow such intimacy between them."

"Is that the . . . . sister . . . speaking in you?"—articulated Bazároff slowly.

"Of course; . . . . but why are we standing here? Let us go on. What a strange conversation between us, is it not? And could I have anticipated that I should talk thus with you? You know that I am afraid of you, ... and, at the same time, I trust you because, in reality, you are very kind."

"In the first place, I am not kind in the least; and, in the second place, I have lost all significance for you, and you tell me that I am kind. . . . . That is exactly the same as placing a wreath of flowers on the head of a corpse."

"Evgény Vasílitch, we cannot control . . . ." began Anna Sergyéevna; but a breeze swept by, rustled the leaves, and carried away her words.

"Assuredly, you are free,"—enunciated Bazároff, after a brief pause. It was impossible to make out any more; the footsteps died away . . . all became silent.

Arkády turned to Kátya. She was sitting in the same attitude, only she had bowed her head still lower than before.

"Katerína Sergyéevna,"—he said, with a trembling voice, and with tightly clasped hands:—"I love you forever and irrevocably, and I love no one but you. I wanted to say this, to learn your opinion and to ask your hand, because I am not rich, and I feel that I am prepared for all sacrifices. . . You do not answer? You do not believe me? You think that I am speaking idly? But remember these last few days! Is it possible that you have not long ago convinced yourself, everything else—understand me—everything, everything else long ago vanished without a trace? Look at me, say one word to me. . I love . . . . I love you . . . believe me!"

Kátya looked at Arkády with a solemn, beaming gaze, and after long meditation, hardly smiling, she said:—"Yes."

Arkády sprang from the bench.—"Yes! You said 'yes,' Katerína Sergyéevna! What does that word mean? Does it mean 'I love you,' or that

you believe me? . . . Or . . . . or . . . . I dare not finish . . . ."

" Yes,"—repeated Kátya, and this time he understood her. He seized her large, beautiful hands, and panting with rapture, pressed them to his heart. He could hardly stand on his feet, and merely kept repeating: " Kátya, Kátya . . . ." and she fell to weeping, in an innocent sort of way, laughing gently at her own tears. He who has not beheld such tears in the eyes of the beloved being has not yet experienced to what a degree, all swooning with gratitude and with shame, a man can be happy on this earth.

On the following day, early in the morning, Anna Sergyéevna ordered Bazároff to be summoned to her boudoir, and, with a forced laugh, she handed him a folded sheet of note-paper. It was a letter from Arkády: in it he asked the hand of her sister.

Bazároff swiftly glanced over the letter, and exerted an effort over himself not to display the impetuous feeling which instantly flamed up in his soul.

" So that 's how it is,"—he said;—" and you, I believe, no longer ago than yesterday, supposed that he loved Katerína Sergyéevna with the love of a brother. What do you mean to do now? "

" What do *you* advise me to do? "—asked Anna Sergyéevna, continuing to laugh.

" Why, I think,"—replied Bazároff, also with

a laugh, although he did not feel at all merry, and did not, in the least, wish to laugh, any more than she did:—"I think you will have to give the young people your blessing. It is a fine match, in every respect; Kirsánoff has a respectable property, he is his father's only son, and the father is a fine fellow also, I will not deny it."

Madame Odíntzoff paced the room. Her face flushed and paled by turns.

"You think so?"—she said. "Why not? I see no obstacle. . . . I am glad for Kátya . . . and for Arkády Nikoláevitch. Of course I shall await his father's reply. I will send him himself to him. But, you see, it turns out that I was right yesterday when I told you that we were both old folks. . . . How is it that I did not see this? It amazes me!"

Again Anna Sergyéevna began to laugh, and immediately turned away.

"The young people of the present day have become very sly,"—remarked Bazároff, and began to laugh also.—"Good-bye,"—he said again, after a brief pause.—"I hope you will finish this affair in the most agreeable manner; and I shall rejoice from afar."

Madame Odíntzoff turned swiftly toward him.

"You are not going away? Why should you not remain *now?* Remain . . . . it is jolly to talk with you . . . . just like walking on the brink of a precipice: at first one feels timid, but

afterward one gets courage from somewhere or other. Remain."

"Thanks for your suggestion, Anna Sergyéevna, and for your flattering opinion of my conversational talents. But I think that I have been already revolving too long as it is, in a sphere which is foreign to me. Flying fish are able to maintain themselves for quite a while in the air, but they are bound soon to splash back into the water; permit me also to paddle in my own element."

Madame Odíntzoff looked at Bazároff. A bitter sneer contorted his pale face. "That man loved me!" she thought—and she felt sorry for him, and offered him her hand with sympathy.

But he understood her.—"No!"—he said, and retreated a pace.—"I am a poor man, but up to this time I have not accepted alms. Farewell, madame, and may good health be yours."

"I am convinced that this is not our last meeting,"—articulated Anna Sergyéevna, with an involuntary movement.

"All sorts of things happen in this world!"—replied Bazároff, bowed, and left the room.

"So thou hast taken it into thy head to build a nest?"—he said that same day to Arkády, as, squatting on his heels, he packed his trunk.—"Why not? It is a good move. I expected a wholly different direction from thee. Or, perchance, this has stunned thee thyself?"

"I really did not expect it when I parted from thee,"—replied Arkády. "But why dost thou thyself quibble and say: 'It is a good move,' as though I were not aware of thine opinion as to matrimony?"

"Ekh, my dear friend,"—said Bazároff:—"what a way thou hast of expressing thyself! Thou seest what I am doing: there turns out to be an empty space in my trunk, and I stuff in hay; so it is with our trunk of life; it must be filled with anything that comes to hand, so that there may be no empty space. Please do not take offence: thou probably recallest what opinion I have always held of Katerína Sergyéevna. Some young ladies bear the reputation of being clever because they sigh cleverly; but thy young lady can stand up for herself, and stand up in such wise, to boot, that she will manage thee,—well, and that is as it should be."

He banged down the lid and rose from the floor. —"And now I repeat to thee in farewell because there is no use in deceiving ourselves: we are parting forever, and thou feelest that thyself . . . thou hast acted wisely; thou wert not created for our bitter, harsh, wretched life. There is in thee neither insolence nor malice, but there is youthful audacity and youthful arrogance; that is not suited to our cause. A man of your sort, a nobleman, cannot go any further than noble submission or noble effervescence, and that is stuff and non-

sense. You, for example, do not fight,—and yet you imagine that you are a dashing fellow,—while we want to fight. And what is the state of the case? Our dust eats thine eyes out, our mud bespatters thee, but thou hast not grown up to our stature; thou involuntarily admirest thyself; it is pleasant for thee to scold thyself; but we find that tiresome—serve us up others! we must break others! Thou art a splendid young fellow; but, nevertheless, thou art a soft, liberal young gentleman,—*et volátout*, as my parent expresses himself."

"Thou art bidding me an eternal farewell, Evgény?"—said Arkády sadly. "And hast thou no other words for me?"

Bazároff scratched the nape of his neck.—"I have, Arkády, I have other words, only I shall not utter them, because that is romanticism,—that means: making one's self too—sypuppy. But do thou marry as promptly as possible, and establish thy nest, and beget as many children as thou canst. They will be clever creatures, simply because they will be born in a different age from what thou and I were. Ehe! I see that the horses are ready. It is time to go! I have said goodbye to everybody. . . . . Well, how now? shall we embrace?"

Arkády flung himself on the neck of his former preceptor and friend, and the tears fairly streamed from his eyes.

"That 's what it is to be young!"—ejaculated Bazároff calmly.—"But I place my hopes on Katerína Sergyéevna. Just see how quickly she will comfort thee!"

"Farewell, brother!"—he said to Arkády, when he had clambered into the peasant cart; and pointing to a pair of jackdaws, which were sitting on the roof of the stable, he added:—"Look yonder!—study them!"

"What does that mean?"—asked Arkády.

"What? Art thou so weak in natural history, or hast thou forgotten, that the daw is the most respectable, domestic of birds? An example for thee!—Good-bye, señor!"

The cart rattled and rolled away.

Bazároff had spoken the truth. As he chatted with Kátya that evening he had totally forgotten his tutor. He had already begun to come under her sway, and Kátya was conscious of it, and was not surprised. He was obliged to go to Márino, to Nikolái Petróvitch, on the following day. Anna Sergyéevna did not wish to embarrass the young people, and only out of decorum did not leave them too long alone together. She magnanimously banished from them the Princess, who had been reduced to a state of tearful wrath by the news of the impending marriage. At first Anna Sergyéevna feared lest the spectacle of their happiness should seem somewhat oppressive to her; but it turned out to be exactly the reverse:

that spectacle not only did not oppress her, it interested her, it touched her at last. Anna Sergyéevna was delighted yet saddened by this. "Evidently, Bazároff is right,"—she thought: "curiosity, mere curiosity, and love of a quiet life, and egotism. . . . ."

"Children,"—she said aloud,—"is love an imaginary feeling?"

But neither Kátya nor Arkády even understood her. They shunned her; they could not get the conversation which they had involuntarily overheard out of their minds. However, Anna Sergyéevna speedily reassured them; and that was not difficult: she had reassured herself.

XXVII

The old Bazároffs were all the more delighted at their son's unexpected return, in proportion as they had the least expected it. Arína Vlásievna was perturbed to such a degree, and so exhausted herself by running all over the house, that Vasíly Iványitch compared her to a "mother partridge": the bobtail of her short, loose, morning gown really did give her a somewhat bird-like air. And he himself merely bellowed and bit the amber mouthpiece of his tchubúk sideways, and grasping his neck with his hands, twisted his head, as though he were trying to find out whether it were well screwed on, then suddenly opened his wide mouth to its full extent, and laughed heartily but absolutely without sound.

"I have come to you for six whole weeks, old man,"—Bazároff said to him:—"I want to work, so please don't bother me."

"Thou wilt forget my physiognomy, that 's the way I shall bother thee!"—replied Vasíly Ivánovitch."

He kept his promise. Having installed his son, as before, in his study, he devoted himself to hiding from him, and restrained his wife from all

superfluous manifestations of tenderness. "My dear woman,"—he said to her, "during Eniúshka's first visit we bored him a bit; now we must be more sensible." Arína Vlásievna agreed with her husband, but gained little by so doing, because she saw her son only at meals, and became definitively afraid to speak to him. "Eniúshenka!"—she would say to him,—and before he could glance round she would be tugging at the cords of her reticule, and stammering: "Never mind, never mind, I did n't mean anything," and then she would betake herself to Vasíly Iványovitch and say to him, propping her cheek on her hand: "I should like to find out, my darling, what Eniúsha wants to-day for dinner, cabbage-soup or beet-soup?"

"But why dost not thou ask him thyself?"—"But I shall bore him!" Howevèr, Bazároff soon ceased to lock himself up: the fever of work *leaped away* from him, and was replaced by dejected boredom and dull disquiet. A strange languor was perceptible in all his movements; even his walk, firm and impetuously bold, underwent a change. He ceased to take solitary strolls and began to seek society; he drank tea in the drawing-room, prowled about the vegetable-garden with Vasíly Iványovitch, and smoked with him "dumb as a fish." One day he inquired of his father concerning Father Alexyéi. At first, Vasíly Iványovitch rejoiced at this change, but his

joy was not of long duration. "Eniúsha distresses me," he complained quietly to his wife; "he is not exactly dissatisfied or angry, that would not matter; he is embittered, he is melancholy,—that is the terrible thing. He persistently maintains silence, as though he were reproaching thee and me; he is getting thin, his complexion has a bad colour."—"O Lord, O Lord!" whispered the old woman; "I would like to put an amulet on his neck, but of course he would not let me." Vasíly Ivánovitch himself made several attempts to question Bazároff about his work, about his health, about Arkády. . . . . But Bazároff answered him unwillingly and carelessly, and one day, noticing that his father, in conversation, was making stealthy approaches toward something, he said to him with vexation: "Why art thou constantly, as it were, walking round me on tiptoe? That manner is worse than thy former one!"

"Well, well, well, I did n't mean anything!" hastily replied poor Vasíly Ivánovitch. His political hints remained equally fruitless. In beginning, one day, a conversation in connection with the impending emancipation of the serfs, about progress, he hoped to arouse the sympathy of his son; but the latter said indifferently: "Yesterday, as I was walking past a hedge, I heard the little peasant boys of this locality shouting, in place of some ancient ballad: '*The loyal time*

is coming, the heart feeleth love'—there 's progress for thee."

Sometimes Bazároff betook himself to the village, and, banteringly, as was his wont, entered into conversation with some peasant man or other. "Come," he said to him, "expound to me your views of life, brother; for in you, they say, lies the whole force and future of Russia, with you a new epoch in history will begin,—you will give us both a genuine language and laws." The peasant either made no reply or uttered some words to the following effect: "And we can . . . too, because, you know . . . . what limits are appointed to us, for example."

"Do thou just explain to me what thy world is,"—Bazároff interrupted him. "And is it that same world which stands on three fishes?"

"The earth does stand on three fishes,"—explained the serf soothingly, in a patriarchally-good-humoured singsong,—"but against our commune [1] there is, as every one knows, the will of the master; because you are our fathers. And the more strict is the lord of the manor in his demands, the pleasanter it is for the peasant."

One day, after listening to a speech of this sort, Bazároff shrugged his shoulders scornfully and turned aside, and the peasant went his way.

"What wert thou talking about?"—another peasant asked him—a middle-aged man, with a

[1] *Mir*, world; *Mir*, commune.—TRANSLATOR.

surly countenance, from the threshold of his cottage, who had witnessed from afar this conversation with Bazároff.—"About the arrears of taxes?"

"About the arrears of taxes, forsooth, my good fellow!"—replied the first peasant, and in his voice there was no longer a trace of the patriarchal singsong, but, on the contrary, a certain careless moroseness was audible.—"We just chattered a bit; his tongue was itching to talk. Everybody knows how it is—he 's a gentleman; can he understand anything?"

"How should he understand!"—replied the other peasant, and shaking their caps and tucking in their belts, the two set to discussing their own affairs and needs. Alas! Bazároff, who had shrugged his shoulders, and knew how to talk to the peasants (as he had boasted, in the course of his quarrel with Pável Petróvitch), that self-confident Bazároff did not even suspect that he was, in their eyes, something in the nature of a born fool. . . .

However, at last he found an occupation for himself. One day, in his presence, Vasíly Iványitch was binding up a peasant's injured leg, but the old man's hands trembled and he could not manage the bandages; his son helped, and from that time forth he began to take part in his practice, without ceasing, at the same time, to jeer, both at the remedies which he himself had recom-

mended, and at his father, who immediately made use of them. But Bazároff's sneers did not in the least discomfit Vasíly Iványitch; rather did they comfort him. Clasping his soiled dressing-gown to his belly with two fingers, and smoking his pipe, he listened with delight to Bazároff, and the more ill-temper there was in his sallies, the more good-naturedly did his enraptured father laugh, displaying all his black teeth, to the very last one. He even frequently repeated these stupid or senseless sallies, and, for example, for a space of several days he would keep repeating, without rhyme or reason: "Well, that 's of no consequence!" [1] simply because his son, on learning that he was accustomed to go to Matins, had employed that expression.—"Thank God! he has ceased to have the blue devils!" he whispered to his wife; "the way he snubbed me to-day,—it was wonderful!" On the other hand, the thought that he possessed such an assistant inspired him with enthusiasm, filled him with pride. "Yes, yes," he said to a peasant woman, in a man's coat, and a head-dress like a pointed coronet, with horns, as he handed her a phial of Gulyard water, or a pot of white ointment, "my good soul, thou shouldst thank God every minute that my son is visiting me: thou art being doctored now after the most scientific and the newest method, dost thou under-

[1] In Russian rather slangily expressed: "That 's the ninth affair!"—TRANSLATOR.

stand that? Even the Emperor of the French, Napoleon, has no better doctor." And the woman who had come to complain that she "had got the gripes" (but she was not herself able to explain what she meant by these words) merely made a reverence, and thrust her hand into her bosom, where lay four eggs wrapped up in the end of a towel.

Bazároff once even extracted a tooth for a passing pedlar of dress goods, and although that tooth was of the most ordinary sort, nevertheless Vasíly Ivánovitch preserved it as a rarity, and exhibited it to Father Alexyéi, repeating incessantly:

"Just look, what roots! Such strength as Evgény has! He fairly lifted that dry-goods pedlar into the air. . . It seems to me that even an oak-tree would have flown out! . . . ."

"It is laudable!"—said Father Alexyéi at last, not knowing what reply to make, and how to rid himself of the old man, who had gone into ecstasies.

One day a wretched peasant from a neighbouring village brought to Vasíly Ivánovitch his brother, who was ill with typhus fever. Lying prone upon a truss of straw, the unfortunate man was dying; dark spots covered his body; he had even lost consciousness. Vasíly Ivánovitch expressed his regret that it had not occurred to some one earlier to have recourse to the aid of medicine, and

announced that there was no hope. As a matter of fact, the peasant did not get his brother home alive; the man died in the cart.

Three days later Bazároff entered his father's room, and inquired whether he had not lunar caustic?

"I have; what dost thou need it for?"

"I need it . . . to cauterise a wound."

"Whose?"

"My own."

"What, thine own! Why? What wound is it? Where is it?"

"Here on my finger. To-day I went to the village, thou knowest, the one whence they brought that peasant with the typhus. For some reason, they were preparing to open him, and I had had no practice in that for a long time."

"Well?"

"Well, and so I asked leave of the district physician, and cut myself."

Vasíly Ivánovitch turned pale all over, and without uttering a word, he flew to his cupboard, whence he immediately returned with a piece of lunar caustic in his hand. Bazároff was about to take it and depart.

"For God's sake,"—said Vasíly Ivánovitch:—"let me do it myself."

Bazároff grinned.—"How anxious thou art for practice!"

"Don't jest, please. Show me thy finger. The wound is not large. Does n't it hurt?"

"Press on harder, don't be afraid."

Vasíly Iványovitch paused.—"What dost thou think, Evgény, would n't it be better for us to cauterise it with a hot iron?"

"That ought to have been done sooner, but now, in reality, even the lunar caustic is of no use. If I have been infected, it is too late anyway."

"How . . . . . too late? . . . . ." Vasíly Iványovitch could hardly articulate.

"I should think so! More than four hours have elapsed since then."

Vasíly Iványovitch cauterised the wound a little longer.—"And had not the district doctor any lunar caustic?"

"No."

"How came that, my God! A physician—and he has not such an indispensable thing!"

"Thou shouldst see his lancets,"—said Bazároff, and left the room.

Until evening, and during the whole course of the following day, Vasíly Iványovitch caught at every possible pretext to enter his son's room, and, although he not only did not mention his wound, but even endeavoured to talk about the most irrelevant subjects, still he peered so persistently into his eyes and watched him in so perturbed a manner, that Bazároff lost patience, and threatened to leave the house. Vasíly Iványovitch gave him his word not to worry, the more so, as Arína Vlásievna, from whom, of course, he had concealed everything, was beginning to besiege him with

questions as to why he did not sleep, and what had happened to him? For two whole days he persevered, although he did not greatly like the looks of his son, whom he still watched by stealth, ... but on the third day at dinner he could endure it no longer. Bazároff sat with bowed head, and did not touch a single viand.

"Why dost thou not eat, Evgény?"—he asked, imparting to his face the most care-free of expressions.—"The food is well cooked, I think."

"I don't feel like it, so I don't eat."

"Hast thou no appetite? And how is thy head?"—he added, in a timid voice:—"does it ache?"

"Yes. Why should n't it ache?"

Arína Vlásievna straightened up, and pricked up her ears.

"Don't be angry, please, Evgény,"—went on Vasíly Ivánovitch,—"but wilt not thou allow me to feel thy pulse?"

Bazároff rose to his feet.—"I can tell thee, without feeling my pulse, that I have fever."

"And hast thou had a chill?"

"I have. I will go and lie down; and do you send me some linden tea. I must have caught cold."

"That explains why I heard thee coughing last night,"—said Arína Vlásievna.

"I have taken cold,"– repeated Bazároff, and left the room.

Arína Vlásievna busied herself with preparing the tea from linden flowers, but Vasíly Iványovitch went into the adjoining room and silently tore his hair.

Bazároff did not get up again that day, and spent the whole night in a heavy, half-conscious doze. About one o'clock in the morning, opening his eyes with an effort, he beheld above him, by the dim light of the shrine-lamp, the pale face of his father, and ordered him to go away; the latter obeyed, but immediately returned on tiptoe, and half screening himself with the cupboard door, he gazed at his son, never once removing his eyes. Arína Vlásievna also had not gone to bed, and opening the door of the study a mere crack, she kept approaching to listen "how Eniúsha was breathing," and to look at Vasíly Iványovitch. She could see nothing but his motionless, bowed back, but even that afforded her some solace. In the morning, Bazároff tried to rise; he went to bed again. Vasíly Iványovitch waited upon him in silence; Arína Vlásievna came to him, and asked him how he felt. He replied: "Better," and turned his face to the wall. Vasíly Iványovitch waved his wife off with both hands; she bit her lip, in order to keep from crying, and left the room. Everything about the house seemed suddenly to have grown dark; all faces lengthened, a strange stillness reigned; a loud-voiced cock was carried off from the court-yard to the village, and

for a long time could not understand why he was treated in that way. Bazároff continued to lie, nestled up to the wall. Vasíly Ivánovitch tried to put various questions to him, but they wearied Bazároff, and the old man subsided into silence in his arm-chair, only now and then cracking his fingers. He went out into the garden for a few moments, stood there like a statue, as though overwhelmed with inexpressible amazement (in general the expression of amazement never left his face), and returned again to his son, striving to avoid interrogations from his wife. At last, she seized him by the arm, and convulsively, almost menacingly, she said: "But what ails him?" Then he regained his composure, and forced himself to smile at her in reply; but, to his own horror, instead of a smile, he evoked a laugh from somewhere within him. He had sent for the doctor at daybreak. He considered it necessary to inform his son of this, so that the latter might not wax angry.

Bazároff suddenly turned over on the couch, stared dully and intently at his father, and asked for a drink.

Vasíly Ivánovitch gave him water, and seized the opportunity to feel his forehead.

"Old man,"—began Bazároff in a hoarse, slow voice,—"this is a bad business of mine. I am poisoned, and thou wilt bury me a few days hence."

Vasíly Iványovitch reeled, as though some one had struck him a blow on the legs.

"Evgény!"—he stammered,—"what is it thou art saying! God be with thee! Thou hast caught cold. . . ."

"Stop,"—Bazároff interrupted him without haste.—"It is not permissible for a physician to talk like that. All the signs of infection exist, thou knowest it thyself."

"Where are the signs . . . . of infection, Evgény? . . . Gracious heavens!"

"And how about this?"—said Bazároff, and stripping up the sleeve of his shirt, he showed his father the ill-omened red spots breaking out.

Vasíly Iványovitch shuddered, and turned cold with terror.—"Let us assume,"—he said at last,—"let us assume . . . if . . . even if there is something in the nature of . . . . . infection . . . ."

"Of pyemia,"—prompted his son.

"Well, yes . . . in the nature of . . . . . an epidemic . . . ."

"Of *pyemia,*"—repeated Bazároff gruffly and distinctly:—"can it be that thou hast already forgotten thy text-books?"

"Well, yes, yes, as thou wilt. . . . Nevertheless, we will cure thee. . ."

"Come, that 's humbug. But that is not the point. I did not expect that I should die so soon; that is a very disagreeable accident, to speak the

truth. Both thou and mother must now profit by the fact that religion is strong in you; here 's your chance to put it to the proof."—He took another sip of water.—" But I should like to make one request of thee . . . while my head is still under my command. To-morrow, or the day after to-morrow, as thou art aware, my brain will resign from duty. Even now I am not quite certain whether I am expressing myself clearly. While I have been lying here it has seemed to me all the while as though red dogs were running around me, and that thou wert making a point over me, as over a woodcock. It is exactly as though I were drunk. Dost thou understand me well? "

" Goodness, Evgény, thou art talking in precisely the proper way."

" So much the better; thou hast told me that thou hast sent for the doctor. . . Thou hast comforted thyself thereby; . . . . comfort me also: send a special messenger . . . . ."

" To Arkády Nikoláitch? "—interpolated the old man.

" Who is Arkády Nikoláitch? "—said Bazároff, as though in doubt. . . . " Akh, yes! that fledgling! No, don't touch him; he has become a full-grown bird now. Do not be surprised; this is not delirium. But do thou send a messenger to Anna Sergyéevna Odíntzoff; there is a landed proprietress of that name yonder. . . Knowest thou? " (Vasíly Ivánovitch nodded.) " Say that

Evgény Bazároff gave orders to present his compliments, and order the man to say that he is dying. Wilt thou fulfil this?"

"I will. Only, can it be possible that thou shouldst die, Evgény? . . . Judge for thyself! Where would be the justice after that?"

"I don't know; only send the messenger."

"I will send him this very minute, and will write a letter myself."

"No, why shouldst thou? Say that I gave orders that my compliments were to be presented; nothing more is necessary. And now I will go back to my dogs. It is strange! I try to fix my thoughts on death, and it comes to nothing. I see some sort of a spot . . . . and that is all."

Once more he turned painfully toward the wall; but Vasíly Ivánovitch left the study, and when he reached his wife's bed-chamber, he fairly tumbled down on his knees before the holy pictures.

"Pray, Arína, pray?"—he moaned:—"our son is dying."

The doctor—that same district doctor who had no lunar caustic—arrived, and, after examining the patient, advised them to adopt a waiting policy, and added a few words as to the possibility of recovery.

"But did you ever happen to see people in my situation *fail* to betake themselves to the Elysian Fields?"—inquired Bazároff, and, suddenly

grasping the leg of a heavy table, which stood near the divan, he shook the table and moved it from its place.

"The strength, the strength is all there still," —he said,—"but I must die! . . . . An old man has, at least, succeeded in weaning himself from life, while I . . . . But come, just try to contradict death. It contradicts thee, and that ends the matter! Who is weeping there?"—he added, after a brief pause.—"Mother? Poor thing! Whom will she feed now with her wonderful beet-soup? And thou also, Vasíly Iványitch, I believe thou art whimpering too? Well, if Christianity does not help, be a philosopher, a stoic! I believe thou wert boasting of being a philosopher?"

"Much of a philosopher I am!" roared Vasíly Ivánovitch, and the tears fairly dripped down his cheeks.

Bazároff grew worse with every passing hour; the malady took a swift course, which usually happens in cases of surgical poisoning. He had not, as yet, lost consciousness, and understood what was said to him; he still struggled. "I will not be delirious,"—he whispered, clenching his fists; —"what nonsense!" And immediately he said: "Well, and if from eight you subtract ten, how many will remain?"—Vasíly Ivánovitch walked about like a crazy person, suggested now one remedy, now another, and did nothing but keep covering his son's feet. "He must be wrapped up

in cold sheets . . . nausea . . . . mustard plasters on his stomach . . . . blood-letting,"—he said, with an effort. The doctor, whom he had implored to remain, humoured him, gave the patient lemonade, and for himself asked now a pipe, now "something strengthening and warming," that is to say, vodka. Arína Vlásievna sat on a low bench near the door, and only now and then went away to pray; a few days previously her toilet mirror had slipped out of her hands and been broken, and she had always regarded this as a bad sign; even Anfísushka was not able to say anything comforting to her. Timoféitch had gone to Madame Odíntzoff.

The night was bad for Bazároff. . . . He was tortured by a violent fever. Toward morning he was resting more easily. He asked that Arína Vlásievna might brush his hair, kissed her hand, and drank a couple of mouthfuls of tea. Vasíly Ivánovitch revived somewhat.

"Thank God!"—he kept repeating;—"the crisis has come . . . . the crisis has come!"

"Eka, what art thou thinking of?"—said Bazároff:—"what does that word signify? He has hit upon it; he has said, 'the crisis,' and is comforted. It is astounding how a man still has faith in words. If people call him a fool, for example, and yet do not beat him, he grows melancholy; if they call him a clever fellow, and yet give him no money,—he feels satisfaction."

This little speech of Bazároff's, which recalled his former "sallies," touched Vasíly Iványovitch.

"Bravo! Splendidly said, splendidly!"—he exclaimed, pretending to clap his hands.

Bazároff laughed sadly.

"Well then, according to thy opinion,"—he said,—"is the crisis past, or is it beginning?"

"Thou art better, that is what I see, that is what delights me,"—replied Vasíly Iványovitch.

"Well, very good; it is never a bad thing to rejoice. And hast thou sent to her? thou rememberest?"

"Yes, of course."

The change for the better did not last long. The assaults of the malady were renewed. Vasíly Iványovitch sat by Bazároff's side. It seemed as though some special anguish were torturing the old man. Several times he was on the point of speaking—and could not.

"Evgény!"—he blurted out at last:—"my son, my dear, precious son."

This unusual appeal took effect upon Bazároff. . . . . He turned his head a little, and, evidently striving to escape from beneath the burden of oblivion which was weighing him down, he articulated:—"What, my father?"

"Evgény,"—went on Vasíly Iványovitch, and sank down on his knees beside Bazároff, although the latter did not open his eyes, and did not see him.—"Evgény, thou art better now; God grant

that thou mayest recover; but take advantage of this time, comfort thy mother and me, fulfil thy Christian duty! It is terrible for me to say this to thee; but it is still more terrible . . . forever, thou knowest, Evgény . . . reflect, what . . . . ."

The old man's voice broke, and a strange expression crept across the face of his son, although he continued to lie with closed eyes.—" I do not refuse, if it can give you comfort,"—he said at last; " but it seems to me that there is no need of haste as yet. Thou thyself sayest that I am better."

" Thou art better, Evgény, thou art better; but who knows, for all that depends upon the will of God, and when thou hast fulfilled thy duty . . . . ."

"No, I will wait,"—interrupted Bazároff.—" I agree with thee that the crisis has arrived. But if we are both mistaken, what then? They give the communion to the unconscious also."

" For mercy's sake, Evgény. . . ."

" I will wait. And now I want to sleep. Don't disturb me."

And he laid his head in its former position.

The old man rose, seated himself in the arm-chair, and gripping his chin, began to bite his fingers. . .

The rumble of a carriage with springs,[1] that sound which is peculiarly noticeable in the depths

[1] On account of the bad roads, most carriages for country use are built without springs.—TRANSLATOR.

of the country, suddenly struck his ear. Nearer, nearer rolled the light wheels; and now the snorting of horses was audible. . . . Vasíly Ivánovitch sprang to his feet and rushed to the window. A two-seated carriage, drawn by four horses, was driving into the court-yard of his tiny house. Without pausing to consider what this might signify, he ran out on the porch, in an outburst of senseless joy. . . . A liveried lackey opened the carriage door; a lady with a black veil and a black mantle alighted from it. . . .

"I am Madame Odíntzoff,"—she said.—"Is Evgény Vasílitch alive? You are his father? I have brought a doctor with me."

"Benefactress!"—exclaimed Vasíly Ivánovitch, and seizing her hand, he pressed it convulsively to his lips, while the doctor whom Anna Sergyéevna had brought, a small man in spectacles, with a German physiognomy, alighted in a leisurely way from the carriage. "He is still alive; my Evgény is alive, and now he will be saved! Wife! wife! . . . An angel from heaven has come to us. . . ."

"What is it, O Lord!"—stammered the old woman, as she ran out of the drawing-room, and comprehending nothing then and there in the anteroom, fell at the feet of Anna Sergyéevna, and began, like a mad woman, to kiss her gown.

"What are you doing? What are you doing?"—Anna Sergyéevna kept reiterating; but Arína

Vlásievna paid no heed to her, and Vasíly Ivánovitch merely repeated: "An angel! an angel!"

"*Wo ist der Kranke?* And where is the patient?" said the doctor at last, not without some indignation.

Vasíly Ivánovitch came to his senses.—"Here, here, please follow me, *werthester Herr Kollege,*"—he added, reviving an ancient memory.

"Eh!"—ejaculated the German, and made a sour grimace.

Vasíly Ivánovitch conducted him to the study.

"The doctor from Anna Sergyéevna Odíntzoff,"—he said, bending down to his son's very ear;—"and she is here herself."

Bazároff suddenly opened his eyes.—"What didst thou say?"

"I say that Anna Sergyéevna Odíntzoff is here, and has brought her doctor to thee."

Bazároff gazed about him.—"She is here. . . I want to see her."

"Thou shalt see her, Evgény; but first the doctor and I must have a talk. I will narrate to him the whole history of thy illness, since Sídor Sídoritch" (this was the name of the district physician) "has gone away, and we will hold a little consultation."

Bazároff glanced at the German.—"Well, have your talk as quickly as possible, only not in Latin, for I understand the meaning of *jam moritur.*"

"*Der Herr scheint des Deutschen mächtig zu sein,*"—began the new disciple of Æsculapius turning to Vasíly Iványovitch.

"*Ich . . . . habe . . .* you had better talk Russian," said the old man.

"Ah, ah! so dat 's de vay it ees. . . As you like . . ." And the consultation began.

Half an hour later, Anna Sergyéevna, escorted by Vasíly Iványovitch, entered the room. The doctor had contrived to whisper to her that the recovery of the sick man was not to be thought of.

She cast a glance at Bazároff . . . and halted at the door, so startled was she by his swollen and, at the same time, corpse-like face, with its dimmed eyes riveted upon her. She was simply frightened, with a sort of cold and insufferable dread; the thought that she would not have felt like that if she were really in love with him, flashed instantaneously through her mind.

"Thank you,"—he said, with an effort;—"I did not expect this. It is a good deed. So we have met again, as you promised."

"Anna Sergyéevna has been so kind,"—began Vasíly Iványovitch.

"Father, leave us.—Anna Sergyéevna, you permit me? I think that now . . ."

He indicated his feeble, outstretched body with a movement of his head.

Vasíly Iványovitch withdrew.

"Thanks,"—repeated Bazároff.—"This is a

deed in royal style. They say that Tzars also visit the dying."

"Evgény Vasílitch, I hope . . . ."

"Ekh, Anna Sergyéevna, let us speak the truth. I am done for. I have fallen under the wheel. And it turns out that there was no need to think of the future. Death is an ancient jest, but new to each person. So far, I am not afraid . . . . and then unconsciousness will come, and *fuit!*" (He waved his hand feebly.)—"Well, what 's the use of my saying to you . . . .' I love you' ! That had no sense before, much less now. Love is a form, and my own form is already decomposing. I had better say that—what a splendid woman you are! And now you stand there, so beautiful. . . ."

Anna Sergyéevna involuntarily shuddered.

"Never mind, be not disturbed . . . . sit down there. . . Don't come near me: for my malady is contagious."

Anna Sergyéevna swiftly crossed the room and seated herself in an arm-chair beside the divan on which Bazároff lay.

"Magnanimous!"—he whispered. "Okh, how near, and how young, and fresh, and pure . . . . in this hateful room! . . . . Well, good-bye! may you live long; that is the best thing of all; and enjoy yourself while yet there is time. Behold, what a disgusting spectacle: the worm is half crushed, yet it bristles up. And, you see, I

thought also: I will yet accomplish many deeds; I shall not die—not I! there 's the aim, for I am a giant! And now the giant's whole problem is to die decorously, although no one cares about that. . . . . It makes no difference; I will not evade the issue."

Bazároff ceased speaking and began to feel for his glass. Anna Sergyéevna gave him a drink, without removing her glove, and breathing timorously the while.

"You will forget me,"—he began again;—"the dead is no fit comrade for the living. My father will tell you, 'Just see what a man Russia is losing.' . . . That is nonsense, but do not undeceive the old man. Anything for the sake of soothing the child . . . . you know. And treat my mother kindly. For such people as they are not to be found in your grand society, even in the day-time with a light. . . . . I am necessary to Russia. . . . No, evidently, I am not necessary. And who is? A shoemaker is necessary, a tailor is necessary, so is a butcher; . . . . he sells meat, ... a butcher; . . . . stay, I am getting mixed up. . . . . Yonder is a forest . . ."

Bazároff laid his hand on his brow.

Anna Sergyéevna bent toward him.—"Evgény Vasílitch, I am here . . . ."

He instantly clasped her hand and half sat up. —"Farewell,"—he said, with sudden force, and his eyes flashed with their last gleam.—"Fare-

well. . . Listen . . . . you know, I did not kiss you then. . . . Breathe upon the expiring lamp, and let it be extinguished. . . . ."

Anna Sergyéevna touched her lips to his brow.

" Enough! "—he said, and dropped back on his pillow.—" Now . . . . darkness . . ."

Anna Sergyéevna softly left the room.—" Well? "—Vasíly Ivánovitch asked her in a whisper.

" He has fallen asleep,"—she replied, in a barely audible tone.

Bazároff was not fated to wake again. Toward evening he fell into complete unconsciousness, and on the following day he died. Father Alexyéi performed over him the rites of religion. When he was anointed,[1] when the holy chrism touched his breast, one of his eyes opened, and it seemed as though, at the sight of the priest in his vestments, of the smoking censer, the light in front of the holy picture, something resembling a shudder of fear was reflected on the dying face. When at last he breathed his last sigh, and universal groaning arose in the house, Vasíly Ivánovitch was seized with a sudden transport of violence. " I said that I would repine,"—he shouted hoarsely, with a flaming, distorted countenance, shaking his fist in the air, as though he were men-

[1] The Rite of Holy Unction in the Catholic Church of the East differs from Extreme Unction in the Roman Church, in that (among other points) it may be administered when the sufferer is not expected to die: for healing only, in the Apostolic sense.—Translator.

acing some one. "And I will repine, I will repine!" But Arína Vlásievna, all in tears, flung herself upon his neck, and both fell on their knees. —"So,"—as Anfisushka afterward narrated in the servants' hall,—"they bowed their heads side by side, like sheep at noonday. . . ."

But the midday heat passes and evening draws on, and the night, and then comes the return to the quiet refuge, where the suffering and the weary find sweet repose. . . .

XXVIII

Six months have passed. The white winter has come, with its stern stillness of cloudless frosts, dense creaking snow, rosy hoar-frost on the trees, pale-emerald sky, caps of smoke above the chimneys, clumps of steam from the doors opened for a moment, the fresh faces, as though bitten, of the people, and the bustling trot of benumbed horses. The January day is already drawing to its close; the evening chill is seizing the motionless air in a still tighter grip, and the blood-red sunset is dying out. The lights have been kindled in the windows of the house at Márino; Prokófitch, in a black dress suit and white gloves, is laying the table for seven persons. A week previously, in the little parish church, quietly, and almost without witnesses, two weddings had taken place: Arkády's to Kátya, and Nikolái Petróvitch's to Fénitchka; and on the day in question Nikolái Petróvitch is giving a farewell dinner for his brother, who is about to take his departure for Moscow on business. Anna Sergyéevna had gone thither also immediately after the wedding, after having lavishly endowed the young couple. Precisely at three o'clock all

assembled round the table. Mítya was placed there also; he had been provided with a nurse, in a glazed brocade coronet-cap. Pável Petróvitch took his seat between Kátya and Fénitchka: the "husbands" settled themselves beside their wives. Our acquaintances have changed of late: all of them seem to have grown handsomer and more manly; Pável Petróvitch alone has grown thin, which, however, has imparted still more elegance and *grand-seigneurism* to his expressive features. . . . And Fénitchka also has become a different person. In a fresh silken gown, with a gold chain on her neck, she sat with respectful composure,—respectful toward herself, toward everything which surrounded her, and smiled, as though she wished to say: "You must excuse me, I am not to blame." And not she alone, but all the others smiled also, and seemed to be excusing themselves; all felt somewhat awkward, somewhat sad, and, in reality, very comfortable. Each one listened to the other with amusing amiability, as though all of them had entered into an agreement to play some artless comedy. Kátya was more composed than all the rest: she gazed confidingly about her, and was able to observe that Nikolái Petróvitch had already succeeded in falling head over ears in love with her. Before the end of the dinner he rose, and taking his wine-glass in hand, he addressed himself to Pável Petróvitch:

"Thou art leaving us . . . . thou art leaving

us, my dear brother,"—he began:—"of course, not for long; but, nevertheless, I cannot refrain from expressing to thee that I . . . . that we . . . . so far as I . . . . so far as we . . . . That 's the difficulty, that we do not know how to make speeches! Arkády, do thou speak!"

"No, papa, I am not prepared."

"And I prepared myself finely! Simply then, brother, permit me to embrace thee, to wish thee all that is good, and return to us as speedily as possible!"

Pável Petróvitch kissed all present, not excluding Mítya, of course; over and above this, he kissed Fénitchka's hand, which she did not know how to offer properly, and draining his glass, which had been filled for the second time, he said, with a profound sigh: "Be happy, my friends! *Farewell!*"—This English tail to his speech passed unnoticed, but all were touched.

"In memory of Bazároff,"—whispered Kátya in her husband's ear, as she clinked glasses with him. In reply, Arkády pressed her hand warmly, but could not bring himself to propose that toast aloud.

This would appear to be the end? But perchance some one of our readers would like to know what each one of the persons whom we have introduced is doing now, precisely at the present moment. We are ready to gratify him.

Anna Sergyéevna has recently married, not for

love, but from conviction, one of the future prominent men of Russia, a very clever man, a lawyer with strong practical sense, a firm will, and a remarkable gift of words,—a man who is still young, kind, and cold as ice. They live on good terms with each other, and will, in all probability, attain to happiness . . . perchance to love. Princess X. . . has died, forgotten on the very day of her death. The Kirsánoff's, father and son, have settled down in Márino. Their affairs are beginning to right themselves. Arkády has become an ardent farmer, and the "farm" already yields a fairly large income. Nikolái Petróvitch has been made an Arbitrator of the Peace,[1] and toils with all his might; he is incessantly travelling about over his section; he makes long speeches (he is of the opinion that the peasants must be "taught," that is to say, they must be reduced to a state of exhaustion by frequent repetition of one and the same set of words), and, nevertheless, to tell the truth, he does not wholly satisfy either the cultivated nobles, who talk now with chic and again with melancholy, about the *man*cipation (pronouncing the *man* through their noses), nor the uneducated nobles, who unceremoniously revile "*thot mun*cipation." He is too tender to suit either party. A son, Kólya, has been born to

[1] A class of officials, appointed after the emancipation of the serfs, to adjust the questions which arose between the landed proprietors and the serfs as to the division of the land.—TRANSLATOR.

Katerína Sergyéevna, and Mítya is already running about like a fine, dashing fellow, and chatters volubly. Fénitchka (Fedósya Nikoláevna) adores no one—after her husband and son—so much as her daughter-in-law, and when the latter seats herself at the piano she is delighted not to leave her all day long. By the way, let us make mention of Piótr. He has stiffened up for good, with stupidity and pompousness, pronounces every *e* like *iu: tiupiúr, obiuzpiútchiun*,[1] but he also has married, and acquired a very respectable dowry with his bride, the daughter of a market-gardener in the town, who refused two fine suitors, merely because they did not possess watches: but Piótr not only had a watch, but patent-leather half-boots into the bargain.

In Dresden, on the Brühl terrace, between two and four o'clock, at the most fashionable time for promenading, you may meet a man about fifty years of age, who is already completely grey, and seems to be suffering from gout, but is still handsome, elegantly attired, and with that peculiar stamp which a man acquires only by long association with the highest classes of society. This man is Pável Petróvitch. He has quitted Moscow and gone abroad to restore his health, and has taken up his residence in Dresden, where he consorts mostly with the English and with travel-

[1] Instead of *tepér* (now); *obezpétchen* (provided for).—Translator.

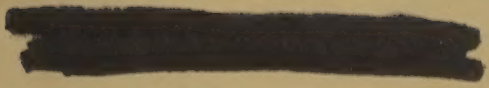
ling Russians. With the English, his manner is simple, almost modest, yet not lacking in dignity; they find him rather tiresome, but respect in him a perfect gentleman. With the Russians he is more at his ease, gives free play to his bile, sneers at himself and at them; but all this is very charming, and careless, and decorous, as he does it. He entertains Slavyanophil views: every one knows that this is considered *très distingué* in the upper circles. He never reads anything in Russian, but on his writing-table there is a silver ash-tray in the form of a peasant's bast slipper. Our tourists run after him a great deal. Matvyéi Ilitch Kolyázin, when he was in *temporary opposition,* paid him a majestic visit, as he was passing through on his way to a Bohemian watering-place; and the natives, with whom, however, he has very little to do, fairly revere him. No one can obtain a ticket for the Court Choir, the theatre, and so forth, so easily and so quickly as *der Herr Baron von Kirsánoff*. He always does as much good as can; he still makes some noise: not for nothing had he once been a lion;—but life is painful for him—more painful than he himself suspects. . . . One needs but to watch him in the Russian church, when, leaning against the wall, apart, he falls into thought, and does not move for a long time, bitterly setting his teeth, then suddenly he comes to himself, and begins, almost imperceptibly, to cross himself. . . .

Madame Kukshín also has gone abroad. She

is now in Heidelberg, and is studying the natural sciences no more, but architecture, in which, according to her statement, she has discovered new laws. As of yore, she haunts the society of students, especially that of the young Russian physicists and chemists, with whom Heidelberg is filled, and who, after at first amazing the simple-minded German professors with their sober views of things, afterward amaze those same professors with their utter idleness and absolute laziness. With two or three chemists of this description, who cannot distinguish oxygen from nitrogen, but are filled full of self-abnegation and respect for themselves, and with the great Elisyévitch, Sítnikoff, who also is preparing to be great, is sauntering about Petersburg, and, according to his own statement, is carrying on Bazároff's "cause." It is said that some one recently gave him a thrashing, but he did not remain in debt: in an obscure little article, inserted in an obscure little newspaper, he hinted that the man who had thrashed him was a coward. He calls this irony. His father torments him, as of yore, and his wife considers him a fool . . . and a literary man.

There is a small village cemetery in one of the remote corners of Russia. Like almost all our cemeteries, it presents a sorry aspect: the trench which surrounds it has long since been overgrown; the grey wooden crosses have drooped and are rotting beneath their penthouses, which once were

painted; the stone slabs are all out of place, as though some one were thrusting them up from below; two or three denuded trees barely afford a scanty shade; sheep wander unchecked over the graves.—But among these there is one, which no man touches, which no beast tramples on: only the birds alight upon it and carol at the dawn. An iron railing surrounds it; two young fir-trees are planted at each end of it: Evgény Bazároff is buried in that grave. Thither, from the hamlet hard by, two old people, already decrepit—husband and wife—come frequently. Supporting each other, they advance with painful tread; they approach the railing, fall upon their knees, and weep long and bitterly, and gaze long and attentively at the dumb stone, beneath which lies their son; they exchange a brief word, remove the dust from the stone, adjust the branches of the fir-trees, and again fall to praying, and cannot quit that spot, where they seem to be nearer to their son, to their memories of him. . . Can it be that their prayers, their tears, are fruitless? Can it be that love, holy, devoted love, is not all-powerful? Oh, no! However passionate, sinful, rebellious, may be the heart which has taken refuge in the grave, the flowers which grow upon it gaze tranquilly at us with their innocent eyes: not alone of eternal repose do they speak to us, of that great repose of "indifferent" nature; they speak also of eternal reconciliation and of life everlasting. . .



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